THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

VOL. XXXI JULY, 1910 No. 5

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

A Gracious Offer from Italy

We have been much pleased by receiving from the editor or editors of an Italian publication a printed circular. It is composed in the English language, or at least in a language which our confrères imagine to be English. The delicate shading of idiom, the graceful courtesy, and the half-hinted suggestions, make it altogether a delightful specimen of its kind. We publish it here with a feeling of gratitude to the gentlemen who sent it to us out of the goodness of their hearts:

SIR: You will made a thing gracious to us and at the time useful to diffusion of knowledge, if you will send to us as a gift your recent publication signed in the address.

That might be useful, in the limites of our power, to the diffusion of the book.

We will send to you the fascicles, in which the book will being announced and examined, and if the exchange of gifts will be pursued, our *Review* might be sent to you regularly.

It will be easier to provide a practical and complete analysis or critical note, if the books were sent in double copy.

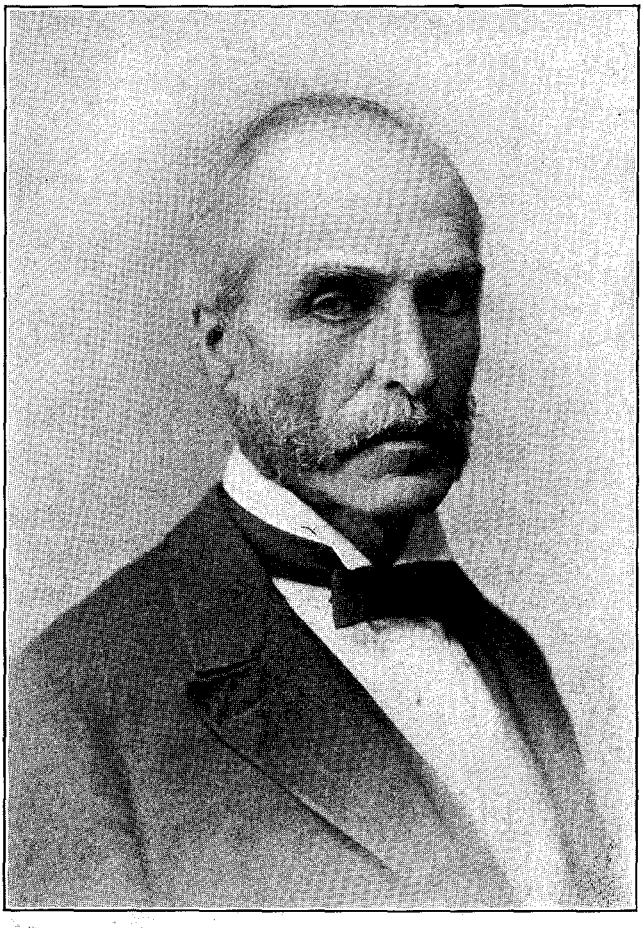
Please accept our sincere thanks and respectful compliments.

THE DIRECTION AND REDACTION OF THE——

News from France

We have also just received from Paris a copy of *La Victoire Imprévue*, a French translation of a volume of short stories by Mr. Ralph D. Paine. The first story is preceded by a preface entitled "The American Novel, the School of Energy," written by one Jacques des Gachons. We do not know who M. des Gachons is, but we are morally certain that he is not a member of the French Academy. In the first place he has far too much originality, and his article, if somewhat inexact, is full of ingenuous surprises. Briefly he sketches American literature from Washington Irving to Laura Jean Libbey. Irving, we are told, when twenty years of age, founded the "Salmigundis" with his friend "J. K. Gaulding." After brief allusions to James Fenimore Cooper and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE LATE GOLDWIN SMITH

Edgar Allan Poe, M. des Gachons tells us that it is necessary to mention three more names of novelists before coming to the present time: "Th. Chandler Haliburton, whose work, published under the name of Sam Ilick, sparkles with wit (one should have read *The Clochmaker*); 'Nath' Hawthorne, who in *The Red Letter* and *The House of Seven Gables* approaches Balzac and Poe; and W. Gilmore Simms, who wrote *Atalanis* and *The Wigwam.*"

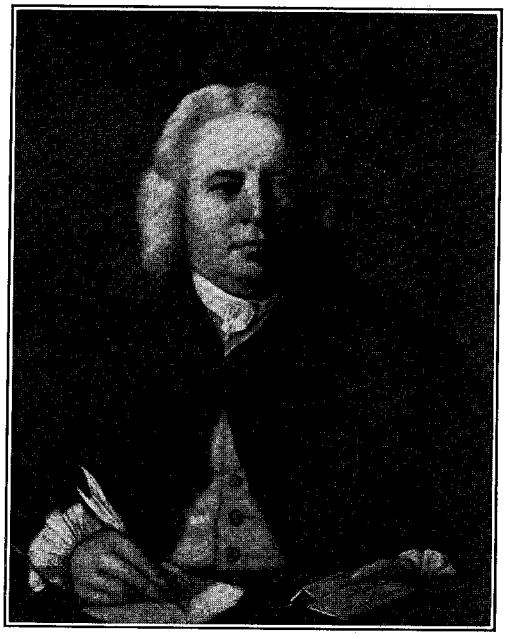
One poet dominated the century, M. des Gachons tells us, H. W. Longfellow, and two philosophers, T. C. Upham and Ralph W. Emerson. Coming down to modern times, M. des Gachons writes of a certain "Merry E. Williams," "a writer of chiselled style, who has won renown thanks to the fidelity of her descriptions of New England." We also learn the name of "Jacques London," who "has gained his writing spurs in telling in a style that is vigorous and at times brutal of the strange pioneer life of the icy solitudes of the far North." On the other hand "Edith Warton" deals in her books with the follies and eccentricities of that aristocracy of money "qu'on appelle le *smart Set.*" Novelists of the open air are "Charles G. E. Roberts," "Ernest Seaton-Thompson," and "Steward Edward White." We have read M. des Gachons's preface with very genuine interest. It is certainly refreshing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Goldwin Smith on Americans

There were some odd points about Goldwin Smith in his early years and in the years that came later. At Oxford, it was supposed that he would devote his attention to the classics and shine superior to such lights as Conington and Nettleship and Robinson Ellis. But he veered off into history, and so Tuckwell in his *Reminiscences* speaks of Goldwin Smith as a failure. As Regius Professor of modern history at Oxford for eight years he began to build up a brilliant reputation; but then he threw history aside in England, and came to Cornell University in this country, where he stayed for only three years as a resident professor. Trekking into Canada, he became a journalist, thereby losing the special repute which he had gained as an historian. His advocacy of the ultimate annexation of Canada to the United States made bitter enemies for him, so that even as a journalist he was half a failure. Mr. E. L. Godkin used to say that he had the finest English style of any living writer; but this was a friend's exaggeration. Later in life he spent his time in controversies with the Catholic Church through the persons of various prelates and scholars belonging to it. The oddest thing that we have to note is the fact that Goldwin Smith, while he incurred so much antipathy because of his Americanism, wrote about Americans and American history with the "certain condescension" which James Russell Lowell first noted as a characteristic of all foreigners.

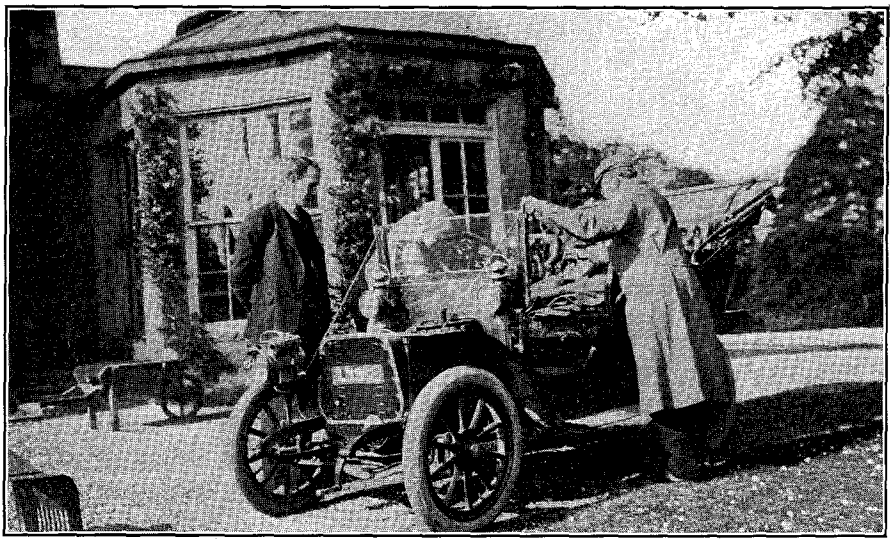
RALPH STRAUSS. AUTHOR OF "ROBERT DODSLEY"



ROBERT DODSLEY—AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PUBLISHER

If one wishes to see his prejudice against us exemplified, it is necessary merely to turn to his book called *The United States,* published by the Messrs. Macmillan in 1893. The interest of this book is very great. Goldwin Smith evidently feels that he has cast in his lot with the Americans; yet as you read the pages you recall what Pompey said of Cicero when the grumbling, peevish orator had become a Pompeian against Cæsar. Cicero found so much fault and was so querulous that Pompey said: "I wish that Cæsar would go over to the other side. Perhaps then he would have some respect for us." So it was with Goldwin Smith and his Americanism. He is not at ease with us or with our history. In writing of the Revolution, he sneers at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IAN HAY (AT WHEEL). AUTHOR OF "THE RIGHT STUFF." SHOWING HIS MOTOR TO WILLIAM BLACKWOOD OF EDINBURGH

our patriotic interest in that struggle. He says:

No conflict in history has made more noise than the Revolutionary War. It set flowing on every Fourth of July a copious stream of panegyrical rhetoric which has only just begun to subside. Everything connected with it has been the object of a fond exaggeration. Skirmishes have been magnified into battles and every leader has been exalted into a hero. Yet the action and, with one grand exception, the actors, were less than heroic, the ultimate conclusion was foregone, and the victory after all was due not to native valour but to foreign aid.

Again he remarks that Washington may have been a gentleman, but that an Englishman would hardly have recognised him as such. His description of John Adams is that of a burly, bald-headed, irascible man. Of Jackson he says that in dealing with the Indians he "probably regarded the claims of the weaker race to justice as things of small account." This sentence, by the way, is a pretty good commentary on his own claims to style and to the proper order of words. A still better example is the following about President Buchanan: "Afterwards, Southerners having left his Cabinet, and being replaced by Unionist Democrats, he somewhat altered his tone." Apparently then it was Mr. Buchanan who was replaced by Unionist Democrats. On page 260, Mr. Smith speaks of Richmond as a "border city," showing that twenty years or more in the United States could not teach him American geography. He says of "Maryland, my Maryland" that it "breathed the yearning of a border State for peace." We never regarded it in this light before. When you are dreaming fondly of peace, you do not usually get up and bellow—

Rise, rise and spurn the Northern scum!

In fact, Goldwin Smith in England and Canada found himself at odds with his fellow-countrymen. When he was in the United States he had a fine old British distaste for everything and everybody American. Thus, his whole career was the career of a brilliant man who never remained at anything long enough to make his mark in it. He might have been the foremost classicist of the English-speaking world; or he might have been the greatest authority on history who wrote in English; or he might have been a remarkable publicist. But with the capacity for being each of these, he failed to be any one of them. His end, therefore, is somehow an end that is full of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MRS. A. VIVANTI CHARTRES AND HER DAUGHTER VIVIEN

pathos. It is much pleasanter to think of him in his early Oxford days, when everybody was his friend, and when he was known as "Vastiest Goldwin" because of his height. Tuckwell sums it up in one sentence: "We all saw in him the coming man; but he married, settled in America, and never came."

Hitherto the reputation of Mrs. A. Vivanti Chartres, whose new novel, *The Devourers,* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, has been based on her work as an Italian poet. Her *Lirica,* a book of verses, was exceedingly successful in Italy, and has been translated into German by Paul Heyse, into Bohemian by Jaroslav Vrchlicky, and into Danish by George Brandes. Mrs. Chartres belongs to three nationalities. Her father was an Italian and an intimate friend of Garibaldi and Mazzini; her mother was a German and sister of Paul

Mrs. Vivanti Chartres

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK. PORTRAIT BY PAUL FOURNIER. MR. VIERECK'S "CONFESSIONS OF A BARBARIAN" IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE

Lindau, the well-known author; and her husband is an Englishman, Mr. John Chartres, barrister at law. Her little daughter, Vivien Chartres, whose picture is here shown with her mother, is a musical prodigy who has won fame as a violinist.

Mary S. Watts

We wrote to the publishers of *Nathan Burke,* which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, for some information about the author, Mary S. Watts. They have forwarded us the following letter from Mrs. Watts, which we print without comment:

After two days of profound thought on the subject, I have come to the conclusion that your letter inquiring for interesting personal experiences is itself perhaps one of the most interesting personal experiences I have had so far! The plain truth is nobody ever had a duller time of it living, or a more commonplace life. I was born (at a date which I refuse to divulge) in that Scioto River country which I have attempted to describe in *Nathan Burke;* the scenery and people are quite faithful and recognisable; and of course, Columbus is the "city." All those descriptions are photographic, too, except in some instances where I was overcome with an unaccountable kind of shyness, and deliberately invented or distorted names and localities. Everybody in the story, however, is imaginary; I am kept busy assuring people of this. They will insist that it is "founded on fact," or that I "knew somebody

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like So-and-So," or ask "who Such-a-One was meant for?"

Of course I began to write when I was a youngster, and kept it up in a desultory way until a few years ago, when I went at it in earnest; my experiences were exactly those of every beginner. I wasn't like a lady who recently said to me: "Did *you* have a hard time getting things accepted? Well, that just *shows!* I always have said that I couldn't possibly be a genius, because they *always* take everything I write!" As I've never seen anything she wrote I don't know whether this is an accurate test of a genius or not; it's almost too simple. I might have told her that I still have trouble getting things accepted—which should certainly clinch the argument about genius—but it is impossible to make people believe that. They think all I have to do is to send in a story and get a cheque by return mail.

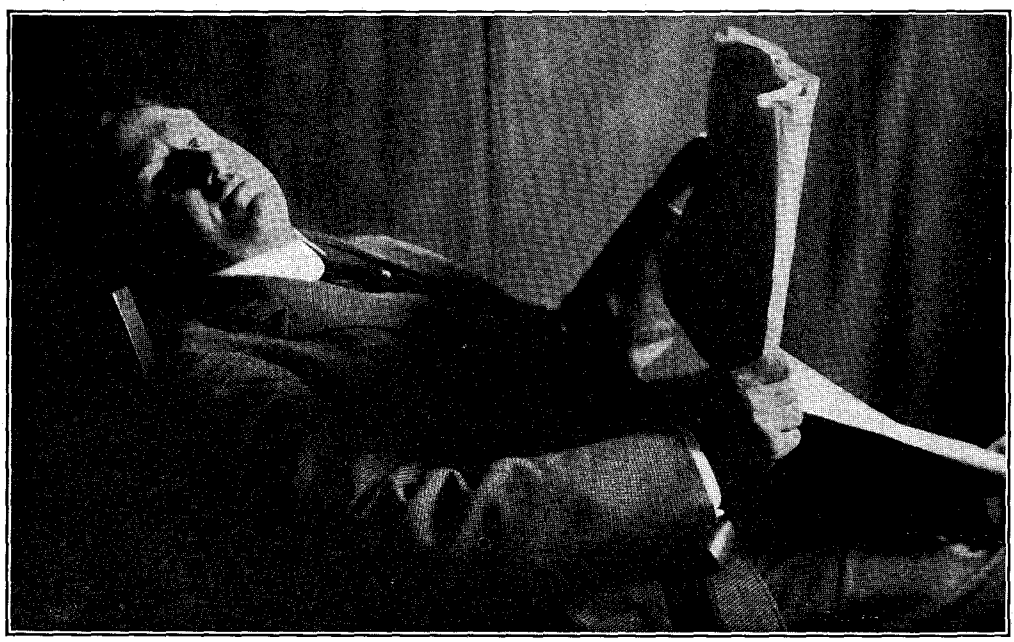
CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER, AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNEL ISLANDS OF CALIFORNIA"

MARY S. WATTS

The first I ever got into print were two or three short stories; every one enters by that door, I suppose. But the fact is a short story is a *tour de force* with me; my style of writing is not suited to them. And, indeed, "they take a higher degree of study and skill, and much more vigorous inspiration than a long novel." This I was told by a young lady here, upon my remarking on the difficulties I had with short stories; and as she writes short stories herself, she ought to know. These first of mine that appeared naturally created some stir here where I am known; everybody proceeded to thrust greatness upon me, to my infinite distaste. Everybody except one person, that is; she drew me into a corner at a reception to say: "Well, I've read your stories, Mrs. Watts, and I do hope now that you've written these good ones, you're not going to run down. You know all the authors run down; there's So-an-So—" she named him—"isn't it awful how he's run down? I said to Mr. E—— (her husband) the other day, 'Well, I do hope Mrs. Watts isn't going to run down like all the rest of them!'"

You might suppose a rising author would be somewhat dashed by opinions like the above. But there are compensations. Not long since I went into a little shop, an antiquity-and-curiosity place—to buy a gift which had to be sent away. I had to ask for a pen and paper to write the address and make a memorandum of my own name and address for the dealer to let me know the express charges; and in the course of these transactions, says I, wishing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



O. HENRY'S FAVOURITE PORTRAIT

to be affable: "What nice blotters these are! One can't get them at the stationers—they never have anything but great big sheets that you have to cut into pieces." Whereupon I observed some commotion in the rear of the shop, and presently the proprietor appeared. "Mrs. Watts, isn't it?" "Yes." "Well now, Mrs. Watts, I just want to say, you take all of those blotters you want, and any time you're passing, stop in, and get blotters whenever you need them. Anybody that does all the writing you do, must need blotters!"

However, I grieve to say this generous gentleman has gone into bankruptcy since. The business of supplying blotters free as air to literary celebrities was too much for him. The last person from whom I got a kind word was my dressmaker. She says she's going to read *Nathan Burke;* and I suppose she must be reading it, because she's put me off several times lately. She inquired what time in the day I did my work, volunteering the information that she did all her designing in the evenings—"after the day's work is all over, you know, I wouldn't feel my mind free to create, if I was worrying about it all during my fittings. Sometimes I design a little Sunday, too, if I get an idea. It's best if you get an idea to go right ahead and develop it, don't you think so?" I told her that was exactly the way I worked, and we looked at each other quite soulfully. *Arcades ambo!*

It is time, I think, to use one of those overworked blotters.

O. Henry

The very talented writer of short stories, the creator of Jefferson Peters, of "Beelzebub" Blythe, of Johnnie Atwood, of Colonel Telfair, of Jimmie Valentine, of "Shamrock" Clancy, of Willie Robbins, and a score—nay—ten score more—who wrote under the pseudonym of O. Henry, and whose real name was William Sidney Porter, died in New York on the 5th of last month in the forty-fourth year of his age. He had for some time been an exceedingly sick man, but he retained his consciousness to the last. Just before the end came he asked that the curtains of the room be raised. "Because," he whispered with a smile, "I don't want to go home in the dark."

It is somewhat difficult now to appraise Mr. Porter's work in its entirety, or to say what position he will hold twenty years hence. That position, we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

think, will either be a very much higher one than the one he occupied in those last years of his life, when he was in the full flush of success and recognition, or else he will be almost entirely forgotten. So much of his work depended upon the mood of the moment, the latest bit of catchy slang, the week's sensation at Washington or Cairo or Berlin. To follow him always one has to be an assiduous newspaper reader, and to know all the moods and phases of the Wonderful Bagdad on the Hudson that was so near his heart. To illustrate how much depended on timeliness, let us take one of the most characteristic of his stories. "The Rose of Dixie" tells of an old Southern colonel who edited a magazine that was of the South and was exclusively for the South's "fair daughters and brave sons." Sidney Porter was himself a Southerner, just as Alphonse Daudet was a Southern Frenchman. Like Daudet, Porter loved the South, but while loving, delighted in chastising it. "The Rose of Dixie," limited by the sectional prejudices of Colonel Telfair, is far from being a success, and at the suggestion of some of the stockholders a circulation booster by the name of Thacker visits the office to offer some very radical remedies. The Colonel rejects the proffered assistance but hints mysteriously at a wonderful article that he is considering, an article that discusses every phase of human life wisely, calmly and equitably—in short, apparently the most amazing article ever penned. His only hesitation is that he has not yet sufficient information about the author to give his work publicity in the magazine. We shall not attempt to tell the tale. What decision the Colonel finally reaches will be found in the story itself. It depends for its effect upon typography. But the point that we wish to make is that this tale, so uproariously humorous at the moment of its publication, would have been flatly unintelligible had it been written ten years before, and will have probably very little meaning to the readers of twenty years hence. To a lesser degree this is so of most of what O. Henry has written.

We owe a personal debt to O. Henry, and are in a mood to express appreciation. For years every book of his stories has been eagerly seized and quickly read. He has never exactly set banquets before us, after the fashion of the good Dumas, but what delightful titbits he has provided for the literary appetite! Then, too, his first book, *Cabbages and Kings,* was so cleverly worked into an entity that it might reasonably be regarded as a very satisfactory course dinner. And the best of his stories is that we not only enjoy them ourselves but that they are the kind that we delight in retelling verbally for the benefit of our friends. On numerous occasions we have sat in company, made up for the most part of professional writing men, and every man has hastened to tell his own particular favourite O. Henry story. "Do you remember the time that Jeff Peters and his partner go after the Modern Agriculturist, and where they decide that only one shall undertake the work because for two to go would be as unfair as for Roosevelt to use two hands to strangle a grizzly?" "Do you recall the millionaire painter who fell in love with the girl behind the glove counter and who was rejected because she thought that his word picture of Venice and Egypt and India meant a proposal that she marry him and that they go to Coney Island on their honeymoon?" "But let me tell you the story of 'The Shamrock and the Palm and how Clancy got even with the Central American General who had put him to work on the railroad instead of giving him the desired opportunity to liberate a nation from the poisonous breath of a tyrant's clutch."

Just before he died O. Henry was planning to write his first long novel. He had, we understand, finished just eight pages of it in manuscript. What he had in mind is indicated in the following unfinished letter:

MY DEAR MR. ——: My idea is to write the story of a man—an individual, not a type—but a man who, at the same time, I want to represent a "human nature type," if such a person could exist. The story will teach no lesson, inculcate no moral, advance no theory.

I want it to be something that it won't or can't be—but as near as I can make it—the TRUE record of a man's thoughts, his descrip-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of his mischances and adventures, his TRUE opinions of life as he has seen it and his *absolutely honest* deductions, comments and views upon the different phases of life that he passes through.

I do not remember ever having read an autobiography, a biography or a piece of fiction that told the TRUTH. Of course, I have read stuff such as Rousseau and Zola and George Moore and various memoirs that were supposed to be window-panes in their respective breasts; but, mostly, all of them were either liars, actors or posers. (Of course, I'm not trying to belittle the greatness of their literary expression.)

All of us have to be prevaricators, hypocrites and liars every day of our lives; otherwise the social structure would fall into pieces the first day. We must act in one another's presence just as we must wear clothes. It is for the best.

The trouble about writing the truth has been that the writers have kept in their minds one or another or all of three thoughts that made a handicap—they were trying either to do a piece of immortal literature, or to shock the public or to please editors. Some of them succeeded in all three, but they did not write the *truth*. Most autobiographies are insincere from beginning to end, and about the only chance for the truth to be told is in fiction.

It is well understood that "all the truth" cannot be told in print—but how about "nothing but the truth?" That's what I want to do.

I want the man who is telling the story to tell it—not as he would to a reading public or to a confessor—but something in this way. Suppose he were marooned on an island in mid-ocean with no hope of ever being rescued; and, in order to pass away some of the time he should tell a story *to himself*, embodying his adventure and experiences and opinions. Having a certain respect for himself (let us hope) he would leave out the "realism" that he would have no chance of selling in the market; he would omit the lies and self-conscious poses, and would turn out to his one auditor something real and true.

So, as truth is not to be found in history, autobiography, press reports (nor at the bottom of an H. G. Wells), let us hope that fiction may be the means of bringing out a few grains of it.

The "hero" of the story will be a man born and "raised" in a somnolent little Southern town. His education is about a common school one, but he learns afterward from reading and life. I'm going to try to give him a "style" in narrative and speech—the best I've got in the shop. I'm going to take him through all the main phases of life—wild adventure, city, society, something of the "under world" and among many characteristic planes of the phases. I want him to acquire all the sophistication that experience can give him, and always preserve his individual honest *human* view and have him tell the *truth* about everything.

It is time to say now, that by the "truth" I don't mean the objectionable stuff that so often masquerades under the name. I mean true opinions, a true estimate of all things as they seem to the "hero." If you find a word or a suggestive line or sentence in any of my copy, you cut it out and deduct it from the royalties.

I want this man to be a man of natural intelligence, of individual character, absolutely open and broad minded; and show how the Creator of the earth has got him in a rat trap—put him here "willy nilly" (you know the Omar verse); and then I want to show what he does about it. There is always the eternal question from the Primal Source—"What are you going to do about it?"

Please don't think for the half of a moment that the story is going to be anything of an autobiography. I have a distinct character in my mind for the part, and he does not at all——

More about Twain

One evening a few years ago Brander Matthews and Francis Wilson were dining together at the Players Club of New York, when the former made the suggestion that they write a letter to Mark Twain. "But," objected Mr. Wilson, "we don't know where he is," for it was at a time when Mr. Clemens was away travelling somewhere. "Oh," said Professor Matthews, "that does not make any difference. It is sure to find him. I think he is some place in Europe so we had better put on a five-cent stamp." So the two sat down and composed a letter which they addressed to:

MARK TWAIN,
GOD KNOWS WHERE.

Within three weeks they received a reply from Mr. Clemens which said briefly: "He did." The letter had been sent by the New York Post Office to Harper and Brothers; thence to Chatto and Windus

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of London; thence to a bank in Vienna, and from the bank to the small town in Austria in which Mark Twain happened to be staying.

By the way, in all that has been written about Mark Twain since his death we have seen no mention of the fact that he and Bret Harte once collaborated on a play entitled *Ah Sin, Heathen Chinee,* which was presented on the New York stage. We asked the friend of Clemens and Harte who recently recalled the incident whether it had been a success. "Well," he replied, "it had a run of one consecutive week."

King Edward's Bookshelf

A writer in the London *Sketch* has an article entitled "The Bookshelf of Two Kings," the gist of which is that neither Edward VII nor his successor has had a very strong interest in literature. Novels, it is true, engaged a certain portion of King Edward's time, and Marie Corelli's fiction is popularly associated with the bookshelf of the royal residences. It is less generally known that Edward perused the more knotted pages of George Meredith. Before the master novelist had reached the height of his repute the King had read *The Egoist* and expressed a desire to meet the author. Thackeray and Dickens, according to the writer, were known personally to King Edward and the list of his literary friends was exceedingly long. One discovery he made without knowing the writer personally. When staying at Leigh Court he asked for a book to beguile possible hours of sleeplessness. Hugh Conway's *Called Back,* an obscurely issued book, was given him. He liked it, praised it, and caused it to be the most read novel of its year. All of which is very far from being impressive. His example, however, is one for monarchs to emulate rather than that of his royal mother. Queen Victoria's published journal contains some of the dreariest doggerel ever penned. Take the following typical passage from *Our Life in the Highlands:*

We got up at a quarter to six o'clock. We breakfasted. Mamma came to take leave of us; Alice and the baby were brought in, poor little things, to wish us "good-bye." Then good Bertie came down to see us, and Vicky appeared as *voyageuse,* and was all impatience to go. At seven we set off with her for the railroad, Vicomtess Canning and Lady Caroline Cocks in our carriage. A very wet morning. We got into the carriage again at Paddington and proceeded to Woolwich, which we reached at nine. Vicky was safely put into the boat, and then carefully carried on deck of the yacht by Renwick, the sergeant-footman, whom we took with us in the boat on purpose.

Mr. Clement K. Shorter writing in the London *Sphere* makes the comment: "Certainly the Edwardian period has produced great writers and has produced some startling literary reputations, notably those of Mr. George Bernard Shaw and Mr. Gilbert Chesterton."

"So far as actual accomplishment in literature is concerned," says the English *Bookman,* "it must be admitted that the nine years of Edward's reign look poor and meagre by comparison of the seven years of William IV or the first nine years of Victoria. To say nothing of older and equally or more famous writers who were then at the height of their fame, Robert Browning, Harrison Ainsworth, Captain Marryat, Dickens, and Carlyle published their earliest work under William's rule, and Tennyson and Elizabeth Barrett Browning their first books of moment; while the first nine years of Victoria, with Dickens, Carlyle, Wordsworth, Tennyson among the greatest of living writers, saw the appearance of the first books of Thackeray, Kingsley, Macaulay, Lever, Gladstone, Matthew Arnold, Charlotte Brontë, John Stuart Mill, Froude, Freeman, and Ruskin."

"Nearly all the most popular and the most important authors of the late reign were also among the most important and the most popular of the latter years of Victoria. One could make a very long and a notable list of these, but of poets, novelists, miscellaneous writers who have had their rise in Edward's time—how many are there? There is Chesterton; his first book dates a little farther back,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but he has done all his best work in the last nine years; there are John Galsworthy and Archibald Marshall; Alfred Noyes, W. H. Davies, Herbert Trench; one might supplement these with a few other names, yet with none of greater distinction or of higher promise; but the greatest poet and the greatest novelist that the Edwardian era produced are beyond question Thomas Hardy and William de Morgan, neither of whom really entered upon his career as poet or as novelist until he had reached an age at which most poets and most novelists have finished their work."

Books on America

The splendid sweep of Professor Hugo Münsterberg's certitude may be seen again on almost every page of his new volume, *American Problems*. Ten books in six years—two on eternity and the rest on subjects of nearly equal size—and not a tremor of indecision in one of them. Probably no other psychologist is so completely free from those chief infirmities of thoughtful minds, doubt and self-criticism. Never does the little devil of self-analysis whisper in his ear *Cui bono?* as he writes a sentence down. Out with it, says the inner prompter almost every time. For there is good Roosevelt stuff in him despite his scholar's life. So he will often go to press with thoughts with which another psychologist would simply go to bed, oblivious of civic duty. *American Problems* includes, however, the startling paper on "Prohibition and Temperance," which aroused so much criticism on its first appearance in *McClure's Magazine* last summer, and to it is now added an "Epilogue" in answer to this criticism. We quoted from the article in these columns at that time. It said the country would probably go to the dogs from not drinking, for if we did not stimulate ourselves in one way we would in another, by "zealotism," "tyranny," "cruelty," "superstition," "betting," "mysticism" and "senseless crimes," which, as history abundantly proved, were substitutes for alcohol, and that prohibition was pushing us into "sexual disorders," "money crazes" and "explosions of mind"; and it drew a horrid picture of a New Englander drinking ice-water and sitting "satisfied at a vaudeville, world-far from real art." It was as stern a reminder of our duty to the bottle as we had ever read, and slave though we were at the time to habits of almost daily sobriety, it roused in us some feelings of remorse. For a moment our water-cooler stood forth in its true light, a pillar of shame.

However, he probably did not wish to punish any one who personally abstained but only to answer the prohibitionists. Our terror arose, no doubt, from his literary emphasis. In his "Epilogue" he goes on in a more moderate manner.

> Dr. Williams and so many others dogmatically assure us, for instance, that alcohol cuts off the power of mental production. But is a psychological laboratory really necessary to demonstrate the hollowness of such general statements? I know scores of men who never produce better than after a moderate use of alcohol, and it is well known that this is true in exceptional cases even when immoderate use is indulged in. I had to hypnotise recently a well-known New York writer whose secret trouble is that he has never written a page of his brilliant books except after intemperate use of whiskey.
>
> Dr. Williams assures us that moderate use of wine and beer reduces the powers of intellectual activity; and again the psychological experiment is said to have proved that. Here I must instinctively think of my teacher who has given to the world the methods of psychological research, the greatest living psychologist. He is seventy-seven years old, has written about forty volumes, which are acknowledged the world over as the deepest contribution to psychological thought, wrote last year an epoch-making book; and yet for sixty years has taken beer and wine twice a day with every meal. Two summers ago I attended a number of international congresses and saw there at many banquets the leaders of thought from all nations. I watched the situation carefully but did not discover any abstainers among the sharp and great thinkers of any nation.

As for himself he says:

> I personally, for instance, brought up in a temperance household, have had all my life a physiological dislike not only for strong

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drinks but also for beer. But in planning for the millions I should feel reckless and irresponsible if I simply generalised my own constitution.

That, however, is precisely what he does at many other points in this volume —"generalise his constitution." He cannot distinguish between his public cares and private crotchets. But though often trivial he is seldom vague, and therein differs greatly from other recent writers on American genius, hopes, dangers, tendencies and ideals—from Professor Van Dyke in the *Spirit of America,* for example, which we mentioned last month, and from Professor William Morse Cole in *The American Hope,* which has just been published. Professor Münsterberg at least draws illustrations from his experience and calls up definite images to the mind. Both the others fairly make your mouth water by introductory reference to their rich experience, then write as if they had spent their lives in a vacuum.

A family residence, says Professor Van Dyke, recounting his advantages, of two hundred and fifty years in America, whither my ancestors came from Holland in 1652; a working life of thirty years, which has taken me among all sorts and conditions of men, in almost all the States of the Union from Maine to Florida and from New York to California; a personal acquaintance with all the Presidents except one since Lincoln; a friendship with many woodsmen, hunters, and fishermen in the forests where I spend the summers; an independence of any kind of political, ecclesiastical, or academic partisanship; and some familiarity with American literature, its origins and its historical relations—these are all the claims I can make to your attention.

Professor Cole's Preface to *The American Hope* raises expectations quite as high.

(1) As an economic member of society, my experience ranges from unskilled work, through the fields of skilled labour and clerical work, to executive position and professional standing (most of these, to be sure, of short duration, but long enough to give the spirit of that occupation), and I have been both city tenant and employing country landholder; (2) in residence, I have dwelt in the open country, in four villages, and in five cities; (3) in educational experience the range has been, as a student, from the common schools and high school, through a vocational school and college, to a professional school, and, as a teacher, from high schools in one of the liberal culture studies, and college in a culture subject, to a professional school in a very practical subject; (4) in family relations, my home has been under the parental roof, in bachelor quarters, and where I am the head of a household of two generations; (5) I have had my full share of bitter disappointments, of miscarried efforts, and even of calumny. These relations should lead to breadth of view.

Yet the book itself seems washed so clean of any personal experience that it is hard to believe it has come from a human head. It recalls the process of Mr. Trine and Mr. Dresser and those other writers who produce the "New Thought" by the evaporation of the old one.

"Wullie McWattie's Master"

In *Wullie McWattie's Master* Mr. J. J. Bell has given us a clean, entertaining and pathetic story that deserves, at least, a fair amount of success. Wullie McWattie is own brother to Wee MacGreegor, but for all

J. J. BELL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that we cannot anticipate for him anything of the popularity of the earlier character. In the year 1903 Wee MacGreegor was by far the most prominent citizen of Glasgow. We happened to be in that city on the occasion of the late King's visit, and despite the extravagant display to welcome royalty it was a question whether His Majesty or J. J. Bell's round-eyed boy was attracting more attention. In front of every shop along Argyle, Sauchiehall, and the other prominent streets in the city there was a flag flying ostentatiously attesting the North Briton's loyalty; but in the shop windows behind the flags there were dozens of articles which showed the Scottish tradesman's appreciation of the value of Mr. Bell's hero for advertising purposes. It was "Try a drap of the Wee MacGreegor whiskey," "The MacGreegor boot, comfortable to the foot," "Don't miss the Wee MacGreegor tablet," and "Wear MacPherson's Wee MacGreegor trousers, price 6s. 9d." And the Scotch literary success upon which a Glasgow tradesman feels that he may safely rest his business interests is a success indeed.

The Brown Box

We have just been devoting a morning to an examination of part of the contents of a certain brown box that is an important feature of the editorial office. The box is about three feet long, eighteen inches high, eighteen inches wide, has a slit opening at the top after the fashion of the penny banks of children, and is fastened with a stout padlock. The box is THE BOOKMAN'S Manuscript Box. When a contribution reaches the office (if it be properly addressed, and we cannot emphasise too often that request and warning which appears at the bottom of every contents page), the name and address of the author, the title, the date, and "remarks," are entered in books kept for the purpose, after which the manuscript is passed through the slot into the padlocked security of the brown box, until the days for reading and disposition. As we said at the beginning of this paragraph, we have just finished a morning of such a day, and settle back to build a fine castle in the air. We are picturing ourselves editing a magazine in Fable Land. In this magazine there is no such thing as limitations of space. We always have all the pages we wish and the result is immensely satisfactory. In fact, the seventeen lusty volumes of the International Encyclopedia, which face us on a shelf a few feet away, seem a thumb-nail publication in comparison. Then in Fable Land all subjects relating to literature and life are new, every page of prose glows with sprightliness and talent, and every line of verse is as majestic as "Twilight and evening bell, and one clear call for me," or as burning as "I am the Master of my fate: I am the Captain of my soul." Consequently in the Fable Land BOOKMAN there is no such thing as a rejected manuscript, and no such odious phrases as "we regret to say," "owing to lack of space," "does not imply lack of merit." Editing is the simplest matter in the world. All there is to be done is for the Fable Land Editor to initial a voucher for the Fable Land Business Manager, who will promptly write out and send a substantial cheque. "Anything can happen in Fable Land," as Thackeray wrote in the last page of *The Newcomes*. The poet rewards and punishes absolutely. "He splendidly deals out bags of sovereigns, which won't buy anything; belabours wicked backs with awful blows, which do not hurt; endows heroines with preternatural beauty, and creates heroes, who, if ugly sometimes, yet possess a thousand good qualities, and usually end by being immensely rich; makes the hero and heroine happy at last, and happy ever after."

All of which harmless fooling leads to the brown box and its contents—the contribution and its fate. Probably no phase of the making of a magazine has as much interest to the world in general as that of the accepted and rejected manuscript. It is, to the lay mind, the problem, the puzzle. We do not think that there is a magazine editor who has not been asked scores of times what determines acceptance and rejection, and if he be honest he will answer that he does not know, for while in the concrete there are a hundred reasons, in the abstract there practically is none. Let us attempt to illustrate. Here is an article on "Mark Twain at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stormfield," which at a glance seems entertaining and well written. But last month there was our Mark Twain issue, and except for fugitive comment we feel that we have given our readers as much about Mr. Clemens as they care for for some time to come. Here, again, is a paper entitled "What Authors Earn." There is no use doing more than glance at it. We printed some six or seven thousand words on that subject one December a year or two ago. "A Study of Flaubert"? But Dr. Pearce Bailey did just that for us so admirably and exhaustively not long ago that any at present on the subject would be somewhat superfluous. "Herr Baedeker and His System." An excellent subject, unquestionably, but the writer apparently does not know that we once printed a very complete paper entitled "The Making of the Modern Guide Book." And so on, and so on. This line of explanation might be continued indefinitely.

What we are really trying to express in these somewhat rambling paragraphs is our hearty thanks to those friends who send us manuscripts, and to say that our appreciation is none the less genuine because in most cases these manuscripts find their way back to the sender accompanied by the formal typewritten note. At least THE BOOKMAN has always been guiltless of the printed slip. "We would to can" (to follow the line of translation of *je voudrais pouvoir* adopted by Barty Josselin in Du Maurier's *The Martian*—how many of our readers recall that book?—to the complete satisfaction of his French instructors, who condemned the "I should like to be able" of the other English boy in the school—, well, we should like to be able to accompany every manuscript that goes back with a personal letter of thanks and explanation written by hand. Unfortunately such a course is neither possible nor expedient. Nor can we comply with the many requests for criticism, for while in nine cases such criticism would be received in the proper spirit, in the tenth, it would rouse hostility and lead to complication.

There is always coming up the silly old question as to whether an editor is not influenced in his selections by personal friendship. We can dismiss that very briefly. It is so absurd. There is no need of speaking of common honesty. For to intimate that an editor might accept an article, a story, or a poem for the reason that it was the work of a friend, would be to call him a plain fool, or to ascribe to him a very unworldly spirit of self-sacrifice. Being human, he is building for himself, and that means that he is trying to get the very best for the magazine that is possible under such circumstances as exist. He will make mistakes, there will be errors of judgment, but sheer selfishness, if nothing else, will keep him from immolating himself on the altar of friendship.

The French Romantics

So thoroughly threshed out has been the love story (if it may be called such) of George Sand and Alfred de Musset that we thought there was nothing new to be said. But Mr. Francis Gribble, in his exceedingly entertaining *The Passions of the French Romantics,* which has just come from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, relates an anecdote which is certainly not generally known, and one that throws a curious light on Paris editorial methods in the middle of the last century. It concerns François Buloz, the famous editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* who assumed charge of the magazine in 1831, two years after its foundation. George Sand and De Musset were among his contributors, and he introduced them to each other, it is said, in the fond hope that they would fall in love and quarrel, and draw inspiration from their experiences—in which case what splendid copy for his magazine!

A delightful book is Mr. Gribble's, and, as might have been expected, a mine of literary anecdote. No matter what Mr. Gribble writes about a subject—his former works, *Madame de Staël and Her Lovers, George Sand and Her Lovers, Rousseau and the Women He Loved,* and *Chateaubriand and His Court of Women,* were all in the same field as the present volume—he always seems able to save something fresh for a forthcoming book.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beginning with Bernardin de Saint-Pierre and Jean Jacques Rousseau, *The Passions of the French Romantics* comes down through Lamartine and Alfred de Vigny, George Sand and Rachel, to the pompous but ludicrous and somewhat sordid love affairs of Victor Hugo, and the spiteful slanders of Sainte-Beuve. The author of the immortal *Paul et Virginie,* Mr. Gribble tells us, read his masterpiece in manuscript in the salon of Madame Necker, and, incredible as it may seem, it was not appreciated.

At first the company listened in silence. Then, little by little, they whispered to each other in yawns. M. de Buffom looked at his watch and asked for his carriage. The guests nearest to the door slipped out. Thomas went to sleep. M. Necker smiled to see the ladies weep; and they, ashamed of their tears, dared not admit that they were interested. When the reading was finished, no word of praise was spoken. Madame Necker only criticised the conversation between Paul and the old man, comparing it to a glass of iced water. M. de Saint-Pierre withdrew in a state of discouragement impossible to describe, believing that sentence had been definitely passed on him. The effect of his work on such an audience left him without a gleam of hope.

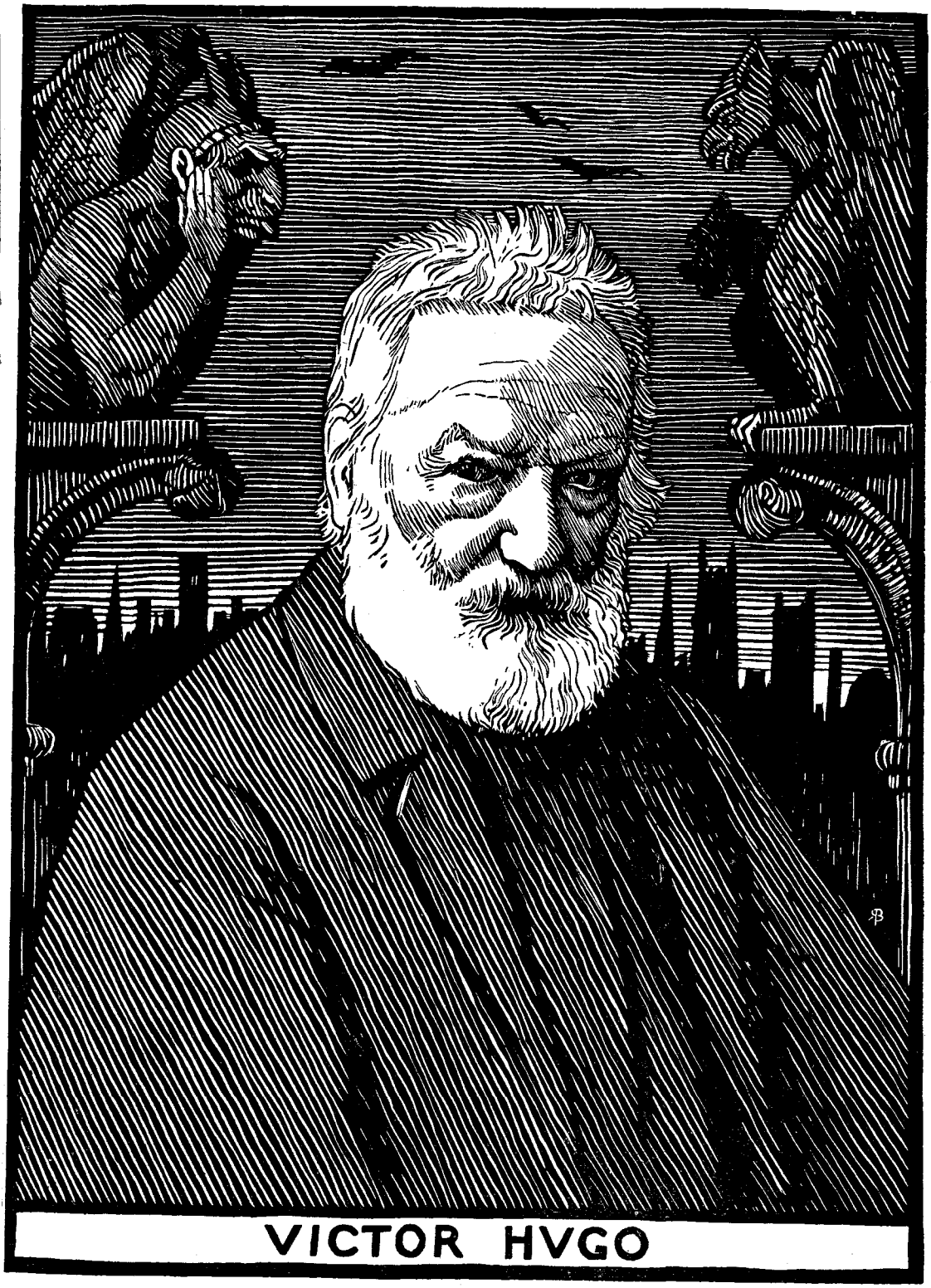
The three great passions in the life of Alfred de Vigny, if such a word as passion can be applied to so undemonstrative a man, were for Delphine Gay, the famous daughter of a famous mother (Delphine became Madame de Girardin), Lydia Bunbury, and the actress Marie Dorval. Lydia Bunbury, whom he married, was an Englishwoman, and De Vigny was an Anglo-maniac steeped in English poetry. Mr. Gribble comments: "One may almost say that he fell in love with her because he was already in love with Shakespeare." Lydia's father was not at all pleased by the match, though he did not interfere, and his attitude toward his son-in-law is indicated by the following anecdote related in one of the *Lundis* of Sainte-Beuve:

At the time when Lamartine was Secretary of Embassy at Florence, Mr. Bunbury was introduced to him, and dined with him. During the dinner the Englishman mentioned to M. de Lamartine that he had a daughter who was the wife of one of the principal French poets. As for the name of the poet, he hesitated and could not remember it. Lamartine then ran through the list of the poets of the period, and at the mention of each of them the Englishman replied, "No, no. That's not the man." Not until Lamartine came to Alfred de Vigny did he answer, "Ah, yes, I rather fancy that's his name."

Mr. Gribble writes that "whether Victor Hugo was an inspired writer or a great wind-bag is a question still hotly debated by critics of rival schools." Posterity, we take it, agreed that he was both. But once one begins to dissect the Hugo Legend one is inclined to forget entirely the literary genius in the astonishing personality. Possibly the most extraordinary manifestation of his colossal egotism was his suggestion to the German Emperor that the war between France and Germany be settled by a personal duel. "True," he condescended to acknowledge, "you are an Emperor, but I am Victor Hugo." He had been a hero worshipper in his younger days, but when he reached the zenith of his own fame he seems to have argued that admiration of others implied depreciation of himself. It was inconsistent with the dignity of the sun to abase itself before the stars, and on two occasions he descended to tampering with documents in order to suppress the evidence that he, Victor Hugo, the hub of the literary universe, had once actually been dazzled by the genius of Chateaubriand, of Alfred de Vigny, and even of Alexandre Soumet:

Alexandre Soumet had been "Alexander the Great" for the young men who came to the Arsenal. Victor Hugo had dedicated a book to him, and the dedication was full of flattery. But Victor Hugo had become an acknowledged man of genius, whereas Alexandre Soumet had declined into a prosy and tedious old gentleman. It would never do for the world to think that Victor Hugo had once had a high opinion of Alexandre Soumet; and therefore the flattering dedication was suppressed, and later editions of the book appeared without it. Similarly with Alfred de Vigny. Victor Hugo, in his youth, had reviewed his *Eloa,* calling it "a magic picture," "a terrible lesson given in enchanting verse," and saying that in it "the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

highest truths of religion and philosophy" were "developed in one of the most beautiful creations of poetical fiction." The day came when Victor Hugo wanted to reprint that essay, and yet to avoid giving the impression that he saw anything remarkable in the talents of a contemporary. The task would have baffled most men, but Victor Hugo was equal to it. For *Eloa* in his manuscript he substituted *Paradise Lost;* and the praises which he had lavished upon his friend he transferred, without any other change in the text, to Milton.

Perhaps after all it was not so surprising. It was Théophile Gautier who said something to the effect that if he thought that one line of the Master's was bad he would not acknowledge it to himself if he were alone at the bottom of a dark well. On another occasion Gautier spoke of Victor Hugo as "a new Moses fresh from Sinai, charged to deliver the Tables of the Law." Decidedly Victor Hugo was a man who knew how to cast a spell upon those about him. For example, look at the following picture drawn in the *Souvenirs sur Turgenieff:*

One evening Hugo's admirers, assembled in his drawing-room, were competing with one another in the eulogy of his genius; and the idea was thrown out, that the street in which he lived ought to bear his name. Some one suggested that the street was too small to be worthy of so great a poet and the honour of bearing his name ought to be assigned to some more important thoroughfare. Then they proceeded to enumerate the most popular quarters of Paris, in an ascending scale, until one man exclaimed with enthusiasm that it would be an honour for the City of Paris itself to be renamed after the man of genius. Hugo, leaning against the mantelpiece, listened complacently to these flatterers outbidding each other. Then, with an air of one engaged in deep thought, he turned to the young man, and said to him in his grand style, "Even that will come, my friend. Even that will come."

George Sand, of course, plays a conspicuous part in Mr. Gribble's book, but for a more comprehensive view of that erratic, eccentric, and gifted woman we shall turn to M. René Doumic's *George Sand,* which has just been published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. This is another excellent volume which deserves a place on the shelf of literary biography and reminiscence. After the long years of stress and passion we have the spectacle of George Sand as the "bonne dame" of Nohant, living her quiet but industrious existence in her country home. This was the period of her tranquillity and calm. She was cured of her illusions. Theophile Gautier has described this life at Nohant.

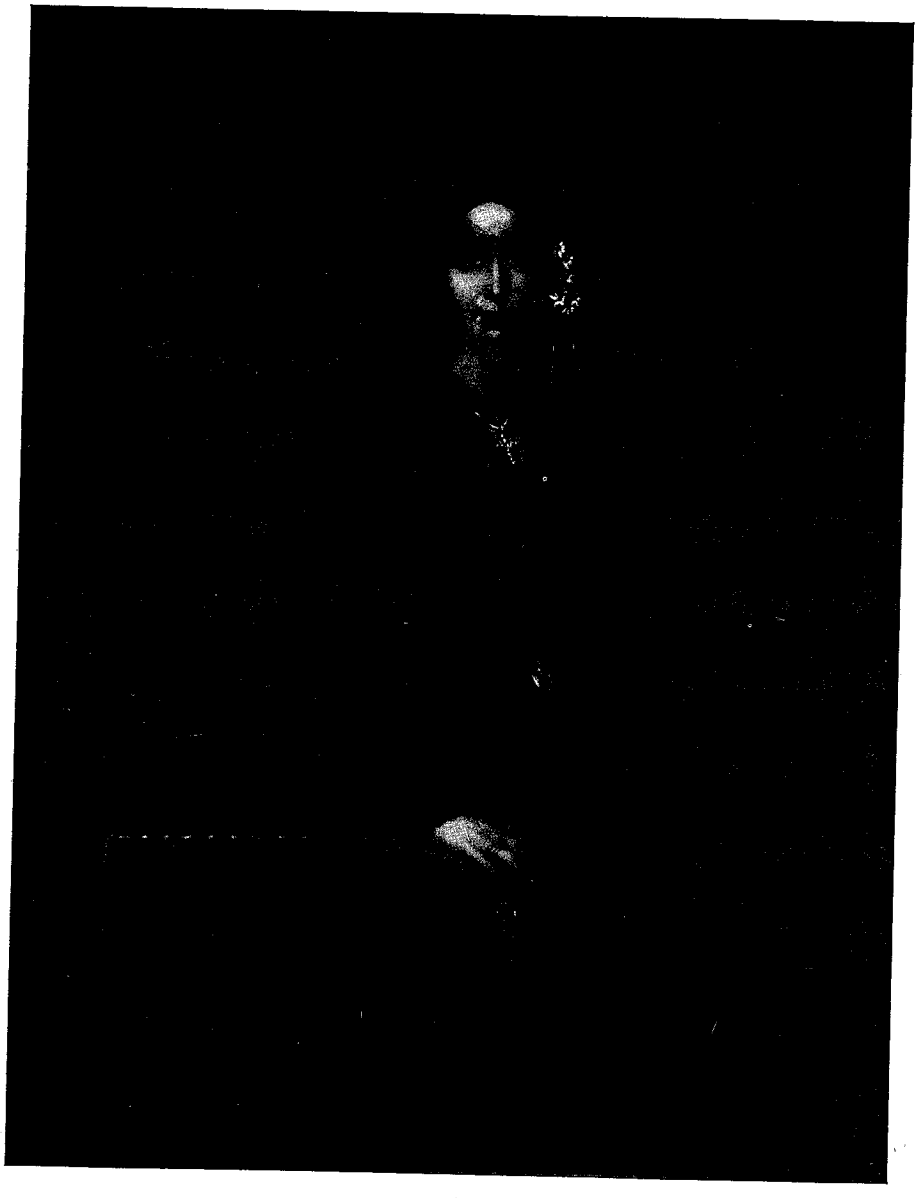
Doumic's George Sand

Luncheon is at ten, and when the finger was on the hour, we all took our seats. Madame Sand arrived, looking like a somnambulist, and remained half asleep all through the meal. After luncheon we went into the garden and played at *cochonnet.* This roused her, and she would then sit down and begin to talk. At three o'clock, Madame Sand went away to write until six. We then dined, but we had to dine quickly, so that Marie Caillot would have time to dine. Marie Caillot is the servant, a sort of little Fadette whom Madame Sand has discovered in the neighbourhood for playing her pieces. This Marie Caillot used to come into the drawing-room in the evening. After dinner Madame Sand would play patience, without uttering a word, until midnight. At midnight she began to write again until four o'clock. You know what happened once. Something monstrous. She finished a novel at one o'clock in the morning, and began another during the night. To make copy is a function with Madame Sand.

No wonder the life bored Gautier, that roaring lion of the boulevards. He considered that he had given a proof of heroism in venturing outside the walls of Paris.

In speaking of Sophie-Victoire Delaborde, the mother of George Sand, M. Doumic says, "She was always most skilful with her fingers, a typical Parisian work girl, a daughter of the street and a child of the people. In our times she would be styled 'a midinette.'" We doubt that this word midinette will be familiar to most of our readers. So swiftly do events move, and so ephemeral is the *argot* of the hour. Six years ago Paris was wild over this name for its working girls—midinette, because they come out at *midi,* and are supposed to be seen in restaurants at their midday meal—was in every one's mouth. Writer of feuilletons

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GEORGE SAND

seized the word, and the result was an astonishing play of imagination. Midinettes were suddenly hailed as the successors of the late lamented grisettes. They were called Mimi Pinson; their tendency toward love affairs was described as well as their unwillingness to listen to sugared words from unattractive suitors. On one occasion the newspapers organised a great walking match for the midinettes. Two thousand entered for the contest, and of these some five hundred actually heeled-and-toed from the gardens of Tuileries to Nenterre, which was *en fête* to receive them. The bandstand in the main square was adorned with a sign "Homage to the Midinettes." The restaurants of Nenterre and the *Cafés Chantants* in Paris were ringing with songs about them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Sindbad from "Low Life"

In his Preface to *Types from City Streets* Mr. Hutchins Hapgood says his purpose is to "throw light upon the charm of what from one point of view is the 'ordinary' person—careless, human, open, democratic."

As such it includes not only Bowery "bums," ex-thieves, Tammany men and "Spieler" girls, but bohemians and artists—anybody who for one reason or another has nothing to do with the private and esoteric.

Mr. Hapgood has strong literary appetites and much skill, but he has no knack whatever in giving an account of his purposes. He is as likely as not to poison the reader's mind in advance by a solemn, sociological, and, as it turns out, quite irrelevant preface to a book of much variety and charm. He did so last summer with his *Anarchist Woman,* which in no wise justified the apprehensions of a text-book or a sermon which he roused at the start. There is no purpose discernible in this new volume of light and agreeable sketches except perhaps the occasional attempt of a rather rickety philosophy to catch up with swift literary impressionism. He makes one of his bohemians exclaim—

There is no animal like a philosophic animal. He has a reason for liking any old thing he likes, but he wouldn't like it to begin with if he didn't have a very unphilosophic joy in life. The philosopher who explains into beauty the gothic unreasonableness and functional exuberance of commonplace human nature is more and perhaps less than a philosopher.

He is an extraordinarily self-conscious literary person, no other than the author of these sketches, with his finger on his own pulse, feeling for "copy." Side by side with every observation of character or incident goes a calculation of its literary value, and this is usually given in the text. Apparently Mr. Hapgood has never entered a saloon without vindicating subsequently his literary purpose.

The little man ordered another beer and the dull-eyed man of energy sipped his whiskey and soda. The sentimental man began to talk of Rome, when he and the little man were there together. And the snow continued to lighten the darkness of the night to warm the cold of it.

He had had the luck to find there these three men talking from the bottom of their souls. "Each one put nothing but himself into what he said." He is always lucky in so draping or posing an experience that he will later like the look of it in print. Two of the men had been talking in this wise—

"Well," at last said he who was going away, "this is like the funeral of what we have done together. The blue smoke of your cigar," addressing the man of thirty-two, who wanted to live more than the universe and his own body allowed, "as it curls up along your long and significant face, past those eyes dulled with severe experience and the troubled passion of prospective years, decorates the hearse of this café with forms suggestive of the past—beautiful complexities of our common life. It is like the Egyptian tombs, an application of art to the external symbols of death."

"When you," replied he of the passionate dull eye, "talk constructed poetry, when you leave facts and get hazy and talk even about decoration, it is a sign that something is troubling you. It rejoices me to perceive that you regret leaving us. Once you said, and you meant it then, that all the plastic arts that are in the universe were not worth the lustrous curl of one dark-eyed lass. And yet now you talk about decoration. It's a clear case. You're sad."

One would think he might find them a little absurd, these rather effusive literary-minded young men, with their Murger measles caught in some Black Cat café or Black Cat magazine, but if he does he gives no sign.

He refers often to the essential aristocracy of the "bum" or "tough."

To say that the Bowery is distinguished may seem a violent paradox, and yet the Bowery comes nearer to distinction than it does to vulgarity. To say that the Bowery is vulgar is, if not an untruth, at least the flat half of the truth.

It is not rare to meet a "tough" in the unsavoury resorts of the Bowery who is much more nearly related to the chosen aristocrat than to the clean and ordinary citizen of the comfortable middle class. . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "tough" who remains embedded in the enjoyment of a few instincts has the eternal calm of the aristocrat; for there is an independence in getting down to bed rock. There is repose involved in reaching the limit. The nervous effort to avoid the fall, the fear of temptation, gives a hesitancy to manners. But the "tough" is sure. He does not hold off from satisfaction. He reposes on the firm bosom of the early need of the race, where is no tremulousness or uncertainty. His footing is as firm as that of the aristocrat.

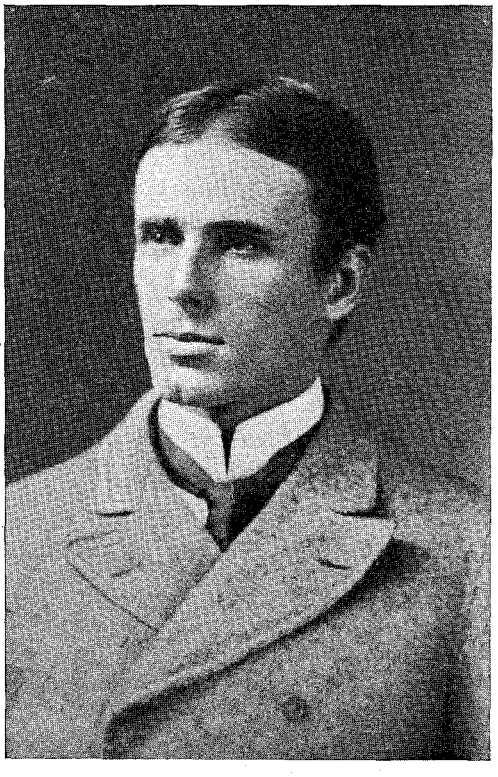
From neither can you take away his quality. But the middle-class person may lose what he has. It is of yesterday, and may not be of to-morrow. He has not the air of tranquil permanence which distinguishes the aristocrat and the "tough," for money may go and position may go, but the repose of completely accepted instinct remains to the "tough"; and the repose of finely worked-out temperament to the aristocrat.

The calmness and self-confidence of the "tough" result in a set of perfect manners. He knows the traditions of his society so thoroughly that he is comparatively exact in etiquette. He is quick to perceive that a stranger does not act right in small ways, and quick to cool in his friendliness in consequence. The style is the man, and no one feels this more quickly than the "tough." . . . The most civilised aristocrat feels also the significance of small manners. . . . "I think I could turn and live with animals," said Walt Whitman. "Not one is respectable or unhappy." The "tough," by definition, is not respectable, and, by nature, he is not unhappy. The aristocrat lays little stress on respectability, and he has not the unhappiness involved in the storm and stress of active mediocrity. . . . The "tough" hates pretension, cant, and inflated rhetoric, and, like the aristocrat of words, he has a succinct way of expressing his likes and dislikes.

This illustrates the author's use of this literary material, but gives little idea of the variety of his impressions or the mobility of his point of view. It is an uncommonly interesting and clever book.

In the great tessellated court which fronts Columbia University and lies directly beneath its classic Library, there has been placed a large slab in honour of the late Charles Follen McKim, who was the architect of some of Columbia's buildings. This is the most conspicuous place anywhere within the University's grounds. Directly above it is the bronze statue of Alma Mater and the noble flight of steps which lead to the Library. On either side is a stretch of mosaic terminating in beautiful terraces set out by greenery and gleaming at night with clustered lamps. Much wonder has been expressed that so unusual a place should have been selected in honour of Mr. McKim, who was a respectable though not remarkable architect, who was not a graduate of Columbia, and who was connected with this work simply as a member of a firm of architects. The greatest historical figure whom Columbia ever enrolled upon her records was Alexander Hamilton. His statue is hidden away in a part of the grounds separated from the University Court. If Columbia should ever produce

A Lost Sense of Proportion



HUTCHINS HAPGOOD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a Washington, for example, the McKim slab might be well removed to honour him. Short of the very greatest men in our history, it seems absurdly out of proportion to give this conspicuous place to one whose relations with the University were in the main commercial, and who belonged more to Harvard than to any other American seat of learning. Columbia has now a School of Fine Arts. We wonder whether its members had any-

THE LATE SIR GEORGE NEWNES

thing to do with the placing of this slab, or with the monstrous, hideous, and indecent statue of Pan which desecrates the northeastern corner of the college grove. If not, we think that they should hasten to disclaim so painful a responsibility.

On the second of last month Thomas Hardy celebrated his seventieth birthday. It was almost forty years after the appearance of his first book, *Desperate Remedies,* which gave no indication of his future eminence. After *Desperate Remedies* came *Under the Greenwood Tree,* and then *Far from the Madding Crowd,* which was published anonymously in the *Cornhill* in 1874. When the book was running serially some of the leading critical journals attributed it to George Eliot. Mr. Hardy's latest novel—and probably his last—was *Jude the Obscure,* which appeared about fifteen years ago, first under the title of *Hearts Insurgent.* He then started a new career by publishing his *Wessex Poems* in 1898, and in the year of the late King's ascension his *Poems of the Past and Present.* Since then his work has been *Time's Laughing-Stocks,* another collection of poems, and his chronicle-drama *The Dynasts.*

Hardy at Seventy

The death last month of Sir George Newnes, the prominent London publisher and newspaper and magazine promoter, recalls very vividly certain years of eccentric exploitation. The credit of originating a certain kind of startling schemes for the purpose of boosting circulation belonged, if we are not mistaken, to *Le Matin,* of Paris. The proprietors of that journal, some years before the *Strand Magazine* combined serial stories and buried treasure, hit upon the idea of sending agents to various parts of France and other countries to distribute prizes among such persons as were detected in the act of reading *Le Matin.* A traveller in the waiting-room of the railway station at Antwerp, let us say, is glancing over the quotations from the Bourse, or if he be of sporting proclivities will be reading that a certain pugilistic celebrity "n'a jamais été mis *knockout,*" when a mysterious stranger approaches with a package in his hand. "Ah! monsieur, je vois que vous lisez *Le Matin*—permit me, on behalf of the management of that admirable newspaper, to present you with this little token of esteem," and so forth.

Eccentric Exploitation

One of Sir George Newnes's schemes to increase the *Strand's* circulation was to announce that clues to the hiding place of five hundred pounds would be found in a serial story running in the magazine.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He followed this up by hiding other sums, ten of one hundred pounds each, and when clues in the tale seemed to indicate that some of the treasure was concealed beneath Trafalgar Square the police were kept busy preventing excited seekers from tearing up the pavement.

Mr. Christopher Matthewson, the distinguished pitcher of the New York National League baseball team, has written a book entitled *Won in the Ninth*. While we have not given it the most careful study, we have read enough to enable us to form a very definite opinion. We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Matthewson writes novels quite as well as he pitches—that is, as he pitched in a certain memorable game against the Chicago National League team in the summer of 1906.

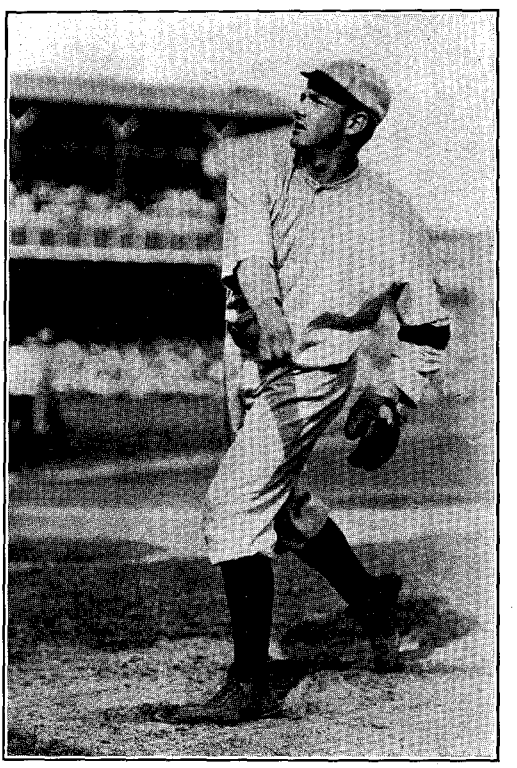
Cubs 19
Giants 0

In her *Autobiography*, Marion Harland says she has tried for the personal touch—"gossip over the confidential fire" she calls it. She has attempted no dramatic effects or artistic situations, but—curiously enough—one is constantly expecting them. For the book, though as intimate and sincere as she announces it will be, is so ample in dialogue and worked up in so many respects like a novel that one has an odd feeling of disappointment in the plot. How she came to write her first cook book is of especial interest. She found herself at marriage in the hands of an incompetent and captious cook, and at the first mishap recognised herself (much to her surprise) "as unlearned as a babe unborn in everything that a practical housewife should know." She confessed her plight to a capable neighbour, who declared that the quintette of cook books she had been studying painfully but with little success were all written by old maids and women who never kept house. "To my certain knowledge," said this lady, "Miss Leslie, of the *Complete Cook Book*, has boarded in a hotel for twenty years. I wouldn't give a guinea a gross for their books. Make your own, I do! When I get a tip-top practical recipe I write it down in every-day language."

Her First Cook Book

The foundation of *Common Sense in the Household*, Marion Harland writes, was laid in the manuscript recipe-book thus begun with the settled purpose to spare other ill-equipped women entering upon a housewifely career the anguish of her novitiate.

I had learned to my bitter woe that there was no printed manual that would take the tyro by the hand and show her a plain path. I learned by degrees to regard housewifery as



CHRISTOPHER MATTHEWSON. AUTHOR OF "WON IN THE NINTH"

a profession which contributes more than any other calling to the mental, moral, and spiritual sanity of the human race. The publishers in whose hands my first cook-book has reached the million mark confessed frankly to me after ten editions had sold in as many months that they accepted the work solely in the hope that I might give them a novel at some subsequent period. Even my husband shook a doubtful head over the wild scheme. It was the only book I published that had not his frank and hearty approval.

"I verily believe," he said, when he found

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARION HARLAND

me gloating over a copy of *Common Sense* the week after it was published, "that you take more pride in that book than all the rest you have written."

"It will do more good than all of them put together," I answered.

Mrs. Terhune tells negro stories with point, gives glimpses of the society of the Old South in her prime with feeling, and pictures sympathetically the people she knew and met. Of the authors still writing she is the only one whose memory

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

goes back to the period twenty-five years before the war. "The Last Through Train for Four Years" is a vivid chapter. She and her husband had been on a visit to her people in Richmond, and were returning to their Newark parish.

We one and all kept up to our own hearts the sanguine incredulity in the possibility of the worst coming to pass, which was characteristic of Union lovers at the South up to the battle of Manassas. Had I not hoped for a peaceful solution of the national problem, I could not have said good-by smilingly to home and kindred. The very commonplaceness of the details of getting ready and sending us off, as had been done time and time again, were in themselves heartening.

Yet I felt at once there was a difference. I noticed, and not without an undefined sense of uneasiness, the unusual number of strollers that lounged up and down the sidewalks and loitered about the train. The voices of all—even the rudest of the loungers—were modulated. With this shade of uneasiness there stole upon me a strange indescribable sense of the unreality of all that I saw and heard. The train slid away from the station. My father and my brother Horace lifted their hats to us from the pavement; we held the children up to the open window to kiss their hands to them; I leaned forward for one last fond look into the dear eyes, and our journey had begun.

I was unaccountably indisposed to talk, and this feeling seemed to pervade the company of passengers. The car was very full and very quiet. We had cleared the city limits when I became aware that the train was slowing up where there was no sign of a switch or turnout. If it actually halted it was but for a second, just long enough to enable two men to board the train. My husband pressed my arm as they passed down the aisle to seats diagonally opposite us. He told me presently—after cautioning me not to glance in their direction—that they were Messrs. Carlisle and Dent—well known to visitors to the convention as most prominent among the leaders of the Union party.

The few faces which were dimly visible in the low light of the lamps overhead were wakeful—one might have imagined, watchful. I learned subsequently that the insufficient light was purposely contrived by conductor and brakemen, and why. At Fredericksburg we steamed right into the heart of a crowd assembled to await the arrival of the train. It was a tumultuous throng evidently drawn thither with a purpose understood by all. It was apparent that the railway officials returned curt and unsatisfactory answers, for the noise gathered volume and uncomplimentary expletives flew freely. All at once a rush was made; eager and angry visages ruddied by torchlight were pressed against closed windows and thrust impudently into the few that were open. "Three cheers for the Southern Confederacy!" yelled stentorian tones. Three-times-three roars of triumph deafened us. "Three cheers for Jefferson Davis—the saviour of Southern liberties!" Again a burst of frenzied acclamation that made the windows rattle.

I could see the leader of the riot—a big fellow who stood close to our window. He was bareheaded and he rested one hand on the side of the car, swinging his hat with the other far above his head. "Three groans for Carlisle!" From the mob went up a responsive bellow of execration and derision. "All aboard!" shouted conductor and trainmen. The hoarse call and shriek of the engine were welcome music to the travellers.

My husband's eyes met mine. "Virginia has joined her sisters," he said without forming the words with his lips. "And the people have got hold of the news!"

It was two o'clock in the spring morning when we passed the Capitol. It was lighted from basement to roof, but to passers-by as still as a tomb. Nothing had brought home to us the fact and imminence of the peril to our national existence as did the sight of that lighted pile. For, as we had been informed, it was filled with armed men on guard against surprise or attack. On the train we heard how troops had been hurried from all quarters of the still loyal States into Washington. The war was on!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIGHTING MAGAZINES

PLIFT," the journalism of exposure and the war on rascals, have been discussed with renewed animation this past month. In an article on "The Cheap American Magazine," in the May *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. William Archer holds up our ten and fifteen cent magazines to the admiration of the British public and complains that the sixpenny monthlies published in his country are inferior in all respects except in the quality of their fiction, which is about on the same level. He dismisses the long-established and expensive magazines like *The Century, Harper's,* and *Scribner's* as "somewhat conventional." Below these in price there are, he says, half a dozen popular magazines which have an extraordinarily "vital quality."

> There is nothing quite like them in the literature of the world. There are no periodicals which combine such width of popular appeal with such seriousness of aim and thoroughness of workmanship.

The corresponding British magazines are filled with cheap personal tittle-tattle, articles on sports, and "appeals to popular snobbery." Not one of them is fit to compare with such magazines as *McClure's* and *The American*. *McClure's,* indeed, seems to him a particularly weighty publication—

> You need not go to this magazine for views, paradoxes, partisan arguments, guesses at truth. The style of article which has made its fame, and which may fairly be called the invention of Mr. McClure, is a richly documented, soberly worded study in contemporary history, concentrating into ten or twelve pages matter which could more easily be expanded into a book ten or twelve times as long. . . . The historian of the future may determine how much of the "uplift" that distinguished the Roosevelt administration was due to the influence of the McClure type of magazine. We cannot at this distance of time see things quite in proportion; but it seems to me certain that Mr. McClure both paved the way for President Roosevelt and potently furthered the movements with which his name will always be identified.

Among the obstacles to the success of similar magazine journalism in Great Britain, he notes the fact that some of the ground is already covered by newspapers like the *Times* which have a national circulation. Then this is a more sensational country. There is more villainy to expose. The natives are easier to plunder and there is more to steal. Marauders are now in their heyday here and he has to go back to the Norman Conquest for a parallel in England. Finally, there is the stricter British law of libel. "We carry libel suits in every number," an American editor once remarked to him. He says the mildest of these American magazines would, if published there, yield a monthly crop of libel suits that would enrich the legal profession.

This sounds a little romantic, especially in its reference to "uplift" and to the "soberly worded" muckraker as typical of the breed, but it gives only due credit to our fighting magazines. Non-combatant thirty-five cent magazine journalism seems by contrast a forlorn survival, irrelevant to life and not pertaining to letters. It is a journalism that is founded on omissions, avoiding subjects that could in any way excite or disturb the patient. It is not for our robust moments. Nor does any one except the owners consider at all seriously the ordinary ten or fifteen cent magazines of commerce, all-story magazines and the like, although their circulation is very large. *Collier's Weekly,* in its issue of May 28th, remarks:

> We have 117,000 more subscribers than we had twelve months ago. Had we used the same energy in exploiting facts that could not personally offend a human being—pretty actresses, the size of the country, gossip of the prominent, how to get rich, stories of poor lads rescuing trains and marrying daughters of employers—we could have increased our circulation twice as fast; but would it have been worth doing?

Insipidity still pays best, and if the warlike energy of Mr. Norman Hapgood could have been diverted into these peace-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ful channels of trade, it might have made the magazine as popular as chewing-gum. The Chicago *Dial* sees only the "commercial motive." It says of the articles praised by Mr. Archer that

> The underlying motive for their multiplication is commercial rather than philanthropic. . . . They have aroused emotional rather than reflective natures; and this is a dangerous thing to do.

This, however, is merely a voice from the tomb. As a respectful visitor to the hushed pages of the Chicago *Dial* during many years we well know its standards of safety and repose. Its aim is never to arouse any nature, whether reflective or emotional, but merely to give one's literary memories now and then a gentle jog. The Chicago *Dial*, by the way, illustrates better than any other magazine we know the perils of what some foreigners call American "Culture" and others, like Mr. Archer and Mr. H. G. Wells, term the "Bostonian tradition." At the opposite extreme from sheer yellowness but almost as deadly in its way it shows how minds may be damaged by what they feed on even when the fare is the "world's best literature." It is typical of those weak champions of "Culture" whom "Culture" seems to have almost killed. It naturally has no liking for the rude alarums of fighting magazines.

The New York *Evening Post* also finds them altogether mercenary. It calls their fight "a fight for God, country and circulation." It chiefly laments, however, the effect on the short-story industry.

> They have drafted the short-story writers. It is possible to cite from this month's magazines nearly half a dozen concrete instances of men and women who, having made their first appearance as writers of short stories, have been hired by the editors for service on the firing line. One woman has been detailed to expose the horrid evils that inhere in the five- and ten-cent stores, gigantic nurseries of women's extravagance. Another woman in another magazine assails another form of the shopping evil. A writer of short stories, strongly impregnated with the atmosphere of the East Side, now girds at wicked Pittsburg and now at the horrors of State workhouses. Two years ago a novel of brilliant promise came from a young man in Boston. Since then his decline has been steady. First he began to write for the magazines the kind of stories that the magazines at that time liked. Then he was drafted for muckrake duty. He is now pretty far from the fine originality of his first book and is probably making a good many thousand dollars a year. His case exemplifies strikingly the workings of the average editorial mind. It is in the nature of the editor to like live topics and it is in his nature to like live names. What more reasonable, therefore, than to take this young man who writes such excellent stories, which unfortunately have gone a good deal out of style, and set him to work on something statistical, brisk, and terrifying? . . . Apparently the average reader has let himself be persuaded that the real magazine must be chiefly social and strenuous; to quench his longing for fiction he buys an all-story magazine, thus learning to take his recreation and his excitement in separate doses.
>
> That this condition of things will be permanent or even lasting we refuse to believe. If the editors do not get exhausted, the field of human interest is pretty sure to be. . . . Already the pioneer magazine of the militant type is gravitating toward earlier conditions.

As an argument against muckraking we believe this is altogether new. The magazine war on evil has been condemned for many reasons, but never before, so far as we know, on the ground that it diminished the number of American short-story writers. No one hitherto has seemed to care much what became of them. People who have been most anxious about disappearances, ready at any time to mourn the diminution of brook trout, the red banana, manhood, womanhood, water power, trees, indeed almost everything, have never betrayed the slightest fear that there may not be enough short-story writers to go around. It did seem that this was something we need not worry about. However, we add it conscientiously to our many public anxieties. The story of the literary decline or Muckrake's Progress of that young Boston man has touched our heart.

Mr. William Allen White, on receiving his honorary degree from Columbia University, discoursed frivolously of muckraking in metaphors borrowed from articles on the autumn fashions in women's hats and gowns.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There has been, he said, a gradual quieting of styles in the literature of agitation, a repression of modish effects, and colours are scaling down from the crimson of 1905 to mauves and greys, and very small checks are more fashionable now than in the days when Mr. McClure invented the first Merry Widow hat to be talked through by all the young men and women of the cheap magazines. . . . I notice that my fellow-raker, Mr. Steffens, is working out a plan of political redemption for Boston and is adding those quiet, tailored effects that are getting noticeable among our best rakers. Miss Tarbell's new suit is a plain unruffled dissertation on the tariff, with an accompanying house dress of becoming pearl grey about the American women. . . . Of course there are persons who still wear the gaudy plumes of the trust-buster, the large rhododendrons and hydrangeas, the aigrettes and pompons of the earliest period of the Terror, but these are a little outré and are in general frowned upon by the more fastidious and effectual of the cult.

Meanwhile the Chaplain of Congress in his public prayers was calling down the wrath of Heaven upon muckrakers because they were pessimists.

We have quoted this somewhat perplexing testimony chiefly in order to keep the ball rolling. It is too good a subject to be dropped. It is for experts to decide whether it is a fashion, a vice or a "movement," and we are glad to have them fight it out. At reading the "signs of the times" we have never had any luck. We missed the "uplift" of 1905, the "new movement" of 1909, and the greater part of last spring's "reawakening." But we have a whirl with a muckraker now and then, as who does not? We know as well as any one that the morals of most muckrakers are of thistledown blown this way and that on the popular breeze, and that the grim term muckraking itself is quite unsuited to this airy occupation of skylarking with reform. Nevertheless, you will find among them a few staunch persons of a type rare in American journalism. They are moralists who specify. That is very unusual both in this country and in England, where journalistic moralities are almost always of a soothing universality or vagueness, naming no names. Your typical moral warrior seldom mentions the enemy. He condemns stealing but he does not say who steals. He writes editorial articles on "the growing lawlessness" of the country, advising college graduates to "take some action," or fathers to control their children, or educators to do their duty, or mankind to improve, but never a word of any specific instance, and nothing that a sensitive lawbreaker would find in questionable taste. The journalism of exposure may seem indeed excessive, but it is merely a drop in the bucket compared to the great daily and monthly downpour of the journalism of detached moralities. Non-committal moral rectitude is still the chief mark of all "uplifting" printed matter and oratory.

Ten years ago a clergyman once announced at a public dinner in New York that if other clergymen

had preached as many sermons about thieves in the Senate as they have about those poor thieves on the cross, there might be some Senators on the cross and fewer thieves in the Senate.

As a matter of fact, our current writings, then as now, were particularly rich in sermons about thieving Senators. Then as now the godly rebuke (in general terms) of wicked deeds was flowing in a copious stream, broad and steady. Not an instant's pause in the reproof of crime and the noise of it increasing regularly with the increase of the population; only the proof of crime was slighted. Thieves in the Senate, of course; but who and why? That was the thing the sermons did not specify. Down with the devil, said we at the time, bold as brass, and away with all rascals whether in the Senate or out of it. He is a coward indeed who has not the courage of his generalities and the Senate as a body had never brought a libel suit. We dared do all that might become a scribe. It was known then as now that if you hit a great many people all at once nobody feels it or hits back, and there are always plenty of moralists who will turn in a general alarm, then go about their business. Thieves in the Senate, fellow-citizens; somebody who can spare the time ought to do something about it. On any moral question to-day it is still the voice of Dr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Holmes's Katydid that is heard the oftenest in the land, saying the undisputed thing in the solemn manner, but there have since arisen several moralists in the magazines who seem really to try and say whom and what they mean. This seems to us quite remarkable, indicating a concrete purpose, where no purpose was before, indicating perhaps the approach of moral journalism toward the actual. Better a fighting magazine trailing clouds of libel-suits than that sedative moral counsel all to the effect that, To do right is on the whole and broadly speaking the right thing to do. Better, and even now far less characteristic of the country.

C. M. Francis.

O. HENRY IN HIS OWN BAGDAD

TWO years ago, in the middle of summer, William Sidney Porter and Robert Hobart Davis, alias "O. Henry" and "Bob" Davis respectively—and likewise respectively one of the greatest of American short-story writers and one of the greatest rejectors of all species of stories—were discussing the merits and demerits of New York City during the tropical, asphalt-smelly season. "Let's get out of it for a few days," suggested Davis. "I'll take you to a wonderful place down on Long Island, where the fishing is immense and the fish correspondingly large."

"Well," said Henry, "New York *is* a bit warm and I'll just take you up."

They started. They arrived. Fishing tackle was put in order; collars and coats were cast aside; Henry expressed admiration at the ability of the masculine natives to expectorate tobacco juice "as far as the eye could see"; Davis lit a cigar; and the expedition was off. It was a mile walk. "We won't ride, because the exercise will do us good," suggested Davis. Henry assented. The day was grey-blue and sizzling. They had not gone more than three city blocks when Henry was already drenched with perspiration. But he kept on manfully. A little way farther on, however, Davis noticed that his companion was desperately endeavouring to find something in his trousers' pockets. "What are you looking for?" he asked. "I am looking for my return ticket to New York," replied Henry positively, "and let me tell you that as soon as I find it, I'm going to take a 'hitch' on a wagon and go back—fast! I know it's blamed hot in town, but there are just as good fish left on the menu as there are in the sea."

"Bagdad," as O. Henry referred to New York in his *Modern Arabian Nights,* was, in his own words to a close friend, "the cosy haven for everybody, including amateur fishermen and other disappointed persons." O. Henry loved the metropolis, and its intense heat or cold made little change in his affection for it. "If you like the city so well, then," he was once asked, "why do you live in Asheville so much of the time?" "Because," he answered, "New York gets into my veins so strongly that I have to go away from it when I want to work. For the same reason, I venture, that a man who is deeply in love with a woman can't think of anything but that woman when he is anywhere near her."

During his frequent visits in his own skyscraper-filled Bagdad, this literary Haroun Al Raschid prowled about in curious corners, brushed up against curious individuals and ferretted out curious secrets, curious heart mysteries and curious little lights on the human machine—all of which subsequently found their way into his stories. Some of his adventures while Haroun-Al-Raschiding must, therefore, possess interest for the vast reading throng that has smiled and felt a tear while turning his pages. It was during one of his prowling tours several years ago that O. Henry, with H. H. McClure, who suggested the writing of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the *Modern Arabian Nights* tales to the short-story king, was seated in a Broadway restaurant at luncheon. "What are you going to do to-night?" asked McClure. "I'm going to persuade a 'hobo' to give me three hundred dollars," answered the writer. "On a bet?" asked McClure. "Not at all," replied O. Henry, "that's the price of a story and I'm going to rub up against some tramps down on the Bowery until one of them suggests the plot to me." That night O. Henry did travel downtown and started on a Haroun Al Raschid expedition in the vicinity of the famous bread-line. His genial, well-fleshed personality always stood him in good stead, and no matter how tough the community he chanced to enter, unpleasantness of any sort was a rare occurrence. When he talked with a "hobo" he was a "hobo." When he talked with a railroad president he was a railroad president. O. Henry was a chameleon of conversation and of what is known colloquially as "front." He always took on the air—it seemed—of the person to whom he was talking. One of his friends has said of him that there was no better "mixer" in the world—and the truth of the statement is borne out by a survey of the intimate and varied insight revealed in his diverse writings. On the night in question, O. Henry moved around among the Bowery derelicts until he finally got into touch with a typical "bum." They strolled down the street a way together and asked a passer-by for the time. "Almost midnight," said the latter. "Gee," remarked Henry to his tattered companion, "I feel like a cup o' coffee. Come on, I've got a quarter and we'll blow some of it in in this place." They entered the dingy eating-house, sat up to the counter and each ordered a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich. Although the two men had now been together for some time, the short-story writer had detected the gleam of nothing definite in the tramp that promised to provide the "copy" he was seeking. But he felt sure he had picked his man right and he felt equally sure that the fellow sooner or later would unconsciously suggest to him something or other by which he would profit. O. Henry rarely "led" the conversation. He preferred to let it come naturally. He said nothing to his companion, who was busily concerning himself with the food before him. When they had finished and had reached the street, Henry suggested that they walk leisurely up the Bowery and see if there was anything to be seen. They wandered around aimlessly for fully an hour and a half and then Henry said he felt like having another cup of coffee. The two men went into another eating place and ordered two cups of coffee—at two cents a cup. Then they walked around some more, but still Henry had succeeded in getting no idea from his bedraggled companion. Finally, tired out, he told the latter he was going to leave him. He reached out his hand to "shake" with the tramp and, as their hands met, Henry suddenly surprised the "hobo" by laughing. "What's up, cull?" asked the latter. "Oh, nothin'," replied Henry, "I just thought of something." This was true, as he afterward confessed, the "something" in point having been an odd twist for a new story. But the oddest twist to this particular Haroun Al Raschid anecdote—and a typical O. Henry twist it is—is the fact that the idea O. Henry suddenly got for his story had absolutely nothing to do with the Bowery, with tramps, with two-cent coffee, or anything even remotely related thereto. "Well, then," remarked a friend to whom he had narrated the incident, "what good did the Bowery sojourn do you? You didn't get your three hundred dollar idea from a tramp after all, did you?"

"Indeed, I did," replied O. Henry. "That is, in a way. The tramp didn't give me the idea, to be sure, but he did *not* drive it out of my head—which is just as important. If I had not gone down on the Bowery and had chosen an uptown friend for a companion instead of that tramp, my more cultured companion would not have allowed me a moment's conversational respite in which my mind could have worked, and, as a consequence, the idea would never have come to me. So, you see, the Bowery 'hobo' served a lot of good, after all."

Strolling through Madison Square one night after the theatre, O. Henry came upon a young girl crying as if her heart were surely cracking, if not already

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

broken. The man with Henry, his pity and sympathy aroused, walked over to the girl, touched her on the shoulder, and inquired into the cause of her grief. It developed that the girl had come to the city from a town in Central New Jersey, had lost her way, and was without money, friends, or a place to sleep. Deeply touched, the man with the short-story writer gave the girl a couple of dollars, put her in charge of a policeman, whose latent sympathy he managed to arouse with a one dollar bill, and, satisfied with his act of charity, locked arms with Henry and continued on through the dark square toward Twenty-third Street. "Why didn't you speak to her?" he asked Henry. "I'll bet there was a corking story in that girl that you could have dragged out." O. Henry smiled. "Old man," he said, "there never is a story where there seems to be one. That's one rule I always work on—it saves time and, let me see—two plus one—yes, three dollars!"

O. Henry's metropolitan sales and shop-girl types are well known to his readers. "Do you ever go into the department stores to study them?" some one once asked the writer. "Indeed, not," answered the latter. "It is not the sales-girl *in* the department store who is worth studying, it is the sales-girl *out* of it. You can't get romance over a counter."

With two friends, O. Henry was walking down Broadway one evening in December—Broadway, the sack of New York "life," the big paper Bagdad out of which O. Henry drew many of his characters. Near Herald Square, the men were approached by a rather well-dressed young man who, in a calm, gentle voice, told his "hard luck story"and begged for the "loan" of a quarter. One of the men handed over the twenty-five cents to the stranger and the latter disappeared quickly 'round the corner into Thirty-sixth Street. "Seemed like an honest, worthy chap," remarked the man who had parted with the quarter. "Yes," added O. Henry quietly, "he seemed like an honest, worthy chap to me, too—last night."

While walking down Broadway on another occasion, O. Henry accidentally bumped against a man who was not looking in the direction he was walking. "I beg your pardon," said Henry, "but really you ought to look where you are going." "If I did in this town, I probably wouldn't go," replied the man with a sarcastic smile. "Ah," said O. Henry quickly, "and how are all the folks in *Chicago?*"

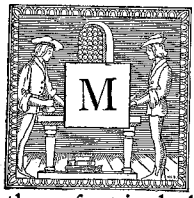
O. Henry's advice to young writers as to the secret of short-story writing is well known. "There are two rules," he said. "The first rule is to write stories that please yourself. There is no second rule." He was once facetiously asked if there were a second rule, what that rule would be. "Sell the story," he answered. When O. Henry collaborated with F. P. Adams in writing the libretto for the musical comedy *Lo,* a friend said to him: "Adams says he got the idea for his share of the play from a cheque for advance royalties. Where did you get the idea for your share?" "From the *hope* for a cheque for advance royalties," he answered.

While Harouning along the river front one night, O. Henry happened upon a couple of sailors, one of whom was much the worse for liquor. "I see your friend is intoxicated," he remarked to the sober sailor. "You don't say!" exclaimed the latter in mock astonishment. And the short-story king appreciated the answer at his expense as much as did those to whom he subsequently repeated it. O. Henry never missed a favourable opportunity to have a chat with an amiable policeman. "Policemen know so many odd things and so few necessary ones," he would remark. While talking with one of the bluecoats in Hell's Kitchen one night years ago, Henry said that they were suddenly startled—at least, that he was—by two loud revolver shots. "Some one's been killed!" he exclaimed. "No, don't worry," returned the "cop" coolly, "only injured. It takes at least three bullets to kill any one in this part of town."

George Jean Nathan.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW POETS AND OLD POETRY



ORE important, perhaps, than the actual poetry of the last few months is the appearance of a remarkable piece of poetic criticism. For the season's product of verse has not thus far included much of more than ordinary worth; but Professor Woodberry's volume, *The Inspiration of Poetry*,* contains such an intimate analysis and luminous exposition of the essential nature of the art as does not appear every season, nor once in many seasons. The book is made up of eight lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute of Boston four years ago; and it is somewhat strange both that they should have remained so long unpublished and that they did not at the time of their delivery attract more widespread attention. The middle portion of the book is taken up with essays on certain great poets, more or less unified by a special stress upon the sources and character of their poetic energy. These are thoughtfully written suggestive studies, rather academic in form and less so in material: interesting and in some phases original, but not more so than one may hear often in the regular lecture courses of our universities. The value of the volume inheres in the opening and closing essays, "Poetic Madness" and "Inspiration," which are really one structure divided for the insertion of a body of illustrative material. To these the intervening matter, despite its greater bulk, is entirely subordinate; and they form together a presentment of the nature of Poetry and the true meaning of that nebulous word Inspiration at once very sympathetic and very sane. It is a subject upon which the doctors and the graduate students expend the labour of continual discourse without complete understanding: the scholarly temper differs deeply from the creative; and Poetry, like other internally human subjects, cannot profitably be studied from the outside. But here is one who knows. Being himself a poet in some sort, he is qualified to understand emotional and imaginative creation in the only way in which it can be understood; that is to say, humanly by experience, and not scientifically by inspection. So Darby and Joan may smile at all the troubadours, and Johnny with the whooping-cough has a certain personal knowledge of that malady denied even to his learned physician. And being also, and in greater measure, a critic and a teacher, Professor Woodberry is able intellectually to reason out and to set forth effectively that truth which his own poetry enables him to comprehend.

To summarise the essays is hardly fair to them; for that absence of anything new or peculiar in their thesis which is its best guarantee of soundness makes it appear banal when baldly stated. "Poetic energy was defined as, in essence, shared and controlled emotion; in its being shared emotion lies its social principle; in its being controlled emotion lies its artistic principle. I have dwelt less, however, on these two subsidiary aspects, and have sought rather to bring out clearly that emotion is the base of Poetry, and that capacity for it is the radical power of genius, and that the poetic life so led is naturally one of unrest and misfortune." There, in Professor Woodberry's own words, is the gist of his essays. It does not sound startling; but if it did, we should be driven to infer either that it was false or that the world had never until now known the nature of Poetry. The value of the essays lies in their development, in their showing how and why this Idea is true. Opening with a recognition of the Greek theory of Poetry as a direct possession wherein the god speaks through the passive human mind, and of the persistent tendency in all ages to regard the genesis of a poem as something godlike and inscrutable, Professor Woodberry recognises also the present need to consider this theory intelligently and scientifically in order to give it due weight with modern hearers. His essay is in the main a rationalising of our immemorial idea of Poetry, a study of the nature and product of inspiration in

*The Inspiration of Poetry. By George Edward Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the light of modern thought, a reconciliation of Psychology and possession. "It is necessary," he remarks with subtle irony, "to go to the Anthropologist and be wise." And forthwith he proceeds in comprehensive fashion to assert eternal evolution and justify the ways of science to man. He goes back to what we may assume to have been the earliest beginnings of Poetry—the savage horde singing and dancing around the fire. He calls our attention to the presence there of the essence of poetic art, emotion expressed in verbal rhythm: an emotion not peculiar to the individual but common to the tribe; an emotion not abstract but referable to some concrete object or event; and an emotion for the time so exalted as to possess the singers, turning their minds wholly to its expression. Then he shows how in the most civilised development of the art these essentials persist: rhythm is still the medium, though it be wrought into the formal complexities of Sophocles or Swinburne; and though the poet's mind be complicated with all the subtleties of education, stored with conscious knowledge of technique and with all the treasure of the ages, yet it must no less be so possessed by emotion as to become the mere instrument of expression. "The poet, then, under excitement, seems to present the phenomenon of a highly developed mind working in a primitive way." He is to the life of the race what those persons who in their maturity are still as little children are to the life of the individual. He is more human than ordinary humanity: though his ways be not their ways, nor his thoughts their thoughts, yet are his feelings their feelings. And his difference from other men is only this, that those ecstasies of pure passion which in the rest of us fade into the withered memory of a great hour, in him flower into eternal song.

The discussion of the subordinate points is almost equally valuable. The common emotion of the primitive horde is shown to have developed into the communal emotion of civilised poetry; and the need of the poet for a normal human life, and the law that his work in order to be the common treasure of mankind must concern itself with such human realities as all men feel, are thereby emphasised. The principle of controlled emotion furnishes a sound and vigorous discussion of the province of technique: how it must be first consciously learned, then subconsciously employed. No man can write a sonnet unless he can think naturally in sonnet-form; nay, unless he can feel in sonnet-form. Less sound, either as history or as psychology, is the somewhat over-emphasised theory of the solitude and misfortune of the poet's life. It is true that, whereas the heart of the race beats in the poet, the race lags frequently far behind the impulse of its own heart; none the less, lone and revolutionary poets like Byron or ill-starred poets like Keats are a rather small minority among the greater names. Shakespeare was not an outcast, nor Milton, nor Tennyson, nor Browning, nor Wordsworth. And though there is undoubtedly some ground for the theory, yet in these days, when so many imagine that the first requirement of genius is eccentricity, it does not especially require emphasis. For the rest, the essays are carefully and beautifully written, full of plangent phrases whose form drives home their import. They should be studied by every one who is interested in the subject either as critic or as creator. The degree of their permanent greatness only time can determine; but there can be no question of their timely importance here and now.

To bring down this high argument to the criticism of a few months' casual verse is in the main something like taking a children's quarrel before the Supreme Court. Nevertheless, there is no harm in appealing to fundamentals even over a small matter: at worst, the very incongruity cannot fail to illustrate both the ideal and the shortcoming; and we shall find at best some work not unworthy of examination by ultimate standards. Mr. Percy MacKaye* has by persistence and an unwavering elevation of ideals attained such recognition among cultivated readers as makes the appearance of his collected poems a matter of mark. The volume is divided into "Poems chiefly occasional" and "Poems lyrical and descriptive"; and it is curiously suggestive that by far the best of it falls under the

*Poems. By Percy MacKaye. New York: The Macmillan Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

former head. Occasional poetry is commonly inferior; for the wind of inspiration bloweth where it listeth, and poetic emotion refuses to burn opportunely at the bidding of occasion: thus we have a great Ode on a Grecian Urn but none on the Venus of Melos; Napoleon and Niagara remain unsung while lesser names become literature. But Mr. MacKaye's weakness as a poet is his strength as a riser to occasions. His emotion arises always from intellect; conceiving an idea which has poetic possibilities, he embodies it in appropriate emotions and clothes it in fit ornament of form; his songs gush not from his heart, but are meditated in his mind. This is not to say that his occasional work is perfunctory or insincere; on the contrary, it is evidently his most natural and impulsive work; only, the primary impulse is intelligent. Given a worthy subject, he will say the proper things about it, and say them feelingly and well. But the poems give often a curious impression of being as it were translated into poetry; as a song is translated into sound in being set to music. He has no poetic madness, as Professor Woodberry uses the term; no creative imagination, in Shelley's sense; in their place he has a good intelligence, a willing and flowery fancy, and at his best a cultivated command of style. Of these the "Ode to the American Universities" is a fine example. Regarding the Universities as our custodians of truth and good citizenship, he calls upon them with a dignified eloquence to administer these responsibly among our influx of unformed citizens.

Not adversaries in the scrambling street
Of commerce, need your nobler wills compete,
For numbers and for names. A saner law
Moves your co-operation, and the awe
Of that shall fix a sound stability
At the base of civic freedom. Strong must be
The scholar in himself. Far better were it
Your halls stood empty, and their corridors
Silent, than that the youth who from your doors
Go forth to breed the nation should inherit
The sowings of that spirit
Which bows the mind to serve the vulgar mood
Or truckles to the man that owns the multitude.

This is Mr. MacKaye at his best; and nearly as good are "Shirley Common" with its graceful reminiscences of Gray, and the dramatic sketch "A Christmas Carol." In the lyrics, where one would naturally expect a freer and more humanly passionate note, there appears instead something like the benevolent awkwardness of a professor dandling a babe. They are marred by carelessness of rhyming and rhythm; but their severest critic is the sense of humour. One always hesitates to suspect another of the absence of this quality, lest the charge prove a boomerang. Yet the apostrophising of an infant's first tooth in an apparently serious poem, as "This horny 'scutcheon of an eld orang," must give us pause. Nor is "The First Tooth" a solitary example. Consider this:

My thoughts are like pied cattle on the hills,
Browsing the pale green slants, through silting mist
That laps the verdant uplands, and far fills
The valleys where the parted woods have kisst.

Scarce can I see them for the purpling rain
That drives across the pastures, where they loom
Beyond the hedges of my shrouded brain,
Herding the solemn sunset of my gloom.

O Fancy, be my eager-lung'd Boy-Blue
And blow upon your dewy echo-horn
A blast to call them home to me and you
Out of the eerie meads and magic corn;
For they shall yield us white abundance of
Their milk, for me to bring unto my love.

Where quotation is sufficient, any comment would be an impertinence.

Lyrics of Life,* by Florence Earle Coates, carries its criticism in its vague and pleasantly unmeaning title. Precisely the trouble with these poems is that there is not enough life in them: there is too much easeful death, too much pale pondering of a good which is felt rather as law than as vitality, of an evil which is regarded rather as transgression than as waste. These poems also are for the most part thoughtful rather than emotional; but it will not do to say that their thought arouses or overshadows their feeling. Rather their feeling is too mild to inform and possess their thought: their passion

*Lyrics of Life. By Florence Earle Coates. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is not vivid enough to find its own words. And they have therefore a reminiscent ring, a tinge of timid conventionality in the well-worn phrases and old-fashioned italicising of emphatic words. They seem to come from an old New England garden within box hedges, breathing a quiet fragrance of mignonette; and their occasional attempt to be modern is out of character. One small song, vividly enough felt to compel its expression, is worth all the more ambitious work in the book:

If love were but a little thing—
  Strange love, which more than all is great—
One might not such devotion bring,
  Early to serve and late.

If love were but a passing breath—
  Wild love—which, as God knows, is sweet—
One might not make of life and death
  A pillow for love's feet.

*The Perfume-Holder,** by Craven Langstroth Betts, is a tiny pamphlet of some fifty pages, which, the title-page informs us, is a second edition. One wonders how large the first edition was, and why more was not heard of it; for here is a true poem, worthy of many readings. It is no more than the poetic retelling of a Persian prose story by Arthur Kennedy, published some years ago in *Temple Bar*. Selim the brass-worker, surnamed The Unsociable, is visited by a veiled woman who stamps with one of his dies upon a shred of brass, and twists it about his finger in play. He labours for months with the same tool upon a gift for her—a perfume-holder of such beauty that merchants quest after it in vain. But when the gift is completed, he learns that she is already wedded to the Prince; and presently he is deprived of it through trickery of the merchants and driven from the city. Thereafter, the Princess, travelling to visit an astrologer, finds in the desert a skeleton upon whose finger still clings her shred of brass; and returning home, she receives as a gift from the Prince the perfume-holder, carven with the same pattern, and engraved with the words of Selim's message to her. It is an ordinary Eastern love-tale, rather sad and sentimental if you will, but retold here with a colour and sympathy and melody of deliberate lines that would not seem out of place between the covers of *The Earthly Paradise*. The passion of it is its one reason for existence; and that is reason enough.

Mr. Cale Young Rice has written a great deal of verse, a little of which may be called poetry; and it may be that writing less and with more care he would write better. But of this it is not possible to feel quite sure. His emotion is not controlled, in the sense of being artfully and harmoniously expressed. Experimenting widely with verse-forms, he has hit upon some new and interesting rhythms; but he has experimented either in ignorance or in disregard of elementary metrics. His lines run over as if the end of a line meant nothing at all, and his consonants buzz like a stirred wasp's nest. It would be captious to cavil at these things if they were only occasional, but they are continuous enough to be characteristic. Again, his emotion is not communal in the sense of dealing with such common realities as all humanity may feel. His new volume, *Many Gods*,* deals with the emotions of strange Eastern lands from the external point of view of the globe-trotter, and with spiritual matters from the point of view of a modern Occidental Buddhist who has risen superior to creeds. There is no internal evidence in the book to show that Mr. Rice has ever been nearer the East than the pages of Mr. Kipling and Lawrence Hope, or any nearer to Nirvana than a meeting of American theosophists. Two or three poems to his wife are heartfelt and beautiful, and go far to excuse the rest. But here is Mr. Rice's version of the call of the East:

I want to go back and hear the surf
  Come beating in at night,
Like the washing of eternity over the dead.
I want to see dawn flare up, and day
  Go down in golden light;
I want to go back to Penang! I want to go back!

What deeper voice was it that once sang something like that? . . . "And the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the bay!"

*The Perfume-Holder. By Craven Langstroth Betts. New York: The Monarch Press.

*Many Gods. By Cale Young Rice. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Edwin Preston Dargan has produced in *Hylas and Other Poems** a thin and uneven volume whose criticism can only be summed up in that overworked and somewhat unmeaning word *promise*. Much of it—perhaps most of it—is too vaguely felt, too loosely written, and too uncertainly versified to demonstrate its deserving of print; nor does any reason appear why the best of it should not have been withheld and polished until enough more and better should have been done to fill out a worthier volume. So far it is but like the many others which the prospective reviewer glances through unrewarded, and lays aside as unworthy of attention. But the difference is here: that these wayward verses reveal now and then and here and there a thrill of emotional insight, a brief burst of real poetic energy that lifts the book out of the class to which it in general belongs.

When you withdrew your hand, those other hands
That held the lights of heaven in their place
Fell all together, and through saddened space
I heard that clangour, and through darkened lands.
When you spoke not, my spirit in her bands
Bowed down; that silence smote our earthly race:
No birds would sing a dirge for our disgrace,
No voice of Christ could lay his high commands.

If nevermore your hand with steadfastness
Uplift that light—if I may not believe
That low and honeyed voice which did confess
In all my dreams its love—I still shall bless
The sun-crowned hills I saw; though memory weave
Such grieving words that even you must grieve.

The technical weaknesses are obvious enough, even to the groping after rhymes; nevertheless, the man who wrote that sonnet has a chance of doing work that shall be worth while.

Mr. Hartley Burr Alexander's *Odes on the Generations of Man*† illustrates by antithesis Professor Woodberry's whole theory of Poetry. Instead of being emotionally inspired, they are constructed upon a vaguely intellectual theory of evolution, much as Poe pretends to have constructed intellectually "The Raven." And their informing emotion, so far from being communally human, requires an explanatory analytical preface and appended annotations by the author. Milton and Browning, at their highest and darkest, were content to leave exegesis to their commentators: they dealt in humanities, and were abstruse only as unconsciously possessing unusual mental wealth. But Mr. Alexander forewarns us that "in the first group, the Prelude leads into Ode I, which, moving with a marked crescendo to an abrupt retard, is an interpretation of man's evolutional genesis, while Ode II, slow and poignant, interprets his ideal evolution," and appends pages of notes concerning the mythology of strange and unpronounceable gods. The style of the poems themselves is such as to make these provisions not unnecessary. And it is a pity that this should be so; for stripped of their internal and extraneous pedantries they might still show enough dignified beauty of idea and sonority of rhythm by which to stand alone.

Mr. Alfred Noyes is rapidly reaching the point where his new work, instead of being measured as testimonial to his reputation, is to be accepted as an addition to our literature. Beyond question, we have no living poet of his rank; and it is our good fortune that he has many years of prodigal production before him. He is a prodigal, indeed, as Mr. Kipling was: the fairy godmothers at his christening were very drunk indeed; but they were rosily and gloriously drunk, with as yet no foreshadowing of any Morning After. His facility has never yet made him a careless or dishonest artist, though we may lay to its charge, perhaps, the production of a good deal of such work as, worthy in itself, is yet unworthy of him. His inspiration is passionate enough and human enough; but it might well be more thoughtfully controlled, if Apollo is to prevail over Dionysus. His new volume, *The Enchanted Island and Other Poems*,* contains

*Hylas and Other Poems. By Edwin Preston Dargan. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

†Odes on the Generation of Man. By Hartley Burr Alexander. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company.

*The Enchanted Island and Other Poems. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enough lumber to make it seem at first inferior; but a glance back over his earlier ones reassures us upon that point. We have remembered each of them for the few great poems contained in it, to the oblivion of some bulk of unsuccess; and the new book, though it would have been improved by the omission of some poems and perhaps by the shortening of others, contains as large a proportion of important work as any of its forerunners. "Rank and File" is a splendid hymn of human faith; "Red of the Dawn," a stark bit of reality whose passion justifies its theatricism; "The Newspaper Boy" and "The Electric Tram" are modern without mannerism and colloquial without tawdriness; "Gorse" and "The Rock Pool" and "The Lights of Home" are things to ponder over reverently; and "Bacchus and the Pirates" is an amazing work, which may be briefly described as the most gorgeously inebriate poem in English. A chosen crew of famous pirates, being magnificently drunk, discover Bacchus himself asleep on an island in the Spanish Main. They snare him and carry him off, dreaming of infinite drinks to follow; but the god, awaking, causes a mighty vine to spring up through the hull of their ship, whose tendrils lash every pirate to the mast, and is transported back to his island in a nautilus manned by rosy bacchanals. And when a king's ship discovers the pirates, behold they are only bound with ropes to the spars of a wreck, and raving mad with thirst. Summary, however, is vain to suggest it, and quotation is not much better: the whole poem must be read, aloud if possible; and if you are sober at the end of the reading, then you have (as the French say) no interior. It ought to be printed in purple ink and sent gratis to all the temperance agitators. They would probably take it for a tract.

But though his riotous fertility seems to do him little harm, Mr. Noyes's new volume shows the spread of two tendences which from the beginning have been wasteful parasites upon his work. The first of these is his increasing fondness for colloquial or dialect poetry. This, as Mr. Kipling and Mr. Noyes himself have shown, may be touched to great issues; but it is a minor and journalistic field, which should not be cultivated to the neglect of others more highly and purely poetic. Its popular qualities are deceptively superficial: Burns is not quaint or colloquial to Scotchmen, and the "Barrack-Room Ballads" are most admired among civilians. And though we should all be sorry to lose the best of Mr. Noyes's work in this vein, we should be sorrier to have him divert to it too much of his labour. We cannot afford to have our best artists painting posters, or our best actors in vaudeville, however successfully. "Bacchus and the Pirates" represents this genus at its best, and "The Tramp Transfigured" at its worst; and it is hard that we must swallow the one even to obtain the other. The second fault is both nobler and more dangerous—the didactic religiosity which has been steadily growing upon Mr. Noyes since his first appearance. The Christianity which inspires him is a thing to be envied and admired; but there is no excuse for his confusing the poet and the preacher, or dallying with that contradiction in terms, a didactic poem. There can no more be art without morality than there can be milk without curds; but they are both only spoiled by being curdled. The maddest proselyte of *L'art pour l'art* cannot escape the truth that whatever arouses emotion exerts a force for good or ill: art is moral (or immoral) in being artistic; but the one way to destroy at once its art and its morality is to hang morals upon it. That is like drawing the blood from a man's veins for him to carry about in a bucket. Beauty is a greater moral force than any moralising, as one may see by looking around him at God's world. How so clear a critic and so good an artist as Mr. Noyes can fail to see this, or to realise that such a song as "Let Not Love Go Too" outblesses all the sermons he has ever versified, is difficult to understand.

Both these faults, and most others that anything pretending to the title of a poem could exhibit, are concentrated upon the one blot upon the volume, "Lucifer's Feast." It is intended for a satiric protest against an Anglo-German war. It is a shrill allegorical invective, tawdrily imagined, feebly written, and clumsily versified. The answer to it may be found

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

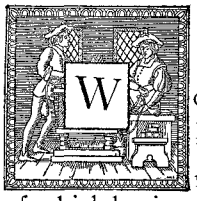
passim in Tennyson's "Maud." But there is this to be said, that no man ever did any great work who had not the courage and the enthusiasm to be violently and absurdly bad. And in a volume containing so blazing a dithyramb as "Bacchus and the Pirates" and so noble an elegy as "Mount Ida," even worse things might be forgiven. I have thus far forborne quotation, because quotation from Mr. Noyes's best work seems at once futile and unfair. Not that he is not quotable in style, or that he has not many striking lines; but his poems are too continuous, too firmly made, to be fairly suggested by fragments. Yet for sheer pleasure in it, for beauty of sound and light of inspiration, I give here the closing stanza of "Edinburgh," which is not by long odds the best poem in the book.

Up the Canongate climbeth, cleft asunder
  Raggedly here, with a glimpse of the distant sea
Flashed through a crumbling alley, a glimpse of wonder,
  Nay, for the city is throned on Eternity!
Hark! From the soaring castle a cannon's thunder
  Closeth an hour for the world and an æon for me,
Gazing at last from the martial heights whereunder
  Deathless memories roll to an ageless sea.

Brian Hooker.

SOME REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

XIII—Stewart Edward White



HEN the literary history of the twentieth century in America comes to be written, a paragraph at least will be devoted to its initial movement, the meaning of which begins to grow plain even within a decade. It is at the very beginning of the century that our fiction at last yields to the demand, already potent in other directions, for specialisation. Prior to that time there had been localisation in our fiction, as there has always been in fiction everywhere; but comparatively little localisation for its own sake. Even Hawthorne, with all his provincialism, never wrote of New England as a section, but rather as the whole, of America—quite in the New England tradition. Against this calm assumption, the work of Cooper and of Poe was a protest; but not in the sense that these men set up other sections in opposition to New England. Cooper's Indians are of no particular place, save of America as a whole, any more than Poe's gentlemen are specifically Southern gentlemen.

Even after the Civil War, when the country had grown conscious of divisions, only the broader aspects of this consciousness were set forth in its literature. The awakening South offered a new element in the stories of Cable and Page and Craddock. The West, too, made its appearance in the romantic realism of Bret Harte; but Harte was the historian of a period rather than the painter of a locality. The American heroes of Henry James's early books are merely Americans, and not of any specific city or State, as Mr. James humorously concedes in his recent preface to the revised edition of *Roderick Hudson*. The same is true even of novels so late as the best of Mr. Howells's. Silas Lapham is quite as much a middle Westerner in essentials as he is a New Englander. Mr. Howells, indeed, came much nearer to writing the American novel of the ancient tradition than have any of his successors. The day of the literary

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

homesteader had not yet dawned. The public domain was still undivided, and the spokesman of one section was the spokesman of all.

The 'nineties were the years of the Argonauts. They were hardy pioneers, the men who made the rich discoveries of those years—Hamlin Garland, James Lane Allen, Maurice Thompson, Harold Frederic, Owen Wister, Richard Harding Davis. By the beginning of the new century, the stampede was in full swing. The younger men came on with a rush, staked out their claims and worked them vigorously. Those were the days when Frank Norris burst on our delighted vision, and Jack London, Booth Tarkington, John Fox, Jr., Ellen Glasgow, Nancy Huston Banks, Irving Bacheller, Stanley Waterloo, George Ade, Samuel Merwin, Henry K. Webster, Winston Churchill, Edward Westcott, Emerson Hough, Charles Major, Robert Herrick, O. Henry, Josiah Flynt, Will Payne, Will Harben—to name at random only a few of the horde. The movement has gone on apace. Possibly there remain some nooks and crannies of this country yet undiscovered to literature, capable of yielding, at least, a low-grade ore; but nothing to tempt genius. The most promising fields have been pre-empted; lucky the man who has his stakes well set to warn off intruders.

Now, this cult of the god of local colour has its comic aspects, but it is really a sign of health, and the source of one main merit in all our recent fiction. It may have led to some wild scrambles for the unoccupied sites, but on the other hand it has taught many a young author to look for his material at home, and has signalled to him the truth that honest, accurate observation will discover the stuff of fiction anywhere. The true cosmopolite, one remembers, is the man who knows his own parish. There is as much of the universal human nature in an Indiana town as in Thackeray's London or Balzac's Paris. And, other things being equal, the Indiana town has—or at least once had—the advantage for us all of being comparatively fresh and novel. Local colour for its own sake has no place in a story; but the history of the human creature in a new environment—that will always afford a vision of possibilities.

A genuinely new environment is that in which Stewart Edward White has found the stuff for his most characteristic work. He was born, as his biographical notices tell us, in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1873. Now to be born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, thirty odd years ago, was to hear lumber, to see lumber, at times to breathe lumber—in a desiccated form. Mr. White's father was one of the men who laid the foundations of the industry which for years absorbed the best energies of the State. Doubtless, the lumber business, commercially considered, is as prosaic as any other. Its pursuit, however, in the forests of northern Michigan brought about conditions and evolved a "type" reeking with romance. It involved the elemental struggle with natural forces, it brought out the primitive virtues and vices in men, on which romance thrives. The lumberjack is own brother to Bret Harte's miners, and Owen Wister's cowboys, and Jack London's Alaskan prospectors; but he has his individual features, the distinction that belongs to his calling. Mr. White has painted his lineaments to the life:

> . . . A strapping riverman, his small felt hat cocked aggressively over one eye, its brim curled up behind; a cigar stump protruding at an angle from beneath his sweeping moustache; his hands thrust into the pockets of his trousers, "stagged" off at the knee; the spikes of his river boots cutting little triangular pieces from the wooden sidewalk. His eye was aggressively humorous, and the smile of his face was a challenge.
>
> For in the last month he had faced almost certain death a dozen times a day. He had ridden logs down the rapids, where a loss of balance meant in one instant a ducking and in the next a blow in the back from some following battering-ram; he had tugged and strained and jerked with his peavey under a sheer wall of tangled timber twenty feet high—behind which pressed the full power of the freshet—only to jump with the agility of a cat from one bit of unstable footing to another when the first sharp *crack* warned him that he had done his work, and that the whole mass was about to break down on him like a wave

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the shore; he had worked fourteen hours a day in ice-water, and had slept damp; he had pried at the key log in the rollways on the bank until the whole pile had begun to rattle down into the river like a cascade, and had jumped, or ridden, or even dived out of danger at the last second. In a hundred passes he had juggled with death as a child plays with a rubber balloon. No wonder that he has brought to the town and his vices a little of the lofty bearing of an heroic age. No wonder that he fears no man, since nature's most terrible forces of the flood have hurled a thousand weapons at him in vain. His muscles have been hardened, his eye is quiet and sure, his courage is undaunted, and his movements are as quick and accurate as a panther's. Probably nowhere in the world is a more dangerous man of his hands than the riverman. He would rather fight than eat, especially when he is drunk, as, like the cowboy, he usually is when he gets into town.

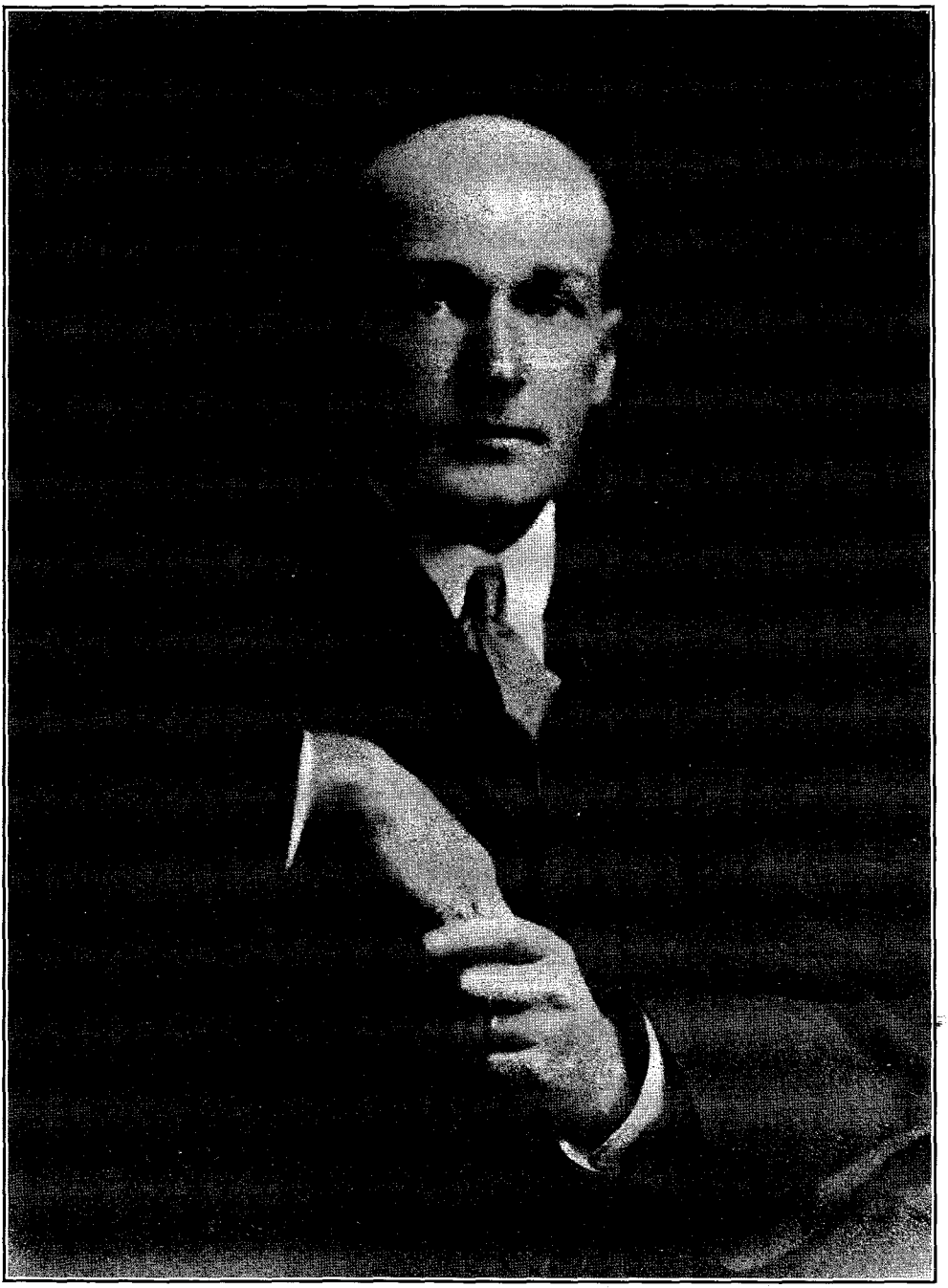
To be born into the knowledge of such red-blooded life as this, to find it untouched by the heavy hand of the literary marauder, is for the aspiring romancer the happiest possible lot. The Forest was Mr. White's birthright. Nevertheless, he approached it with cautious indirection. Woodsman that he has been from childhood—so much is evident in all that he has written—he probably did not at first appreciate the significance of these surroundings for the work he had in hand. When, in his boyhood, he visited the Far West, the life of the plains doubtless appealed to him as affording a more satisfactory stuff out of which to create stories. My own acquaintance with his work began, as I recall pleasantly, with a short story on a Western theme in some magazine. That must have been shortly after Mr. White's college days—he was graduated from Michigan University in 1895, and studied law for a year at Columbia. A few years later, when his first two books were published, he was still engaged with his cowboys and miners. *The Claim Jumpers,* his second book, shifts from New York to Dakota, with never a word of Michigan, so far as I can recall.

But these were the works of the 'prentice. In *The Claim Jumpers,* for instance, Mr. White was still learning his craft; and he is not of those who learned without effort. It is by no means a bad story, with its fresh, outdoor enthusiasm, its truthful observation and its infectious animal spirits; yet it is a rather crude affair as to plot and character. At moments Mr. White seems in this book to have hovered on the brink of farce, without being quite able to command the farcical touch. What is most striking, in view of his later development, is his evident infatuation for the romance of the plains and mountains. Blissfully forgetful of the equally picturesque life he had always known, he gives vent to all the enthusiasm of one to whom the spaciousness and freedom of the plains are a novelty.

This is one of the signs of the healthy growth of Mr. White's talent. On the whole, I am inclined to find it a fortunate circumstance that he was slow to perceive where his best opportunity lay. When the time came he was practised in the use of his tools; he had had his taste of a larger world, he had learned to know cities and men, and could appreciate by virtue of contrast the beauty of what had all the time lain ready to his hand. And I count it an evidence of sure insight that when he came to deal with this material he chose the one form best adapted to his purpose. *The Blazed Trail* is an admirable book—in its unpretentious kind, almost a masterpiece. It is a little more, as well as a little less, than a novel in the strict sense. It does not present an organised drama, though it has plenty of dramatic material. It is rather a slice cut clean from the life of the woods, with a minimum of the selection and arrangement that go to the making of a real drama. It is essentially epic, a narrative of heroic action. And it fixes once for all a phase in the development of the country.

What strikes one first in *The Blazed Trail* is its wealth and verity of detail as to the every-day life of these rivermen. Bit by bit the picture is built up of their manner of life, the hardships they endure, the staggering toil which is their occupation, their crude amusements. Gradually as a result of the accumulation of this detail comes a sense of the spirit animating their work. Matter-of-fact as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



STEWART EDWARD WHITE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they may apparently be in their acceptance of the daily round, there is in them a dim consciousness of its real import. Not without some such consciousness does a group of men develop the unity of aim, the solidarity that produces the recognisable "type." The riverman, ostensibly lawless as the frontiersman always is, has nevertheless his recognition of conventions: his pride in his calling, his rewards for skill and enterprise, his contempt for the meaner vices, his fierce loyalties and equally fierce rivalries. It is the clear perception of all this that remains with the reader of *The Blazed Trail,* even after the details of the first impression may have faded.

All the evidence points to the truth of the picture. Mr. White has resisted the most obvious temptation, and has steadfastly refused to sentimentalise his creatures. His men are real men, not puppets dressed up and attitudinising before a public. The prosaic side is not altogether shirked. His characters are not more picturesque than life. Even his hero is not a greatly exaggerated specimen of the class he purports to represent. His is the sort of character the woods develop—tenacious, resourceful, silent and cold of manner, a sentimentalist at heart. The one false element in the book is luckily not essential. It is rather unfortunate that Mr. White felt impelled to inject a "love interest" into a story that could stand so well without it. Apparently he was not himself wholly convinced of its necessity, for the girl of his tale is an extraneous creature, who never once makes herself felt as essential. It is well that she does not thoroughly "belong." As it is, she is undeniably a puppet, such as almost every novelist occasionally feels obliged to bring into his scheme in order to round it out. As a conventional figure of romance she serves very well, and since she does not occupy a central position it is easy to ignore her when she is not actually on the stage.

Mr. White, indeed, was not notably successful in his early books in the delineation of the feminine soul. Mary Fay in *The Claim Jumpers* is merely the traditional spirited girl of melodrama, without an individual characteristic, and the rich young lady of *The Blazed Trail* is not very greatly her superior. The Factor's daughter in *Conjuror's House* and *The Silent Places* is better, and the silly, cruel, weak wife of Buck Johnson in *Arizona Nights* is almost realised as a distinct person. But the best of them all, in spite of the taint of sentimentality, is the Indian girl of *The Silent Places,* with her dogged devotion to the white man who has carelessly won her love. Here, perhaps, is the secret of Mr. White's comparative failure with more civilised types. His heart, in all these early books, is in the wilderness, his sympathies are with those who belong to the wild life of the frontier. It is not a woman's life, and perhaps it is difficult not to exaggerate the contrast when the tenderly nurtured, refined heroine steps on the rough scene. Whatever the reason, Mr. White seems seldom to have become vitally interested in the presentment of his feminine characters. It is not, so to speak, his business.

By the same token, he is not greatly concerned with the construction of elaborate or dramatic plots. His best books are either, like *The Blazed Trail,* rather loosely organised narratives without any special plot development, or, like *Conjuror's House,* elaborated incidents. In neither is there displayed a great faculty of invention—which is not to say that Mr. White does not possess the faculty. It is simply not called out by the work he has had to do thus far. I am not sure that he has the power to construct a large plot, though he has shown himself able to keep a small one well in hand. But had he attempted it, however successfully, he might have missed some of the excellence of his existing work. Nature is herself his chief character—or, if not the chief, at least the most influential. His human creatures express themselves most adequately as they come in contact with Nature and are moulded by her. For the sake of exposing this relationship he can afford to neglect the exigencies of plot. His stories are not in their basic ideas strikingly original—they are even hackneyed, if you analyse them back into abstractions. It is the setting that lends a new significance to the old situation and gives it the stamp of individuality.

It is not to be supposed that Mr. White

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has escaped the common charge against those who deal in intimate fashion with the ways of wild nature. Some one has, I believe, applied the fakir's brand to his stories of the Hudson Bay country. Such charges are always based on subtle questions of detail about which I do not pretend to judge. Mr. White has plenty of testimony as to the substantial accuracy of his observations. It is of much greater importance, it seems to me, that he succeeds in expressing his vision in terms that make it alive to his readers. Few books have rendered more vividly the bleak desolation of the Northern country than *The Silent Places*. The grim pursuit of the renegade Indian by the two Hudson's Bay runners is in itself serious business; it strikes the sharp note of tragedy when every step takes pursued and pursuers further into the deadly cold and monotony of the Barren Grounds. I have said that Mr. White is not a maker of dramas, but there is something more than the raw stuff of drama in this story. The suspense is excellently managed, and the Indian girl, May-may-gwan, makes a more direct appeal to the sympathies than is usual with the women of Mr. White's stories. It is not, perhaps, so significant or successful as *The Blazed Trail*, but it unquestionably shows a growing command of the resources of the novelist's art.

Mr. White is indeed by no means content to rest on the success of a single achievement. Instead of following the easiest way, he has continually shown an inclination to attempt new conquests. *Arizona Nights* is a capital book, in spite of its fragmentary character. Anecdotal and discursive in form, its main function is to present a detailed picture of the plains life which Mr. White has come to know and love almost as well as he does that of the forest. It is specially interesting as showing that his first successes were not merely the result of a happy opportunity. The kind of life and character which enlists his attention remains, of course, the same, but it assumes constantly a more representative character. Reading his books as they have come from the press, one realises how his sympathies have expanded as his grip on the materials of his art has tightened. If *The Blazed Trail* remains on the whole his best book thus far, it is not because he ceased to progress after writing that story. The success of *The Blazed Trail* is due to the happy fusing of new material in a form beautifully adapted to hold and express it. *The River,* a later work, does not possess quite the same admirable freshness and unity; but it contains much better writing. It must be remembered that Mr. White, in spite of his established position which tempts one to regard him as a veteran, is a young man. His career is comprised within a decade. Although he has already left his mark on our fiction, his best work thus far is to be regarded as preliminary to the things he may yet, with his earnestness and unmistakable talent, accomplish.

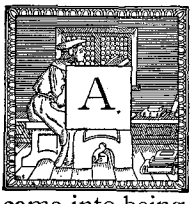
I have written thus far with Mr. White's known product in view. At this point I have had the good fortune to see advance sheets of his new novel. To attempt an estimate of its value, its place in the list of his works, would be to anticipate a privilege to which the reviewer will be entitled only after the book belongs to the public. I may be permitted to record the fact, however, that it gives new evidence of the development which is to me the most significant fact in Stewart Edward White's work. In it he transports to a wider field the spirit that has been so strong in his earlier books. First, last and always Mr. White has been an American. His lumbermen and cowboys, his woods runners and Indians have all been equally unthinkable as belonging to any other continent. But their Americanism has been for the most part implicit. They have played their part unobtrusively in the great American romance—the romance of expansion, of the subjugation of the wilderness to the uses of man. Gradually he has, if I read him aright, become more conscious of this fundamental theme. Though our Western frontier has nominally been pushed off the map into the Pacific Ocean, the process of conquest is by no means ended. In the far West it has brought about special problems which are developing a new variation of the persistent American type—for there is, after all, an American type, even though there be no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American novel. It is, I trust, no betrayal of confidence to state that Mr. White's new novel embodies the results of a number of years' residence in California. Now the ideal equipment for the novelist who is to interpret the American to the world is to be a born Middle Westerner with an acquired knowledge of the East and the Far West. Mr. White has the knowledge, inborn and acquired, plus outlook and insight and determination and talent. With his new book before me I have no hesitation in reiterating my belief that even the best of what he has done is most valuable as pointing to what he is still to do.

Ward Clark.

HOW IBSEN MADE HIS PLAYS



T several periods in his career Henrik Ibsen contemplated writing an autobiographical account of the outward and inward conditions under which each one of his works came into being. Discreet and taciturn as he was by nature and by cultivation, Ibsen yet realised the advisability of some form of concession to the vastly greedy public who resented his extreme reserve and were genuinely interested in learning the history of the psychological evolution of the great dramatist. Delighting in a sphinx-like attitude and deliberately fostering the accumulating legends of his mysterious wizardry, Ibsen wished to narrate only the bare circumstances and conditions under which he wrote, "observing the utmost discretion, and leaving a wide field for all kinds of surmises." Frederik Hegel, his publisher, certainly won no claim to universal gratitude for dissuading Ibsen from his rarely suggestive project.

This fancy for writing some form of autobiography seems for many years to have lurked just below the surface of Ibsen's mind. The divergence of opinion in regard to his works, the repeated assertions by the critics of the contradictoriness of his philosophy and its lack of consistency, impressed Ibsen with the necessity of writing a book—which he thought of entitling *From Skien to Rome*—dealing with the gradual development of his mind and exhibiting the intimate connection between the philosophical and psychological motives of his successive plays. Whether any of Ibsen's self-analytical ideas ever took definite shape in writing is a matter of conjecture. Perhaps such a manuscript may have passed out of his hands when, without his knowledge, many of his manuscripts along with other effects were sold in 1866. Certain it is, however, that we now have, in the publication of his posthumous works*—consisting chiefly of the jottings, memoranda and sketches, scenarios and preliminary drafts for the great majority of his plays—a fund of vast speculative interest to the student of the greatest technical genius of the drama of modern times. And there can be little question that Ibsen's posthumous works, exhibiting as they do the intricate workings of Ibsen's mind in the actual process of the composition of his plays, are of far more universal and permanent interest than any form of reserved autobiography or self-analysis Ibsen may have contemplated or even committed to paper. It cannot be said that the few examples we have of Ibsen's attempts to explain his plays are particularly successful; or indeed, to the critical student, quite convincing. There lurks behind them something of the equivocal and the disingenuous—for Ibsen always had a way of denying even the most patent indebtedness to others, when charged with it by the critics. But the jottings on the backs of envelopes and newspaper wrappers, the rough drafts and preliminary scenarios, the first crude tentatives and the more finished states of scenes, acts and even whole plays, displayed by the

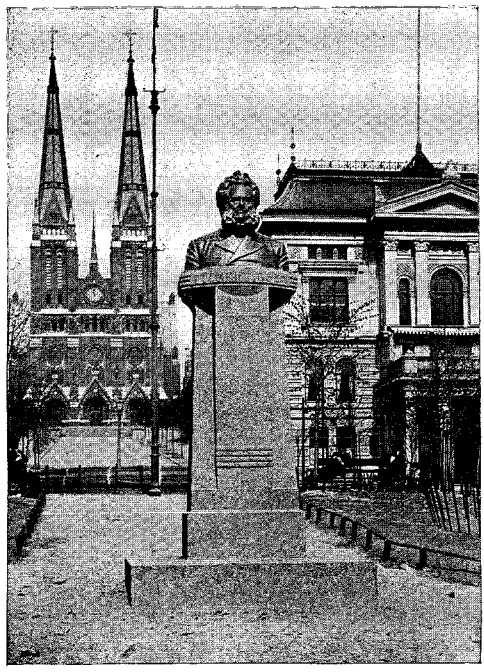
*Henrik Ibsen's *Nachgelassene Schriften*. In four volumes. Edited by Julius Elias and Halvdan Koht. Berlin: S. Fischer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nachgelassene Schriften in such lavish profusion, are free from a shadow of suspicion that they were initially intended for the public, or even that Ibsen imagined, when he wrote them, that they would be displayed to the popular gaze. And yet these fragments, which Ibsen left to his son, are given to the world with Ibsen's indirect authorisation. He carefully preserved every scrap of paper containing any of his inscriptions which directly exhibited his evolution as a dramatist and thinker; and he told his son he might do with these writings whatever he chose. Ibsen looked upon his "foreworks," to use his own term, much as a great painter regards the original sketches and preparatory designs for his completed masterpieces. It is most noteworthy that, more than once during the latter years of his life, Ibsen pointed significantly to this packet of manuscripts and remarked to his wife and son: "These are very important things—perhaps the most important of all." By a fortunate if somewhat ironic turn of fate, it is now possible for the world to observe, with almost scientific precision and accuracy, and in a minuteness of detail almost unparalleled in the history of literature, the slow and arduous development, the gradual exfoliation of the thought-processes of the great dramatic craftsman who, during his lifetime, threw

THE HOUSE AT SKIEN IN WHICH IBSEN WAS BORN, MARCH 20, 1828

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

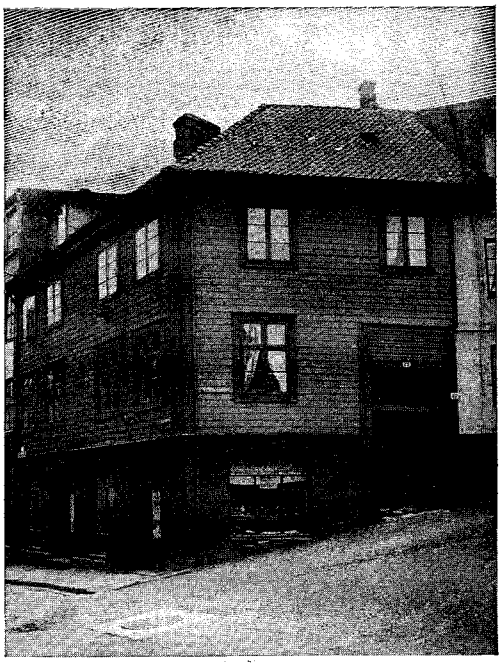


THE IBSEN MONUMENT AT SKIEN

about the creation of his works a mystery sealed as if with seven seals.

Upon Ibsen's table, it has been related, there stood beside his inkstand a small tray containing a lot of extraordinary toys—some little carved wooden Swiss bears, a diminutive black devil, small cats, dogs and rabbits made of copper, one of which was playing the violin. "I never write a single line of any of my dramas unless that tray and its occupants are before me on the table," Ibsen is reported to have said. "I could not write without them. It may seem strange—perhaps it is—but I cannot write without them." And, with a quiet laugh, he mysteriously added: "Why I use them is my own secret." There is one other remark of Ibsen's which, read in connection with the perhaps fanciful story just related, serves to explain the real attitude of Ibsen toward his work and the methods he employed. "Everything that I have written," he said in a letter to Ludwig Passarge in 1880, "has the closest possible connection with what I have lived through, even if it has not been my own personal experience." Ibsen succeeded in packing his plays with the utmost of thought-content, in that he deliberately made it a rule never to speak polemically save through the medium of his dramatic characters; they are the repository for all his thought. And contrary to the popular impression that the successful dramatist must write "with his eye on the stage," Ibsen seldom visited a theatre and then only when his presence was imperatively required at rehearsals of his own plays. He once vehemently said at a public banquet: "I do not write rôles, but represent human beings. Never in my life during the creation of a play have I had before my eyes an actor or actress." It was Ibsen's remarkable power of visualising the stage sets which enabled him to dispense with the actual theatre and the living player. "Since I have a strong imaginative feeling for the dramatic," he once confessed, "I can see most vividly before me everything that is really credible, trustworthy, true." His genius for scenic detail confirms his statement to Paulsen: to dramatise is to *see*.

In the collection of his posthumous writings, which contain preliminary studies for all his works from *Brand* to



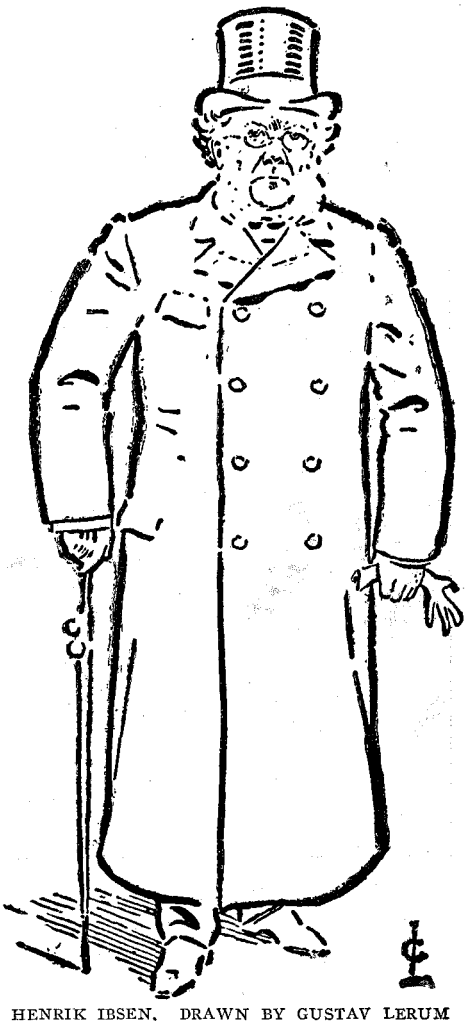
THE HOUSE IN CHRISTIANIA IN WHICH IBSEN LIVED DURING HIS STUDENT DAYS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When We Dead Awaken with the single exception of *An Enemy of the People,** we are enabled to see the great dramatist, like a spider in his corner, spinning out the threads of his complicated web of dramatic conjuncture and spiritual crisis. And one can state with positive certainty the various methods which Ibsen employed when a play was in process of incubation in his brain.

When Ibsen had once decided upon some theme for a play, he turned it over and over again in his mind before writing a single line. The act of dressing was a long and laborious process with Ibsen; for, according to his own confession, while in the act of dressing his mind was ceaselessly revolving the incidents and scenes of the play then in progress. It piques the fancy to wonder if the "auction of souls" in *The Lady from the Sea,* the ascent of Solness to his tower, or Nora's definitive argument with Helmer occurred to Ibsen while he was pulling on his trousers! When he left off work for the day, he took pains to keep in mind some fragment of dialogue as a starting point on the morrow. This always helped to grease the wheels of his mind. If, however, this bit of dialogue did not set his thoughts flowing freely through his pen, he abandoned writing for the time being and quietly brooded over the problem, the characters or the situation. As soon as the general plan of the play was outlined, Ibsen wrote down the first draft, usually with great rapidity. He always worked from the scenario forward, in a manner highly scientific; and he had no respect for any dramatist who proceeded otherwise. Besought once by a young dramatist to read the manuscript of his new play, Ibsen curtly replied: "Show me the scenario [Disposition] of your comedy." When the young man proudly replied that he needed no scenario, having followed his inspiration whither it led him from scene to scene, Ibsen was furious and showed him the door, declaring that any one who dispensed with a scenario didn't know what a drama was and couldn't possibly write one.

Even after the scenario was completed it served only as the mere framework for Ibsen's subsequent ideation. The particulars emerge by degrees in the progress of the work; the projected figures begin to



HENRIK IBSEN. DRAWN BY GUSTAV LERUM

take on human characteristics and go through progressive stages of mental and psychological evolution. Doubtless Ibsen personified the little toys which stood upon his desk. These were the *dramatis personæ;* he endowed each of them with a name, perhaps conversed with them in the solitude of his study, and gave them their positions, their entrances and exits, in the play then pre-

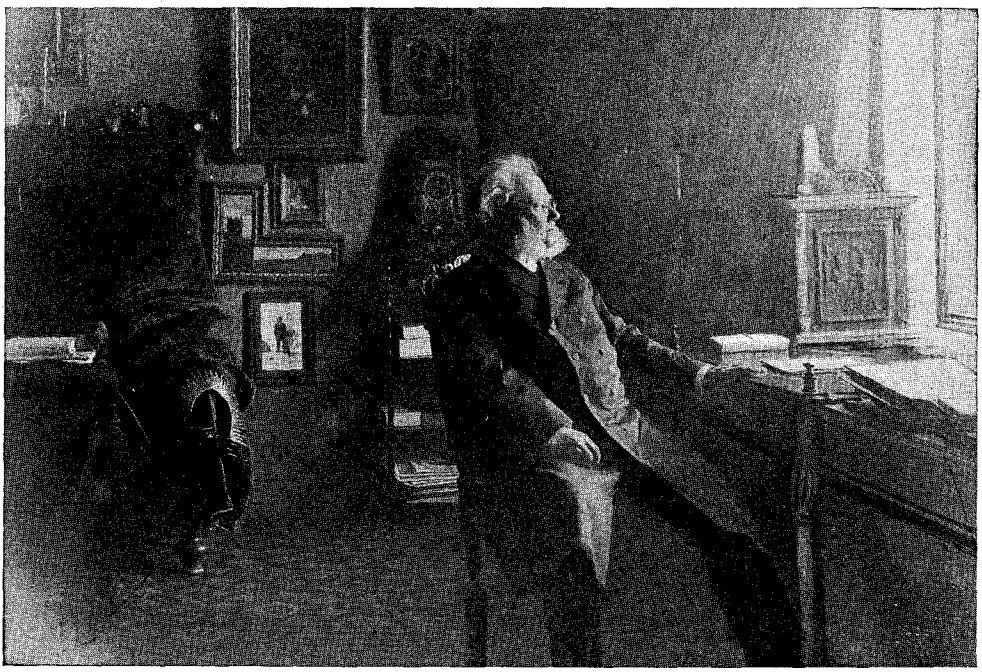
*It will be recalled that *An Enemy of the People,* Ibsen's dramatic answer to the critics of *Ghosts,* was written under high pressure. This probably explains why there are no preliminary studies for that play.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paring. Names possessed a curious fascination for Ibsen, for he believed them to have some sort of intimate association with character. And so we find him, from one draft to another, changing the names of his various characters until he had found the real, right "outward sign" for the "inward spirit."

With the infinite patience of the coral, building row upon row with indefatigable industry, Ibsen slowly worked out the psychological features of his characters, first broadly sketched in the scenario. emphasis and finality; and there is a certain stage in the incubation of a play, as Ibsen confessed to Mr. Archer, when it might as easily turn into an essay as into a drama. So these first drafts mainly show the characters moving about with far less volitional activity than they exhibit in the completed play—much as a person acting under mesmeric control differs from the normally active individual.

Ibsen's faculty of stereoscopic imagination is displayed again and again in the



IBSEN IN HIS STUDY

His power of imaginative incarnation was that of a magician indeed; and he never wrote about his characters, as he once phrased it, until "he had them wholly in his power and knew them down to the last fold of their souls." Contrary to Mr. Archer's hazard, it now seems indubitable that Ibsen's point of departure was, not the idea, but the individual; and the actual conflict of wills, the clash of spiritual motives, is the very last stage in the process of elaboration. The preliminary drafts, as a rule, lack dramatic evolution of a character. Bit by bit he deepens the psychology, uncovers hidden traits and qualities, gives form and body and motive to the dramatic figure. The people of his fancy, with whom he sometimes lived in solitude for decades before their final incarnation and inclusion in a play, were often more real to him than actual human beings; and he knew the characters almost from birth, in ancestral hereditament, in the features of their environment, in nascent qualities of soul. When some one remarked to Ibsen that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nora, in *A Doll's House,* had an odd name, Ibsen immediately replied: "Oh! her full name was Leonora; but that was shortened to Nora when she was quite a little girl. Of course, you know she was terribly spoiled by her parents."

Once Ibsen had grasped the individual in full significance, knew it as he knew his own flesh and blood, the rest came easily, almost mechanically. The inscenation, the dramatic *ensemble,* gradually took shape as if of its own volition. It is this which makes the dramas of Ibsen so supremely great: the characters are not creatures of the situation, as in Scribe and Sardou, but the situation, the plot, is the inevitable consequence of the characters. This it is which gives to Ibsen's plays, as Bernard Shaw has acutely put it, the quality of "illumination of life," imparting final verisimilitude to the discussions of conduct, unveiling of motives, conflicts of characters, laying bare of souls.

The scenario and first rough draft serve Ibsen as the point of departure—a mere preparatory work. In the second draft, Ibsen forms intimate personal relations with his characters, learns to know them down to the minutest detail and to discover expression for their thoughts. Here comes into full play that "fundamental brain-work" of which Rossetti somewhere speaks: the working-up of material in situation, in characterisation and in psychology. In the final forms, spotlessly perfect in chirography, Ibsen eliminates the superfluous accessory figures, lops away auxiliary motives, heightens the dramatic effect of the situations, and rejects to the utmost extent all that is coincidental and adventitious in the mechanism.

These final forms of Ibsen's plays show immense economy of material, compression of thought, power of selective suppression, and complication of psychological motive. A situation which, in some rough draft, appears somewhat commonplace, begins gradually to take on significance and vitality. The atmosphere becomes surcharged with suppressed emotion; the characters thrill with intense excitement; and there are lapses and pauses full of implication to replace the elaborate explication of the original dialogue. The rough draft lacks colour and atmosphere; the final form is a dramatised mood to which the human symphonic orchestra is delicately attuned. Thus it appears that, at some stage in the carving out of the dramatic material, every drama begins to take form under the pressure of general ideas. *A Doll's House,* conceived from the beginning as "The Tragedy of the Present," embodies the struggle between the feminine conscience and man-made society; *Ghosts* assumes the form of a conflict between traditionary conceptions and revolutionary new ideas; *The Wild Duck* is the bourgeois form of the Peer Gynt struggle between imaginative idealism and incapacity for action. *Rosmersholm* portrays the ineradicable influence of the ancestral against which youth, without innocence, dashes itself in vain. And *Little Eyolf* was designed to reveal the conflict between the sensual and the maternal passions. But however general the ideas, they always assumed the shape of energetic conflict. It is significant that even *Brand,* which was originally conceived as an epic, finally assumed the shape of a dramatic poem. Ibsen's efforts at the emancipation of modern society inevitably took the form of life-struggles. It is to the enduring profit of the stage that these life-struggles always presented themselves to Ibsen as dramas.

Archibald Henderson.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Ethel Rolt Wheeler's "Famous Blue Stockings"*

Vague memories of a wilderness of Latin construction have ill prepared us to discover that the Blue Stockings of the latter half of the eighteenth century by no means despised the darning-needle or even a shapely ankle. They cultivated carefully all the arts of pleasing and were very human in spite of their self-conscious participation in a new movement. This book contains an account of eight of these ladies with, in cleverly alternated chapters, much social description of the period. Wisely it aims at giving not so much their lives as their personalities. The author has saturated herself in the minor literature of the day, in the memoirs and compendious correspondence of a period when all the world was at letter writing and the letters were all giving everybody's intimate opinion of everybody else—the sort of world which any one who cares for it at all finds most enjoyable. The collection of a vast number of similar items demands a pen experienced in contriving artful variety and fertile in expedients of relief, and the author is no Gribble or Repplier in ringing changes or spurring an interest jaded by so much of the same sort of thing. But she knows what is interesting, her selection has been excellent, and she can turn a happy phrase. The lightness of her touch is by no means constant or sure, but her success in pigeon-holing all this agreeable chit-chat is unusual. The personalities emerge plainly and the eighteenth century is nearer for her writing of this corner of it. She has, too, shown discretion is resisting the temptation to step out of it into the lives of Richardson and Swift, Johnson, Burke, Garrick, Walpole, Dr. Burney, Cowper and Wesley, Reynolds and Hogarth—all men who hovered or lounged or sprawled with genuine interest and admiration about that circle of distinguished women. The author has deftly unmeshed "the carefully cultivated self of the Blue Stockings from their intricacy of words" and presents us vividly these bygone hostesses of a day when (in the robustly vital eighteenth century there being a complete absence of intense preoccupation in anything) "conversation became an art and correspondence literature."

If Mrs. Montagu's shaply head was not turned by the adulation of society, it was because her wit and beauty and wealth were nicely balanced by her wisdom and learning and virtue. Burke called her the most perfect being ever created. But no human being can be quite perfect, as her other titles—"the fidget" and "the lean"—may suggest. When she was only twelve she wrote in this style: "This Cambridge neither affords anything entertaining or ridiculous enough to put into a letter. Were it half so difficult to find something to say as something to write, what a melancholy set of people should we be who love prating." Thus one is all prepared to find her later the self-conscious centre around which her world revolved. Though she diffused more knowledge in her conversation than almost any man Doctor Johnson knew, Hannah More said her countenance was the most animated in the world. Indeed, according to this lady—though the image is confusing—she united the sprightly vivacity of fifteen with the judgment and experience of a Nestor. As with Elizabeth, no flattery was too gross for her acceptance, and she was full of affectations. She was a notable housewife, had a famous cook, and made with her own hands the celebrated feather hangings which adorned one of her rooms and which took ten years to complete. She frequently invited two or three hundred people to breakfast and gave several dinner parties a week—and thus one is not surprised to hear she was the slave rather than the mistress of the conversation. Her systematic benevolence sometimes expressed itself rather picturesquely, as in her annual lawn-party to the chimney sweeps of London.

Dean Swift deigned to correct the English of Mrs. Delany when she was a young girl. She was scarcely more than that when she married a man forty-two years

*Famous Blue Stockings. By Ethel Rolt Wheeler New York: John Lane Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her senior, whom she describes as a person more disgusting than engaging. Nobody thought anything of this, for love matches were regarded as being a little outside of the bounds of propriety. Of this Propriety we hear much—it was the greatest female art of the period. Friendship between men and women, though expressed in grandiloquent adoration, was marked by perfect decorum. "Propriety" —Mrs. Delany wrote to her grandchild at the age of seventy-eight—"is a lady never presuming, pert, or conceited, but humble, modest, and unaffected, attentive to everything that can improve her understanding or polish her manners." Her letters are full of minute descriptions of petticoats and hoops, and she commends as an infallible recipe for ague a spider worn about the neck and sealed in a goosequill. At the age of seventy-four she invented the art of "paper mosaic"—flowers made by pasting coloured papers on a black ground, which specimens preserved in the British Museum show to have been exquisite artistry exhibiting remarkable botanical knowledge. She was noted for many other kinds of eighteenth century handicraft, and she had above all the art of inspiring ardent enthusiasms from youth to extreme old age. Conversation at her house was more harmonious, more graceful than elsewhere, and she preferred to fireworks the "salutary gentle dew of common sense."

Mrs. Thrale was a Welshwoman with the spontaneity and nimbleness of the Celtic mind. Her tongue was in fact apt to run away with her, though she never absorbed the conversation as Mrs. Montagu did. She was so plump and brisk that Dr. Johnson chided her for wearing a purple gown shot with green. "What!" said he tartly, "have not all insects gay colours? You little creatures should never wear those sorts of clothes." She got soberer in middle age and wore a tiger-skin shawl lined with scarlet and only five colours upon her headdress. She and her husband have a more permanent place in literary history on account of the doctor's friendship. He loved to go there, although Mr. Thrale was almost the only man who dared to stem the torrent of his speech. Their library, with its famous Reynolds portraits, was the microcosm of eighteenth century life. After Mr. Thrale's death, it seems clear that she regarded the doctor as a sixteen-year-old incubus to be shaken off gently but firmly; and in her anecdotes of him published after his death she essayed the delicate task of defending herself against the world's criticism of her conduct in doing so and of treating her subject at the same time with enthusiastic eulogy. "Her panegyric is loud in praise of her hero," said Walpole incisively, "and almost every fact she relates disgraces him." Her second marriage was for love, and consequently considered by her world improper and wanting in common sense, but it was a happy one. A lady individual enough to write colloquially in an age dominated by the Latin idiom of the great doctor, however, was able in defiance of her world to keep up her vivacious entertainments until her death at eighty-one.

Mrs. Vesey in a world of reason and self-satisfaction was always a dreamer seeking some ideal she could not even realise. Mrs. Carter adored her (these famous ladies though all rivals were enthusiastic about each other!) and all her friends thought of her as an irresponsible child—none the less because she was Irish. She had an ugly ear trumpet hanging to her wrist or slung about her neck, yet she was an ethereal being whom all London called "the sylph." At her parties there were no cards and no supper, but in spite of this there was always a crush. Her eagerness to avoid the stately semicircle in which Mrs. Montagu ordained her guest should sit the whole evening was so great that she placed her chairs in little parties of three all over the room. Many and long were the discussions waged in Blue Stockingdom over the merits of these opposite methods.

In spite of being the exponent *par excellence* of eighteenth century propriety, Mrs. Chapone had a mind of her own and the courage of her convictions. She married a poor man for love and she even ventured to say she didn't like *Rasselas*. Yet for all that, the spirit of her age was too strong for her and she was only a curious dabbler in ingenious compromise. She inhabited what Mrs. Bar-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bauld called Richardson's flower-garden of ladies; and though Fanny Burney said she was deadly ugly with an African nose and a clunch figure, this was not Richardson's opinion. "Gentleness, meekness, and patience are woman's peculiar distinction," wrote Mrs. Chapone, and young ladies must beware of fictitious stories since they tend to inflame the passions of youth (though—unlike Hannah More—she would allow them to read Shakespeare unrestricted!).

Fanny Burney, the pet of Dr. Johnson, was compact of quivers and thrills and always blushing; "the occasions which made call upon her modesty were according to her own account incessant." But then as she blushed at every word of praise for her *Evelina,* and later when she recorded it faithfully in her diary, one must not get false notions. Fanny's figure was as delicate and sensitive as her modesty, and she had short-sighted green eyes and a brown face. "At Court she was so pernicketty about her dress that she seems constantly to have had to run into the presence with her toilette incomplete." She was the first Blue Stocking to shiver at the charge of pedantry; in spite of this, however, she was not only somewhat shallow but she cultivated a style extraordinarily complex.

Mrs. Carter was the most learned of the ladies, but she excelled as listener rather than talker. Notwithstanding her learning, too, she was the most loved and the most lovable. She used to keep herself studying all night by taking snuff and chewing green tea, yet she danced with zest, delighted in the ordinary enjoyments of youth, and displayed not the least trace of pedantry even when she disputed successfully with a bishop. Furthermore, she made puddings and shirts of renowned serviceability, and every one said she was as modest as if she had not translated Epictetus. This paragon of a lady still had room for imagination, emotion, and humour; and one of the reasons she was so loved was because she was tolerant of the frailties of the rest of humanity. Strangely enough she remained unmarried; but like Hannah More and all other maiden ladies of a certain age in this century, she took the title of Mrs.

Hannah More loved splendour in her youth and had herself painted in emerald earrings, but her dress in later life was like a Quaker's. The more extraordinary of her contradictions, however, existed at the same time. Hannah More of the great world and Hannah More the assiduous but frustrated recluse present a no more striking contrast than the woman of intense religious conviction and of exuberant gaiety of spirits, than the narrowest of Anglicans (she was a rabid enemy of extempore prayer) and the friend of the "loose and light-minded" Walpole. Her activities were immense in range—she founded schools, established benefit societies for women, wrote poems and tracts and Bible dramas and secular tragedies, raised subscriptions for the French emigrant clergy and the Greeks and what Walpole dubbed "the blackmanity," and feared her absorption in her garden might prove a stumbling block in her religious path. She stands pre-eminent as a force of noble energy in her age, and she was the chronicler of the Blue-Stocking movement.

The movement owed its influence largely to its regard for convention. It harboured no dangerous opinions as to the Rights of Women, which got for Mary Wollstonecraft, on account of her mild book of that name, the title of "hyena in petticoats." Yet most of its leaders recognised the existence of inequalities and injustices between women and men, and the thought that was to animate future societies of women, says the author, existed in them as a germ. Though they stood apart from those who advocated woman's advancement, they were pioneers in breaking down the barriers against the sex in literature, in protesting against the tendency of the age "to breed women low," and in making a tentative step for higher education. But it is chiefly as *Salonières* they claim our attention. "When all is said," concludes Miss Wheeler, "the Blue Stockings were arbiters of an art we have lost, of a chemistry we have forgotten—of Conversation; and for a brief space they achieved in England that most difficult and most desired of unions, the marriage of the Intellectual and the Social."

Algernon Tassin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II

FREDERIC STANHOPE HILL'S "THE ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN NAVY"*

This book forms an admirable companion piece to *The Story of the American Merchant Marine* reviewed in the preceding number of THE BOOKMAN. Together they present a panorama of our entire sea-activity which should be in the hands of every American boy and every lover of spirited recital of the spirited deeds of his countrymen. Both books lay their emphasis on men—our navy and our merchant marine did great things because the common sailor had pluck, initiative, and endurance. In style *The Romance of the American Navy* is simple, straightforward narrative, with less variety of treatment and—since it deals entirely with achievement—less breadth of view than its predecessor; but the comparison is not urgent in the case of so readable a book. The earlier period, when our merchant marine and navy were so largely one, necessarily overlaps, but there is surprisingly little repetition of material in accounts so largely anecdotal.

In the period preceding the American Revolution the commerce of the world went armed, and thus it was natural that the bulk of our navy in that war should consist of privateers. The infant government was able to assemble only sixty-four ships while it had the service of seven hundred and ninety-two private owners already accustomed to gun play. A lumber sloop, the *Unity*, fought the first battle after Bunker Hill. Armed with a few fowling pieces and some pitchforks, scythes and axes, she captured a British vessel of sixteen guns and a trained crew of regular seamen. Such ships and such men were our sea-fighters in our first war. The career of Commodore Joseph Barney, though the most illustrious, typifies them all. On his return from a trading voyage—during which circumstances had made him captain at the ripe age of fourteen—he found the country in a state of rebellion, offered his services as master's mate of a volunteer sloop, received a commission at seventeen, was rolling in prize-money at twenty, and after a long series of captures and escapes became such a confirmed fire-eater that when peace was signed he entered the French navy, where he stayed until he returned for the War of 1812. Most of the fire-eaters in this interval, however, contented themselves with the little brush with France in 1798-99, and with the conflict in the first five years of the new century off the Tunis and Tripoli coasts. So successful were they in the latter campaign that the Pope made a public declaration that the United States in their infancy had done more to humble the African barbarians than all the European states had accomplished.

In 1812 our navy numbered only twenty-three ships and again the chief burden fell on the privateers. Together they captured thirty thousand prisoners against less than six thousand by the land forces. So successful and audacious were they that the Lord Provost of Glasgow complained formally to the government: "English ships cannot with safety traverse our own channels, and American cruisers sink our vessels in our own inlets and almost in sight of our harbours." He might have added that the worst of the marauders was a Scotch boy; for from that very port had set out on his first voyage young John Paul Jones, who some years after, abandoning the slave-trade in disgust, had forsaken the English flag to become a Virginia planter. How his *Bon Homme Richard,* purchased for him by Louis XVI, met the British frigate *Serapis* in the English Channel is a matter of romance as well as of history. The story of the gallant encounter takes twelve animated pages and is partly narrated in a vivid extract from Melville's *Fifty Years in Exile.* At the close of the long fight he quitted his ship a hopeless wreck for the *Serapis;* and, says Jones in his journal, "our torn and tattered flag was left flying as we abandoned her, waving unconquered and unstricken as she went down." That flag was made by the young ladies of Portsmouth from pieces of their best silk gowns, and they told the captain afterward that they would have hated him if he had taken it from the dead to bring it back to them. He, too, became a con-

*The Romance of the American Navy. By Frederic Stanhope Hill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

firmed fire-eater and took the appointment of rear-admiral of the Black Sea fleet from Catherine of Russia. Buried at last by public funeral in France, one hundred and thirteen years later his remains underwent another brilliant funeral pageant through Paris and, crossing the ocean, were re-interred at Annapolis with one of the most impressive demonstrations of international honour ever paid to a naval hero—from the hands of a country which had by that time made up her mind that in her next war her chief dependence at sea would not have to be placed in her volunteers.

Jones, Preble, Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge, Perry, MacDonough—these names would make any naval war illustrious. Furthermore, their record is unique, for practically the only battle of the war between fairly equal contestants in which the Americans were the losers was fought by Lawrence. And in the crew of the *Chesapeake* was an unusually large number of foreigners, including forty English, while the American sailors were raw to the sea and inexperienced in conflict. Lawrence's dying words, "Don't give up the ship," became a rallying cry and were emblazoned on Perry's flag two months later at Lake Erie when the *Lawrence,* leading the American fleet, forced an entire British fleet to surrender at discretion—for the first and last time in England's long and brilliant naval history. Perry dispatched to General Harrison the second memorable phrase of the war, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." MacDonough built the *Saratoga* in forty days from the time the trees had been standing in the forest, and in one conflict cleared Lake Champlain of the seasoned enemy.

But more unequal still were the dashing affairs of the privateers—"the little elegancies of the profession," as Farragut called them. They were all executed by sauce boxes against grown-ups. The flippant *Wasp* during her forty days' cruise of the English Channel destroyed thirteen vessels and two men-of-war while a British fleet of thirty-five ships was patrolling the waters. The pert *Yankee* cut out a vessel from under the guns of a fort and brought her away by night. The *Wasp* was a handy boat, for in her six cruises she captured forty vessels, seized and destroyed five millions of property, and sent home one million dollars. Once the *Pickering* succeeded in separating three armed vessels off Sandy Hook and taking them one by one. Her captain after capturing two ships in the Bay of Biscay ran short of shot but, set upon by a third three times her size and equipment, loaded the guns with crowbars which he took from one of his prizes and won the day. Another time, having no crowbars at hand, he was more resourceful still. He boldly expended his last round and then coming alongside ran out the red flag and announced that he would give the ship just five minutes by his watch to surrender or he would send every man to the bottom. He coolly called off the minutes while his men stood at their useless guns, and before the five were up the British ship had struck her colours. This bold Salem bluffer, Captain Harraden, captured more than one thousand guns in his various cruises and died quietly in his bed at home. Salem did herself proud in the *Essex* also, built by subscriptions of patriotic citizens. On her second cruise she doubled the Horn to aim a blow at British commerce in an ocean where it was least expected. In four months she had organised out of her captives a fleet of seven ships and manned them with the impressed American sailors whom she found on board. Finally, having more prisoners than she could handle, she dispatched a lieutenant with a small ship to set them ashore, and on the errand he captured three more ships and seventy-three more prisoners. The squadron had now become ten in number; but this frolicsome time was soon over, for the British Government sent some ships of the line after her and they finally sank her in Valparaiso harbour while the American consul was making formal protest to the governor at the British breach of neutrality. It would be difficult to find more stirring deeds than all these of the privateers of 1812.

Old Ironsides, now in her last resting place at the Charlestown Navy Yard, is the only existing tie that links the old navy with the new. From 1798 down to the beginning of the Civil War, when she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

became a training ship, she had been in active service. In all this time was recorded but one mutiny in the history of the American Navy, and there has never been another. This was organised by a piratical young midshipman who had systematically debauched the crew for that purpose. He and his deluded companions were shot because the ship was too small to keep them as prisoners, and as the young man was son to the Secretary of War tremendous excitement ensued when the tiny brig *Somers* returned to New York. In 1862 occurred the most dramatic fight of our naval history, and in its influence the most significant conflict of the century—the duel between the new ironclads the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*. The mighty battle ended in a draw with scarcely a man on either side injured. The two ships never fought again, both being reserved by their governments for the critical moment, since if either was disabled the fleet was defenceless; and the end of each was ignominious, for the Confederates blew up the *Merrimac* when they abandoned Norfolk, and the *Monitor* sank in a heavy gale. But on the day of their indecisive conflict the wooden navies of the entire world were practically annihilated.

The years that followed the Civil War show records of romantic incidents of storm and tidal wave. The most thrilling of these was at Samoa, when a German, an English, and an American ship were caught in the great hurricane without sea room. The ringing cheer of the crew of the doomed *Trenton* for the *Calliope* as she cleared the reef of the narrow harbour made all England cry with the *Calliope's* captain, "God bless America and her noble sailors!" In 1898 the telegram announcing the destruction of the *Maine* in Havana harbour, says the author, stirred the hearts of Americans as nothing had stirred them since that other telegram thirty-seven years before announcing that Fort Sumter had been fired upon. Perhaps never in history has retribution been so swift and decisive as when Dewey in the East and Sampson in the West swept the powerful Spanish fleet from the ocean almost at a single blow in combats both taken together lasting somewhat less than eight hours with an entire American loss of one man killed and ten wounded—with, for side shows in this amazing spectacle, the bottling of Spain's sea-power in Santiago harbour by Hobson with his later *Merrimac,* and the *Oregon's* superb dash of fifteen thousand miles around Cape Horn just in time to beach the last survivor of Cervera's fleet. The book closes with a record of the forty-five thousand mile peaceful passage of our sixteen battle ships around the world. "It is a far cry," says the author, "back to the days when the plucky little *Enterprise* defended sturdily the honour of the new flag on both sides of the world, yet the final episode is in itself the greatest and happiest romance in the century's history of our navy."

It is well that Americans should have set in order and fittingly told the deeds that are recorded in books like the *Merchant Marine* and *American Navy.*

Graham Berry.

III

Milton Bronner's "Maurice Hewlett"*

No doubt such a book as this attests the spread of Mr. Hewlett's popularity as a novelist rather than the growth of his reputation in that select field of letters which he at first cultivated. The circumstances of his youth and early manhood were of just the sort, one would think, to have lodged him permanently in an exclusive and comfortable niche of dilettanteism. He seems to have passed his first thirty years in leisurely and rather intermittent study. At thirty he was admitted to the bar. For five or six years, later on, he held one of those government posts which seem to be always at the service of the well-connected writing man in England. He did some reviewing; he became known to the elect as an interpreter of the mediæval point of view. His manner was recondite to the point of preciosity. He might have turned out to be merely one of those Paterlings who trivially adorned the brows of the passing century with their little conceits. Apparently his development was slow. He was

*Maurice Hewlett: Being a Critical Review of His Prose and Poetry. By Milton Bronner. Boston: John W. Luce and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thirty-three years old when his first book appeared, and it was the book of an immensely clever, imitative boy. Mr. Bronner, admirer of Hewlett that he is, does not claim much for *Earthwork Out of Tuscany* in respect of independent style: "His first book," he admits, "smacks somewhat of Pater and Bourget, with a little of Lamb and of Sir Thomas Browne, but to many there is more of the Ruskin of *Mornings in Florence* in it. . . . " It would not seem that much could be said for a recognisable pupil of half a dozen stylists; but, says Mr. Bronner, Hewlett's youthfulness appeared not only in his imitativeness, but in his mood: "All these things (the little tales and sketches of *Earthwork Out of Tuscany*) are written with such gaiety of spirit one finds it hard to realise that the author was not twenty-one but thirty-three." Mr. Hewlett will turn his half-century next January and, greatly and steadily as he has grown, his work to-day is that of a brilliant man of forty—a fact which he certainly has no reason to regret.

Until a few years ago Mr. Hewlett's themes (it was, of course, *The Forest Lovers*—1898—which first gave him a wider audience) have continued to derive from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. *Malory* was the favourite book of his boyhood, and William Morris his chief admiration among modern authors. His verses are almost all of archaic flavour. In this connection again Mr. Bronner is perhaps over-zealous in tracing origins. Mr. Hewlett is "a Greek Pagan by way of the Italian Renaissance." . . . "While the poet's dreams were mainly of Greece, and of Italy of Dante's day, he had read and adored Keats and Shelley. He had studied the early Italians. He was familiar with the Elizabethan and Jacobean song-writers. He admired Donne and Crashaw and the courtier poets of Charles's day. At times in his latinity and his preference for odes, he recalls the late Francis Thompson." But we are not quoting very happily from Mr. Bronner: his criticism is by no means confined to this rather perilous comparative vein. His study of Mr. Hewlett's work in fiction, from *The Forest Lovers* to *Open Country,* is what will catch the attention of most readers, and in this he is at his best. The appearances of imitativeness and of self-consciousness in the story-teller's style have, he shows, steadily decreased. As for lack of originality, Mr. Hewlett has disproved any unreasonable charge of it by the severest of tests. He has made live books out of the oldest materials, and has dared take the paths trod by some among the greatest of his predecessors: "Scott's *Talisman* did not debar him from taking Richard as a hero. The myriad books about Mary did not affright him from his purpose of setting forth the tragedy of the Scottish Queen. . . . He flung down another rather daring challenge to the critical by his *New Canterbury Tales,* a title sure to arouse the wrath of some of the professed Chaucerians, and also of those who praise Chaucer without having read him." Wisely, Mr. Bronner does not attempt to gauge the new work by the old. His analyses of the Hewlett novels do much to make clear the "mind and art" (to use an old-fashioned phrase) of the story-teller.

With *Halfway House* began a new phase. According to Mr. Bronner, the story represented a deliberate attempt to surprise the author's friends, to produce a novel "completely modern, completely different, and completely shorn of all those things which have hitherto been put down as Meredith Hewlettian." Of *Halfway House,* of *Open Country,* and of the further sequel now appearing serially, Senhouse is, of course, the important figure. *Open Country,* Mr. Bronner characterises as a "spiritual autobiography," nominally of Senhouse, really of Hewlett himself. Senhouse's virgin-worship is especially characteristic of his creator. More broadly than that, Mr. Hewlett, like Senhouse, "reveals himself as an individualist studying the problems and feeling himself in opposition to many of the beliefs of a complicated modern society."

It is a pity that so good a book should be so poorly printed and bound. There have been many slips on the part of the proof-reader, the most amusing of them a word-division at the end of the line which yields "leg-end" instead of "legend" to the astonished eye of the reader. *H. W. Boynton.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IV

George Sylvester Viereck's "Confessions of a Barbarian"*

Mr. Viereck's book will undoubtedly be laughed at. It is full of egotism, indiscretion, inaccuracy. Paradox for its own sweet sake, a childish desire to produce a "shocker," a naif absoluteness of statement—these stand out in high relief on almost every page. To the mature spirit, of the American variety, this book will go deeply against the grain.

Our general taste demands a whisper, demands low relief, quietness, greyness. Mr. Vierick shouts with exultant and careless youth. On every page he violates our national sense of humour. One of the greatest impediments in our national progress is our sense of humour. It is the arch supporter of graft in business and politics and of the dull "standards" in literature and art. We employ our sense of humour to sterilise and emasculate our intellectual and æsthetic life.

This book of Mr. Viereck's is needed in America—not that it is a great book, far from it. It is a small book, but it is a small book in the right direction. In it there is intellectual and temperamental enjoyment. The writer is not only young, but he glories in it, and joyously expresses it.

He believes that he is a genius, and that is a grand thing. It is refreshing to some people as well as to him to have him believe it and write as if he believed it. To find a man who does not try to hide his light under a bushel is a great pleasure. This young man does not apologise. He proudly shows us what he has.

It is difficult to write about a book like this without appearing to be condescending. For, as one cannot subscribe to Mr. Viereck's opinion of himself, anything that might be said would seem insufficient. In one sense, indeed, there is genius in the book. Mixed up with much that is both absurd and conventional in the sense of a slavish following of an anti-conventional convention, there are many occasional bits of insight, feeling and appreciation which are not at all ordinary. Many things are said in so individual a way that the fact of genuine perception is apparent.

But, of course, there is a great deal of genius of this kind—only, unfortunately, in America it is rather ashamed of itself, modestly blushes and is afraid of being discovered. Perhaps Mr. Viereck's main distinction is that he is not afraid of being discovered. Quite the contrary.

The main objection to Mr. Viereck's book is not, perhaps, that it abounds in inaccuracies of statement, but that it lacks the modern note. It is not the assertiveness, the egotism, the joy in expression, the boldness; these qualities are needed in our standardised country—the more there are of them the better.

Mr. Viereck is very young and youth ought to be sensitive to the best note of our time. But this young man goes back, which is an extraordinary thing for a young man of some talent and vision to do. Clever young men twenty years ago thought and felt as Mr. Viereck feels and thinks to-day. But the doctrine of art for art's sake is no longer so undoubted a creed.

Writers who are really alive to-day, with relatively few exceptions, express in one way or another our *social* feeling. That is the distinguishing note of our day. A few names are enough to indicate what is meant. Hauptmann, Sudermann, Anatole France, Octave Mirbeau, George B. Shaw, John Galsworthy, and practically all the Russian writers. And even in America the tendency is shown in the work of Eugene Walter and Jack London and less conspicuously in some others.

But Mr. Viereck, who presumably is sensitive, or ought to be, writes as if he lived a generation ago. He seems to feel and think, not on the basis of our immediate atmosphere, but conventionally, of course, on the basis of an emotional and æsthetic atmosphere which no longer exists.

In other words, Mr. Viereck needs to follow his own advice, to try to be even more sincere than he is. He now loves to write, to express himself. If, as he grows older in experience, he will keep his mind steadily on his subject, as Wordsworth

*Confessions of a Barbarian. By George Sylvester Viereck. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said, and care more for the truth than for expression, his expression will be much better, more "ultimate" than it is, and unconsciously he will be more at one with the *Zeitgeist,* and may, therefore, produce something really excellent. If he can continue to regard himself as a genius and not become discouraged when he finds that there is an immense amount of genius of his kind, it will lead him to a deeper social feeling, and this will remedy one of his principal defects.

Hutchins Hapgood.

V

Mary S. Watts's "Nathan Burke"*

Young writers are usually told that all they have to do is to find something to say, and that the style will then take care of itself. There is, however, something to be said for the contrary theory that, in imaginative literature, at least, the pursuit of style tends to release faculties of thought and invention which might otherwise never declare themselves. In other words, there is nothing like the familiar feel of the tools in the hand of the sensitive artist to stimulate creative effort. Mrs. Watts is an excellent case in point. Her short stories, which began to appear a few years ago, were sheer exercises in style. "The Gate of the Ten Thousand Virgins," "The Great North Road," "The Crystal Gazer," all bore ample evidence of that sedulousness of imitation advocated by one of the author's principal models, Stevenson. Here, according to the common theory, she should have stopped short. Her very success in acquiring an instrument independently of any definite purpose to put it to, should have stultified her further growth. As a matter of fact, these experiments, which gave her mastery over the simpler and more conventional materials of fiction, liberated her creative instinct, and, with the power of expression, there developed in her simultaneously the consciousness of what she had to express. *The Tenants,* which marked Mrs. Watts's transition from the short story form to that of the novel, marked, at the same time, a transition from the themes and types of romance, already shaped for her, to the representation of real life. It was in every way a noteworthy piece of work. Nobody but Mr. Galsworthy has, in recent years, created a group of characters in which the individual traits are distinguished with such sharp saliency. Style was still, perhaps, the author's principal preoccupation, but she showed conclusively that she had shaped for herself a human and dramatic style as striking as the narrative and descriptive style she had already mastered, and far more completely her own. If *The Tenants* seems somehow to have escaped general notice, the reason is probably that the story, which resolved itself into a single situation, almost into a single incident, was too static for the average reader, while the want of any special social significance in the portrayal of the fortunes of an insolvent Southern family in an Ohio community, placed it at a disadvantage with the average critic, whom Mr. Galsworthy and his fellows have taught to expect a problem in every parlour.

The first of these objections, at least, Mrs. Watts has completely met in her new novel, *Nathan Burke.* Whatever want of definite and didactic purpose, so often miscalled philosophy, the sociological critic may find in this book, its scene and action are certainly not circumscribed or stationary. There is, to be sure, no plot, but then life itself presents enough of a plot for the skilful novelist, who can construct no cunning combination of remarkable circumstances half so fascinating, potentially, as the mere succession of events in the career of an ordinary being, caught up and carried on by some current of the age in which he lives. Nathan Burke is not much above this normal level of human nature. But fate brought him to birth on the rapidly receding Western frontier in the early part of the last century, introduced him, as a boy, into the flourishing small city that was the capital of Ohio, and gave him the advantage of being a spectator and part of the spectacle in a phase of our national development which is already becoming sufficiently remote to acquire interest through striking differences from the present both in its psychology and in

*Nathan Burke. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the cut of its clothes. Mrs. Watts takes her young hero through the Mexican War. But it cannot be said that the story derives much additional excitement or glamour from this extended military episode, which seems tame compared with an earlier picture of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" campaigning methods. What makes the story is, above all, as in the case of *The Tenants*—though here upon a much more extended scale—the human style of the characterisation. There are few figures that do not seem wholly lifelike. Even when they may be resolved into simple types of vice and virtue, like Nathan and his foil, George Ducey, they show something of that gift of keeping all in one colour, and yet retaining a large measure of imaginative truth and human interest, which is the sign of a superior creative faculty. More interesting, however, because more complicated, and thus closer to our modern psychological standards in fiction, are two other characters, Mrs. Ducey, George's mother, and old George Marsh, his uncle. The former, whose real kindness of heart is wont to bewray itself in a careless unkindness of speech, and whose faith in her son is carried to a point where it would be grotesque were it not tragic, is bewitching, if a little terrible, and her letters, in their rambling looseness of construction, deliciously reflect the inconsequential processes of her flighty feminine (and Southern) brain. As for George Marsh, this vulgar, crabbed, cross-grained, but not ungenerous curmudgeon, who has developed a harsh humour, a rude justice, and an astuteness in appraising men and their motives from his long experience of life, is done with a realism rare in a literature that revels in such softened and sentimentalised versions of rusticity as Eben Holden, David Harum, and the rest.

Thus Mrs. Watts's pursuit of style, which is, after all, nothing more than clear, concise, characteristic expression, has brought her to the point where she is able to interpret human nature with admirable variety, fulness, and verisimilitude. It has, at the same time, rather increased than diminished the personal element in her work, since true style is the most personal of possessions, a kind of double mirror which cannot reflect life without presenting a faithful image of the mind which sees life and absorbs it. All her men and women, while completely individualised, are the creatures of one brain, and the author herself is always seen to one side, not pulling the wires or otherwise announcing that her people are puppets, but watching them, studying them, taking the reader into her confidence concerning them in a mood of amused, appreciative, semi-philosophical detachment that gives vitality to the whimsical autobiographic form in which the story is written. Old Nathan Burke, writing these memoirs in his old age for his grandchildren, is Mrs. Watts's dramatisation of the humorous perception with which her own personality is tinged and which is best rendered artistically through the perspectives of retrospection. Humour, of a peculiarly buoyant and pervasive order, at once robust and intellectual, is the principal temperamental and creative quality of this writer. It is the matrix in which most of her conceptions are moulded, whence, therefore, also arise their frequent serious tenderness and pathos. Hence, absorbed at first in what seems the most impersonal of all preoccupations, Mrs. Watts has at last succeeded in releasing her personality; and, in seeking style, she has achieved that which is the end of all art, sincerity.

W. A. Bradley.

VI

W. J. Locke's "Simon, the Jester"*

No one but a confirmed optimist of rare buoyancy and unquenchable youth could have given us such a brave company of honest gentlemen and gracious ladies, garbed in motley, as Mr. Locke has embodied in four inimitable volumes, *The Morals of Marcus, The Beloved Vagabond, Septimus,* and *Simon the Jester.* It is easy to understand why these books stand as something apart from the same author's long list of earlier work, almost as though they were the product of a different hand. Mr. Locke has always had an enviable fertility of plot; and in his

*Simon the Jester. By W. J. Locke. New York: The John Lane Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

earlier years it was the situation which arises from external happenings, rather than from character, that appealed to him. Now the Anglo-Saxon reader, in contrast to the Frenchman or the Italian, cares much more for character than for situation; and that is why, just as soon as Mr. Locke began to create whimsical, bizarre, unforgettable types the general public for the first time discovered him. His fertility of situation is as surprising as ever. Indeed, it sometimes almost runs riot. Yet the plot never seems, as it did in the earlier books, strained and unnatural, since it serves as the vehicle for characters more extraordinary than itself.

Yet however frankly we admire these whimsical books, there is no use in trying to make ourselves think that they are all of equal merit. *The Beloved Vagabond* must still remain easily first in our affections; while the really discriminating reader cannot shut his eyes to the fact that *Septimus* is a disappointment, whose kinship one acknowledges grudgingly, like that of a poor relation. Marcus Ordeyne and Simon are kindred spirits, laughing philosophers, appreciative of the grim humour of fate, even when the jest goes against them. It is hard to say which of these two deserves second place immediately below the immortal Berzelius Nibbedard Parigot.

The appearance of *Septimus* last year, for the time being, justified a fear that the peculiar vein of Mr. Locke's humour was running dry. *Simon the Jester* comes as a welcome reassurance. And after all, when one realises the nature of Mr. Locke's literary formula, it follows naturally that so long as human nature exists there is no possibility of his particular vein ever running dry. To word it crudely, his trick seems to be to take life as it is and then wilfully turn it topsy-turvy. He peoples his mimic world with bizarre and whimsical characters verging on the grotesque and then suddenly surprises us by a sense of their kinship—the sheer inborn humanity of them. "What do people usually do, what do people usually think?" he seems all the time to be saying. "Well, my people are going to do and to think not thus but far otherwise! They shall do impossible, illogical things; they shall amaze and shock and irritate you at times—and yet you shall love them despite yourself because in them you shall see the reflex of your own hopes and fears, your own strivings and failures."

It would be venturesome to profess to analyse the birth and origin of *Simon the Jester*. But let us suppose, by way of illustration, that Mr. Locke, in an idle hour, had been re-reading *Pendennis*, that he had relished once again those wonderful chapters recording the good Major's manœuvres to rescue Pen from the wiles of Emily Costigan. Supposing, as he closed the book, that his inborn streak of perversity had flashed across his mind the question, what would have happened if the Major, after rescuing Pen, had himself fallen victim to the charms of the Fotheringay. Of course, the analogy must not be forced too far. There is not one note in common between Mr. Locke's group of characters and those of Thackeray, because his mind worked along an entirely different groove. But the comparison serves to illustrate his characteristic way of turning the ordinary situations of life upside-down. Substitute for the punctilious and dignified Major a man whom fate has picked out as a victim of its grimmest humour—a man snatched from a proud eminence of statesmanship and confronted with the fact that a painful malady gives him less than six months of remaining life. Substitute for the placid and rather bovine Emily a wonderful, magnetic creature of slumberous fire; a famous trainer and exhibiter of wild beasts with the lithe grace of a panther in all her movements, and the yellow glow of a cat's eyes in her glance. Substitute for little Bows the equally devoted and far more grotesque figure of a Greek dwarf rejoicing in the name of Anastasius Papadopoulos with his company of trained cats, his extraordinary jargon of modern languages and his homicidal madness riots through the book like a figure from an Offenbach libretto—and you have a very fair initial idea of the structure and material of *Simon the Jester*.

Furthermore, quite apart from the characters and the story, there is an epigrammatic quality in this latest book of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Locke's unequalled since *The Morals of Marcus*. It will be remembered that in Miss Austin's *Emma* Frank Churchill demanded that each member of the party to Boxhill should regale the company with one very clever saying or two only moderately clever or three very dull indeed. This is the usual fate of writers who attempt the epigram—to be moderately clever once or twice and after that to be very dull indeed. It is Mr. Locke's peculiar good fortune to have a seemingly exhaustless fertility of epigram. It is very largely due to this pervading sparkle of dry humour that *Simon the Jester* is a book which bears well the rather trying test of opening it at random and re-reading familiar passages long after the main thread of the story has lost its novelty.

Calvin Winter.

VII

"The Wild Olive"*

"A solitary horseman was wending his way across the plain." Thus, in effect, the clever author of *The Wild Olive* begins his story. True, the horseman chances to be on foot, and the plain is a hillside opening in the forest that clothes the foothills of the Adirondacks. Otherwise it is the time-honoured formula, which the ingenuity of countless novelists has failed to improve. It is the apparition of the human figure on the otherwise lifeless landscape that is essential. It is an opening not to be resisted by any novel-reader whose interests are properly regulated.

The initial situation is indeed capitally managed. Behold the hero, a fugitive from justice, picturesquely dishevelled, running from his pursuers straight into the house of the man who had that very morning sentenced him to death. Behold the heroine, a proud, beautiful creature, with a touch of wild blood to give her scorn of legal conventions, taking the young man under her protecting wing, hiding him away safe from pursuit in her little studio in the mountains. Behold her again providing him with clothes and money, plotting every detail of his escape from the country, even giving him the name he is to bear when he has left her, after swearing his life into her keeping. Of course, he is to return; it would be but a sorry story if he were not. He does return, successful, prosperous—and in love with another woman. In the end he turns his back on the other woman, declares his true identity to the world, establishes his innocence of the crime with which he has been charged, and finds his affinity in the woman who had given him his life—all quite as it should be.

It is not precisely a new plot in essentials. Nevertheless, it is one of the most admirable plots on which a story has been built since we read and rejoiced in *The Masquerader*. Without startling originality of motive, it is fresh enough as to details, and these details are worked out with an ingenuity so perfect as only to become apparent on examination. Every incident dovetails into the next incident; every improbable turn is made possible by careful preparation. There is not a loose thread left hanging. Highly improbable as it is, abstractly considered, that a man condemned to death for murder should escape, go out into the world under an assumed name, make a fortune, and come back without detection to the very places and people he knew before, there is not in the entire recital a single step that puts an undue strain on the reader's credulity. It is a triumphant example of skilful plot-weaving.

To say so much is doubtless, in the thought of many a reader, to stamp the story as possessing a thrilling intensity of interest. But the reader who is capable of arriving at this naïf conclusion is doomed to a sorry disappointment. In spite of its construction, technically more admirable than that of nine out of ten masterpieces of fiction, *The Wild Olive* is a dull, uninteresting book. There could be no more effective commentary on the vanity of "construction" in the narrow, special sense. The book is plot *et præterea nihil*—save that it is unreadable. There is not a situation, not a turn of the story, that springs from the necessities of the characters. *They* are the creatures of the action, puppets made to carry out in foolish pantomime the author's design. Not once does he create the illusion that they are

*The Wild Olive. By the author of *The Inner Shrine*. New York: Harper and Brothers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

free agents. The design is perfectly well intentioned. Conventional as they are, these puppets would serve well enough for persons if they could but once struggle into life. But they can't.

To speculate on what a real creator might have done with an idea such as this is idle. After all, the real creator is independent of this kind of construction. It is character that makes a great novel, whether it be of the Dumas or the Zola sort. Of all the elements of fiction, plot is the least important and the most generally overrated. Of itself it will not suffice for the making of even a good detective story. To teach this lesson with singular and fatal precision is, it seems, the most interesting function of *The Wild Olive.*

Burton Bancroft.

VIII

Mrs. Vivanti Chartres's "The Devourers"*

When a new novel calls to mind the fact that the same theme has been handled better in some other book, it is not as great a lack of compliment to the new book as might be imagined. For by this involuntary comparison we know at least that the new book has made its purpose clear, that its theme is a real theme founded on some basic truth of human existence. *The Devourers* has a well-defined theme, two themes in fact; both of which, as aforesaid, have been better done before, but which are here handled with a sincerity and an earnestness that compel respect, even if the power to perform is not always as strong as is the will to do. The novel is planned with symphonic bigness, its threads are laid for a tapestry of museum size. That this very bigness has in it much of monotony is not surprising, for the symphony perfect is the mark of the master. The weakness of the lesser craftsman shows in the sameness of repetition, in barren stretches where the creative power failed. Mrs. Vivanti Chartres is not a master craftsman, but she has planned something so big in this novel that even where falling greatly short of complete achievement she has accomplished a task which deserves a good meed of praise.

The two themes of the book, running side by side, are, first the devouring quality of genius that sucks the life-blood from all who come within its range of influence; then, the power of a little child to kill self in its mother, to cut its mother off from all personal hopes, joys and ambitions. Where, as in this book, the child is also a genius, it is indeed a devourer of all its loved ones. But the author has made the mistake of letting the theme repeat itself too pronouncedly, thereby invalidating the strength of the melody. The story of the life development of the young poet Giovanna Desiderata Avory, called "Nancy" by those who love her, is a charming bit of work. And in it both themes are interwoven into a pattern of convincing harmony. Nancy is a delightful person, although we are inclined to doubt the greatness of her genius. For the true devouring genius finds in the obstacles which would stay its power of expression a stronger impetus to do, to create. Nancy is too early deflected from her desires, too many things hinder her. But she is very charming as a woman, and the episode of her correspondence with "The Unknown" is delightful. Their meeting and journeyings later are just a little "unverisimilar," to use a word of which the author is exasperatingly fond. Nancy's people in Italy are more alive and more interesting than Nancy's people in England. Her handsome, worthless husband is an excellent character study. And as often happens in a work planned just a little too bigly for the author's power of achievement, the minor characters are the best. Flighty Clarissa, Uncle Giacomo, and the German governess, Fräulein Müller, are excellent character sketches. That Nancy finally gives up all hopes of ever writing her great Book, to devote herself to the budding musical genius of her daughter Anne-Marie, is not as pathetic as it would have been if Nancy had not allowed everything and anything to interfere with the writing of the Book, long before Anne-Marie showed in what particular line her talent lay. It is more pathetic that Nancy gave up her new hope of love and happiness

*The Devourers. By A. Vivanti Chartres. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the same reason. Only we don't see just why she should have to do that. That Nancy, having been a Devourer in her youth, should in turn be devoured by her own daughter is poetic justice . . . although somehow it does not sound quite convincing. There seems to be just a little too much genius growing all in one family to suit the sense of justice of the average reader.

But the book has undoubted intensity and splendid sincerity. The style is readable and there are some good sentences to be found here and there, notably Nancy's remark that "A woman's beauty depends entirely upon how much she is loved." The continual use of an unusual and awkward word like "unverisimilar," and the hideous "Unverisimilarly," together with one or two other little affectations, do not mar the general pleasing effect, nor do they make us forget some really beautiful passages.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

IX

Ian Hay's "The Right Stuff"*

"There's something about a Scotsman" is a phrase that has been in use long enough to remove from it whatever of the ambiguous the simple words themselves may hold. The "something" thus cautiously alluded to means, beyond any doubt, something peculiarly worth while. Something unexpectedly tender beneath a rough exterior, something deliciously humorous veiled under grimness, something more than ordinarily fascinating in the possibly shy and even unprepossessing personality, a warm and human generosity that reveals itself to those it loves, and to whom comprehension is granted.

It is a Scot who is hero of Ian Hay's *The Right Stuff*, a book that has already had a success in Great Britain, and which is pretty certain to prove unusually winning to American readers. It is written with the unconscious ease of a man to whom writing is the pleasant exercise of perfectly fit faculties. The characters are a small group of thoroughbred British men and women, with a small and imaginative six-year-old girl, and a boy, Gerald, who is an unadulterated delight and who uses a straightforward and picturesque public-school boy patois that occasions sudden and loud laughter as you read, while his summings-up of either situations or personalities would be hard to beat and impossible to refute.

The book is full of laughter, aside from that due to Gerald. There is, for instance, the chapter called "A Pit that was Digged" and the electioneering chapters. There are the deeds and actions of the Twins and there are Scotch touches that will arouse mirth. While there are parts of the story that quicken the sympathy to tears, or rouse a cheerful enthusiasm for that so frequently abused attribute of our race, human nature, the story is, as the author warns us in his preface to the American edition, "a simple study of human nature, set down without malice, illustrated by pictures of the common joys and sorrows of life, and interwoven with the ancient and unoriginal but never-dying theme of the way of a man with a maid." It is also much more than that, for it creates an atmosphere and an illusion so perfect that, on closing the volume, the sensation is precisely that of having returned from spending a charming fortnight with a little group of congenial people who have been kind enough to admit you to the more intimate and reserved of their feelings and experiences. Robert Fordyce, Kitty and her husband, the twin sisters, Dicky, described as the "What-ho type of young man," the old Scotch parents, the two youngsters—they have become so much our own friends that to bid them good-bye at the end of our visit is a sad business, our only consolation being that we are at liberty to return at any time.

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

*The Right Stuff. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAIDENHOOD

(Horace, *Odes* I, 23)

You shun me, Chloë, like the timid hind
Its mother calling,
That on the lonely mountains fears the wind
And woods appalling.

If Spring but quivers in the new-robed trees
Or lizards waken
And stir the whisp'ring grass, at once your knees
And heart are shaken.

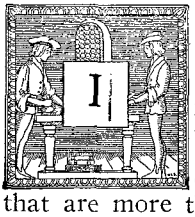
I'm not a tiger nor a lion wild
For harm pursuing;
Oh leave your mother, be no more a child,
'Tis time for wooing!

Elizabeth H. du Bois.

THE NEW BAEDEKER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

XIV—En Voyage

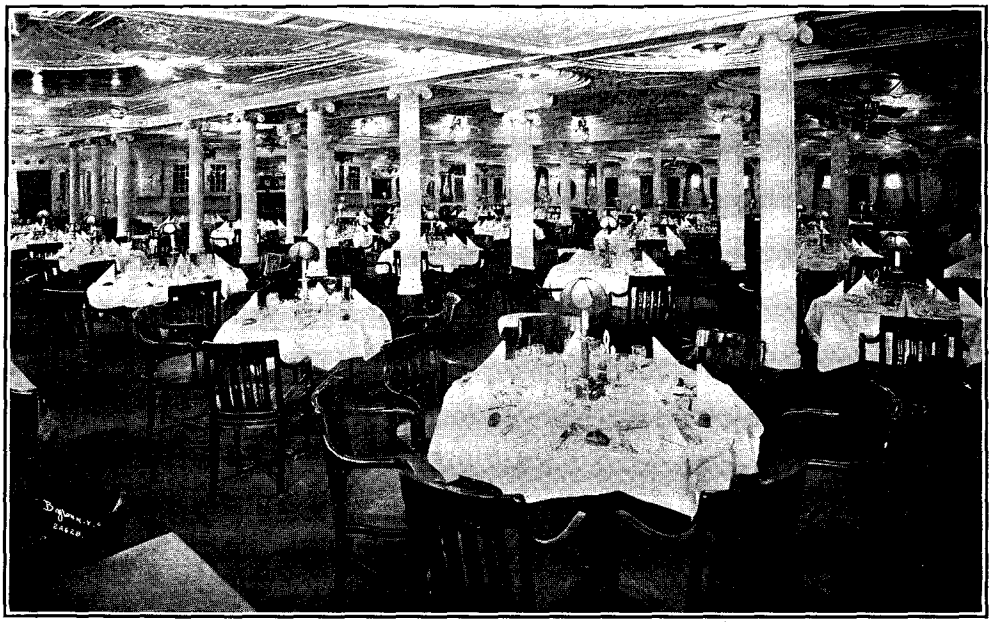


I SHOULD not like to prescribe to any one just what sort of a steamship he ought to choose when he first visits Europe. He may, if he will, select one of those monsters that are more than a seventh of a mile in length and that smash through the ocean with an absolute disdain of storm and waves. In them he will find playrooms for his children, electric elevators, a gymnasium, electric baths, a "solarium" domed over with richly painted glass, a special café modelled on the Ritz, and dark rooms in which to develop the photographs which he takes of his friends and of the ship. If he chooses to travel with dogs and cats or any other sort of beast, there are kennels and a kennel-master in the hold. If he does not desire to experience that blessed sense of peaceful isolation from the cares of life which comes to him who is inevitably cut off from towns and cities in the midst of the great, magnificently rolling ocean, he can get news by wireless from other ships; and when he approaches land, he can have, as it were, a ticker to bring the bustle of the stock exchange into his very stateroom.

Or, if he has the true love of the sea within him, he can take a comfortable eight or nine or ten-day boat, and forget that there is anything in the whole wide world beyond the decks that glisten with the good salt spray, and the far range of water over which he casts a contented and untroubled gaze. In such a ship he can experience the grandeur of the storms and the beauty of the tranquil sea when it lies level in the sunlight, or when, at night, its track is turned to phosphorescent silver by the moon. He will not miss the playrooms and the gymnasium and the "solarium" and the café and the elevators and the dog-kennels; but he will feel the exhilaration of plunging over the great billows and of sleeping that wonderfully restful sleep which is induced by the gentle rocking and rhythmic sway of the splendid ship that is in reality a ship and not a garish and luxurious hotel, fit only for rich invalids and peevish women.

In the character of an impartial guide, it would hardly be proper to say which one of the lines that cross the Atlantic is the most comfortable or gives you most

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"A SPECIAL CAFÉ, MODELLED ON THE RITZ"
Courtesy of the North German Lloyd

nearly your ultimate desire. This, after all, is a matter of individual taste. I should be inclined to classify all steamers in three groups—those that touch at English ports, those that touch at both French and Netherlandish ports, and those that ply directly between New York and France. There is a good deal of difference between these three classes. If you take any ship that ends its voyage in English waters, or that even enters English waters to receive or to discharge passengers, you will find it a ship very largely filled with young men and maidens who take possession of the decks, organise a concert, occupy your steamer-chair, turn the vessel into a combination of upper Broadway and Piccadilly, and make you forget that you are on the ocean at all. There is something rather delightful about this airy, unconventional life. Within two days, everybody knows everybody else, from the girl of sixteen and the Harvard freshman, to the maiden lady who spends hours in writing her "impressions," and the personages of wealth who occupy suites of rooms far up in the air, whence they very rarely descend to pace the lower decks.

On these steamers, the gregariousness is wonderful; the flirting, though of a rudimentary character, is incessant. Unless the sea rises in its might and compels the stewards to lash the deck-chairs to the brass railings, and to put the racks upon the tables in the dining saloon, there will be no end to the innumerable staccato confidences which assail your ears above the clanging of the machinery, the quiver of the screws, and the clatter of the knives and forks. Every woman seems to have become either a Marie Bashkirtseff or a Mary MacLane, who instead of writing out what she has to say, screams it down the deck or from table to table in the saloon at any one of the seven meals which are provided for you.

"I can't help it! It's my temperament!"

This will come to you out of Nowhere with the full force of feminine conviction.

"Yes, he would have had me—that is to say, I would have had him; only, you know—" "Well, I do just love Robert W. Chambers!"—"You can talk all you like, but her hair is bleached, and I don't believe that her Irish lace is real."—"No! Do *you* live on Euclid Avenue, too?"—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yes, I expect to gain a larger outlook from those wonderful memorials of the past"—"Oh, I say! Really, you know it's what you Americans call a hard supposition—oh, is it *prop*osition? Thanks awf'ly!"—"What! Is the Bourse the same as our Stock Exchange? I never knew *that* before!"

This sort of *mélange,* confusing, intricate, unrelated in its parts, comes to you all day long. It amuses you for a while; but unless you are very young and wish to note all the raw emotions of a

"THE GREGARIOUSNESS IS WONDERFUL"

mixed company, you feel that there is perhaps just a little bit too much of it.

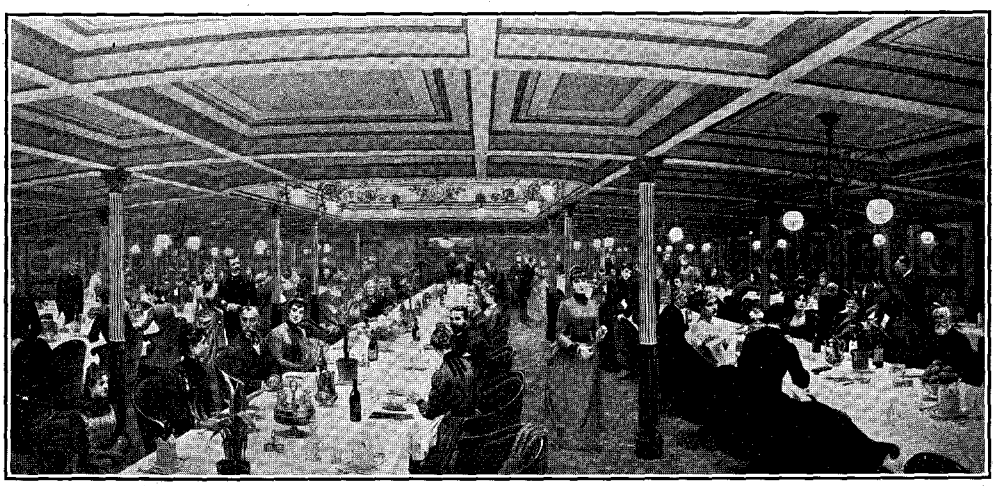
If, on the other hand, you try one of those stout, substantial steamers that ply to Rotterdam or Antwerp, touching, it may be at Boulogne, you will find a more serious set of passengers. Many of them are Dutchmen or Germans, and they all look as though they had business on their minds. They eat often, and they eat a great deal, as if to get the full value of their passage-money. The food is good, too, though sometimes there is a sort of symbolism about it that I could never understand. Thus, on one of these ships, throughout the entire voyage, which lasted eleven days, there was placed in the centre of each table in the dining-saloon at every meal a large pale fish of a bluish tinge. I never saw such a fish before and I never expect to see another like it. No one partook of it—one naturally wouldn't—but there it was, pertinaciously prominent, leaving me with a riddle which I have never solved. For the rest, there is plenty of space and you have a sort of feeling that perhaps after ten days or so you will find yourself back again in Hoboken; and what is the more curious, you don't care at all whether this is going to be so or not. You would just as soon start out again and do it all over. I suppose that it is the Dutch and Flemish influence which pervades these vessels, and which makes them so admirably adapted for the purposes of a rest-cure.

But when you go aboard a French steamer, you find an atmosphere that is entirely different. If you are making your first voyage, you will be delighted, because, from the moment when you ascend the gang-plank, you are already in Europe, already in France. Seven-tenths of the passenger list will be made up of foreigners. You will not hear English spoken except rarely. The neat little Breton and Norman sailors speak a *patois* that is strange to you. The stewards do not respond to any language save their own. The meals are served with ceremony. There is plenty of deck-room, and that deck-room is snowy clean and with every convenience, even to the smouldering little *mèche* which is conveniently placed in a small copper cask so that you may light your cigarette from it, no matter which way the wind happens to blow. Even the tiny flags upon the chart in the companion-way to indicate each day's progress are tricoloured and therefore French. Everything is as neat as a pin, down to the small brass cannon which is lashed forward, to bark out a small roar of joy when the distant harbour is sighted. If one may use an Americanism, the most expressive adjective which suggests itself as applicable to a French steamer, is "cute."

But there is something more than "cuteness" about it. No one ever sees there the kind of miscellaneous acquaintance and companionship which you note

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon an English vessel crowded with Americans. The passengers are not homogeneous. They do not, for the most part, come from countries where you may go up and speak to any one you please without a formal introduction. The Americans who choose these steamers have very much the same point of view. They do not want to attend "ship concerts," or to listen to emotional revelations delivered in throaty or nasal tones. They like to be let alone, to enjoy the solitude which is respected by their temporary companions and which they in turn respect in others. There is the ship bearing them onward with magnificent power; there are the quiet decks; and there is the great expanse of ocean whose strong, salt air renews one's life and gives one delicious hours of unbroken sleep at night.

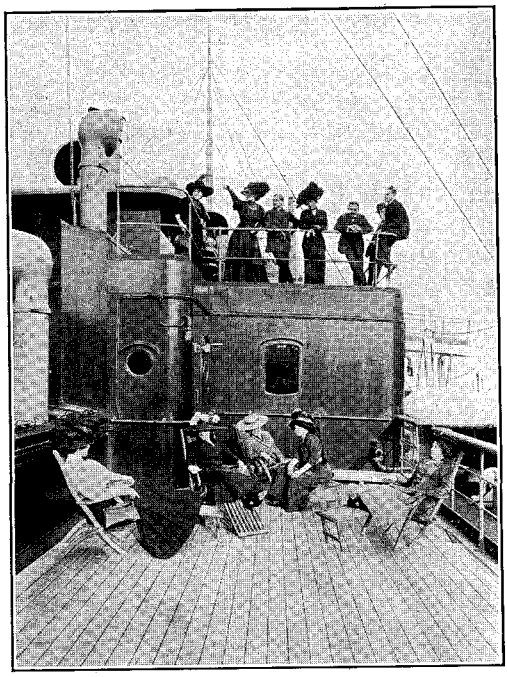


THE SALOON OF A FRENCH LINER—"THE MEALS ARE SERVED WITH CEREMONY"
Courtesy of the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique

You will find something very interesting about the psychology of two persons who occupy berths in the same stateroom. When you board the vessel, you go down to your cabin and thrust your steamer-trunk under the lower berth or under the couch opposite. Then you take out your toilet articles and arrange them on one side of the mirror very much as though you were staking out a claim in a mining country. Then you go up on deck, and if you come down an hour or two later, after the ship is under way, you will find that some one else has in like manner disposed of his steamer-trunk and has placed his small belongings on the side which you have left for him. There is a sort of tacit understanding, an unwritten etiquette, about these things. You may turn in at a particular hour of the night, and your mysterious companion has either turned in before and has drawn his curtains; or perhaps he will turn in later, noiseless, discreet and hoping that he may not rouse you. There is the same mysterious agreement in the morning. You rise, and he rises, but never simultaneously. And so it is that you may cross the ocean without ever seeing or knowing the one who shares your room. It is a triumph of tact, and I take it that this sort of tact is essentially masculine. I fancy that women who are billeted together adopt another course, strike up a temporary acquaintance, and talk things over *sotto voce* in the watches of the night. But this is only a theory of mine; and perhaps it is an entirely wrong one.

I have spoken of the reserve which, in general, prevails on a great French steamer. The only exception is to be found in the *fumoir;* but that would be the case wherever men of any nationality come together and blow wreaths of smoke into the air. It is a part of that comradeship which the great god Nicotine in-

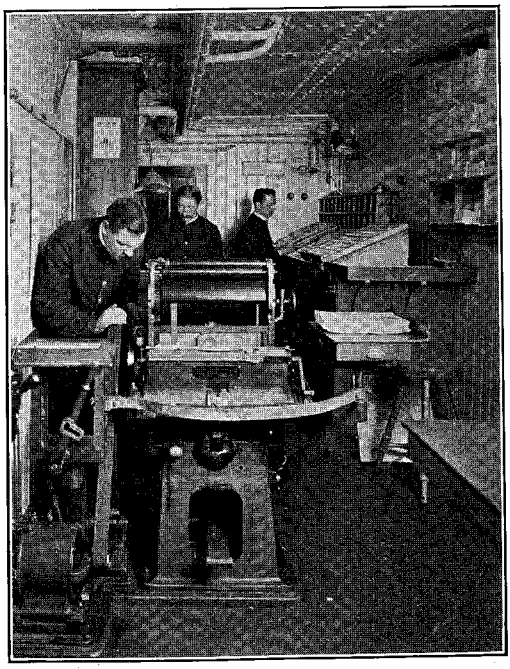
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"THE FLIRTING, THOUGH OF A RUDIMENTARY CHARACTER, IS INCESSANT"

spires in his worshippers. When it comes to smoking, all sorts and conditions of men are brothers for the time. The grubbiest ragamuffin may ask an emperor for a light, and the emperor will recognise that, by the Law of the Jungle, it is not only his duty but his pleasure to provide matches for the *gamin,* or even to let the latter touch a half-smoked and wholly stale cigarette to the glowing end of the imperial Partaga. And so it happens that in the *fumoir,* or the smoke-room, or whatever you may choose to call it, the tongues of all men are unloosed and they tell curious things about themselves to perfect strangers—things which they have never told to wife or sweetheart, or to their best friends on shore.

It is a delightful lounging-place, this *fumoir.* When you have paced the deck conscientiously for two full hours after luncheon, you go into this paradise and sink down into a great leathern seat, stretching out your legs and pushing back your yachting cap. Through the port-holes there comes a bracing breeze which keeps the air always sweet; and if you are a fair sailor, you get infinite enjoyment from a good French cigarette and in watching the *garçon* flitting about and taking orders; for you know that very soon he will bring in an immense tray neatly piled with triangular little sandwiches from which you can see the green of lettuce leaf and a touch of mayonnaise projecting; and if you like, you may have a bit of Roquefort and a mug of *pêl-êl* which, though it bears here a French name, is really the ale of good old England. Then every one falls to, and the chatter of many voices will arise. If you have no friend with you and simply drink your ale and listen, you will hear some of the most extraordinary stories that you ever dreamed of. They are not told excitedly, but in level, careless tones; and they let you into the secret of many lands and also of many human beings. There is not the slightest touch of egotism in these confidences. Those who impart them in French, or Spanish or English, do so because they cannot resist a certain spell that is cast over them by the boundless sea, the brief community of life aboard a ship, and a friendly fellowship which springs up among those who will never see each other any more, but who for the moment are brothers because they have eaten and drunken together,



TURNING OUT THE DAILY PAPER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE MAURETANIA

Courtesy of the Cunard Steamship Company

and have mingled the fragrant fumes of their various tobaccos.

The confidences that come out unasked in this temple of truth are most surprising. Over in yonder corner a sunburned Englishman between puffs from a short briar pipe, will tell you of things which he has seen and done in India and among the foot-hills of the Himalayas. Nowhere else would he even mention these adventures, for he is as shy as the shyest of his race, and he would shrink with horror from the thought of boasting. What he says now, drops from his lips unconsciously, quite as if he were thinking to himself; and you come to know that he has been a fleet-footed, sure-eyed *shikarri* where the tigers kill men in the jungle. Or he will relate some of the strange happenings of the strangest country of the world, surpassing in mystery and marvel even such tales of Kipling as "The Mark of the Beast," or "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes," or that very creepy narrative, "Bubbling-Well Road." Listen and be thankful, but do not mention Kipling to him. I never yet knew an Anglo-Indian who would not drop his taciturnity and fairly foam at the mouth at the sound of Kipling's name; for, according to "mine own people," Kipling knows very little about India—the real India—and what he does know he has grievously distorted.

If you incline your ear in a different direction, you will hear a Frenchman discoursing, with the utmost fluency and to no one in particular, on the subject of marriage, that is to say, his own marriage and everybody else's marriage and on marriage in general. He never shows the slightest reserve in this; though for a Frenchman on land to discuss his family would make him appear a white crow, or *nigroque simillimus cycno*. And then there is the Spanish-American contingent from Cuba or South America, and very black gentlemen from Hayti, who speak French with the purest Parisian accent. It is odd to hear a negro speak in fluent French, and still more odd to find a very black man who does not know a single word of anything but German. But as for the Haytian gentlemen, they are usually very rich and have been educated in France, with which country they identify themselves racially. I shall never forget one very tall and very well dressed specimen of human ebony who fell to describing some of the peculiarities of Eng-

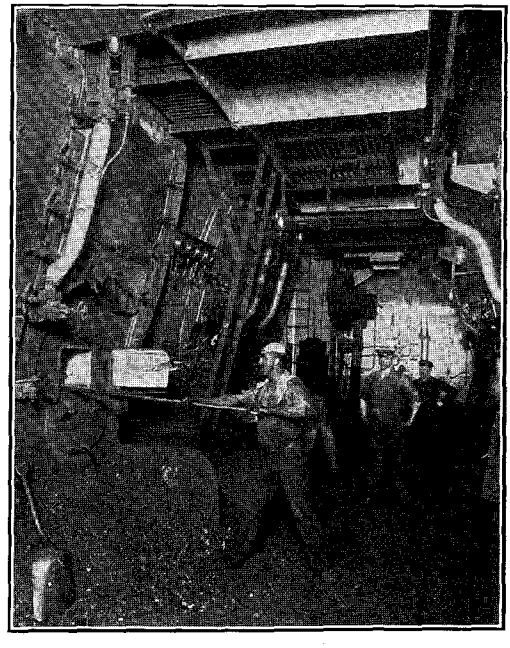
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ELEVATOR SERVICE ON A GERMAN MONSTER
Courtesy of the North German Lloyd

lish and American public life. Having finished his argument, he shrugged his shoulders triumphantly and remarked: "Mais c'est bien différent parmi nous autres—nous Latins!"

For appalling frankness, however, commend me to the South Americans. I remember one dark-faced, supple Venezuelan who was in the last stages of locomotor ataxia. He could not carry his food to his mouth without using both his hands. He could not cross an absolutely level deck without pitching horribly at all sorts of angles. His face was drawn and was as white as chalk. He could not have been more than thirty years of age, and yet a course of altogether vicious living had brought him to this pass. He explained it quite indifferently to any one who happened to be smoking near him. He was, in a way, the most dreadful sight that I have ever seen. His physician in Carácas had told him that, with the utmost care, he could not expect to live for much more than a single year. What was his resolve? He had a small property remaining to him in Venezuela, and he had sold it for whatever he could get. With the money, he was on his way to Paris to take one final and tremendous plunge into the maelstrom of swirling, horrifying sin, in the hope that at some moment there might descend the final blow which would strike him dead. To hear him tell, licking his chops the while, of a peculiarly vile diversion which he called *le pigeon à quatre ailes,* would give any one a new insight into the possibilities of human depravity, and make the alleged performances of Tiberius, at Capri, appear by contrast only the sport of innocent childhood. Strange as it may seem, the thought of death was seldom present to his mind; but, like some evil beast, he was contemplating the things that would hasten death, and he went over them in detail with a relish that was terrifying.

After all, it is better to be out upon the great broad deck which stretches from stem to stern and where you can feel three thousand miles of salty air blowing all about you and filling you with life. Almost every one records his impression of the ocean's vastness and of the comparative fragility of even the most powerful steamer. What Dickens wrote long ago is precisely what a great many persons would write even to-day, if they had his gift of language:



WITH THE STOKERS
Courtesy of the North German Lloyd

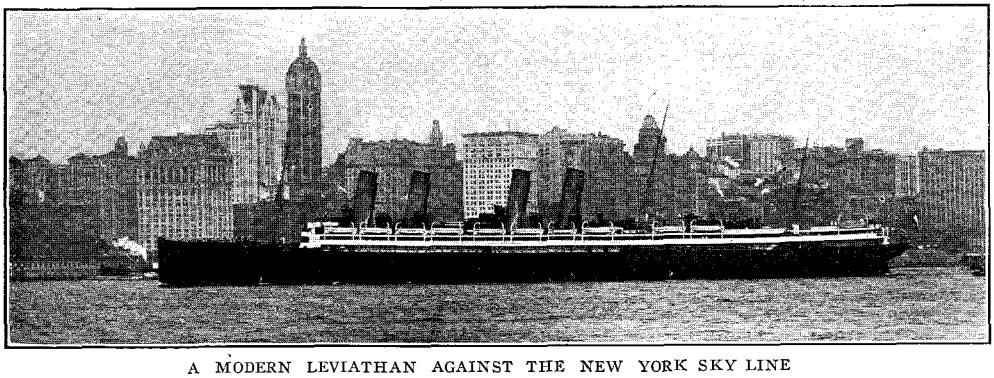
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But what the agitation of a steam-vessel is, on a night in the wild Atlantic, it is impossible for the most vivid imagination to conceive. To say that she is flung down on her side in the waves, with her masts dipping into them, and that, springing up again, she rolls over on the other side, until a heavy sea strikes her with the noise of a hundred great guns, and hurls her back—that she stops, and staggers, and shivers as though stunned, and then, with a violent throbbing at her heart, darts onward like a monster goaded into madness, to be beaten down and battered and crushed and leaped on by the angry sea—that thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, and wind, are all in fierce contention for the mastery—that every plank has its groan, every nail its shriek, and every drop of water in the great ocean its howling voice—is nothing. To say that all is grand, and all appalling and horrible in the last degree, is nothing. Words cannot express it. Thoughts cannot convey it. Only a dream can call it up again in all its fury, rage, and passion.

Nearly thirty years afterward, when ocean steamers had become huge in size and immense in their capacity, Dickens wrote from America to his friend John Forster the same sort of description of the sea. I have never been able to understand the feeling which he and so many others have expressed. Whether the ocean be calm or whether it be stormy, it always appears to be something that man has conquered. It is the great steamer plunging intrepidly through wave and wrack that is the rightful object of wonder and admiration. If you can walk the deck at all, though you may have to grasp the life-line firmly, the most overwhelming sensation that comes to you, is one of safety. For, in truth, with our limited vision we can see very little of the ocean at any one time—only a few miles, out of the thousands that surround us. It is the tremendous ship that one can best appreciate. One thinks of it as of a moving island. The skill of man has welded it together with spikes and steel and joists. The ingenuity of man has hidden great engines in its depths to drive it against the futile onrush of the water. The brain of man directs its course and bids it go to its appointed goal.

Just at eventime, look down the long expanse of deck. Forward there sound the strains of an orchestra. Below, hundreds of persons are dining as luxuriously as they would on land. In the smoking-room, men are laughing and telling stories over their *café noir*. The whole ship is flooded with light which gleams out of innumerable port-holes. A roll and a slight plunge blend into a rhythmic cadence as though the monster vessel were enjoying its swift passage through the deep. Even from the steerage far below, there come the notes of a violin and the sound of dancing feet. The complexity, the completeness, and the power of it all are wonderful even beyond the wonder of the misty sky-line and of the vast ocean which stretches far beyond your ken.

O ship, amid the illimitable sea,
Of human life, a true epitome.
Speeding its way through shadow and through sun,
On, till at last its little course is run;
Laden with life, with laughter, and with love—
Around, the Infinite, and God above!

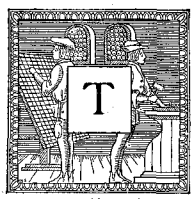


A MODERN LEVIATHAN AGAINST THE NEW YORK SKY LINE

Courtesy of the North German Lloyd

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MINE OWN PEOPLE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS*



HE proportions of novels with a foreign setting have increased so notably in recent months that a brief discussion of the underlying principles in accordance with which a novelist is or is not justified in going outside of his own environment seems to be not only timely but needful. And for a full understanding of these principles it is necessary to begin by recognising that the part played by the novelist is always that of an interpreter. He stands, as it were, to borrow Kipling's familiar phrase, as mediator between Mine Own People and the general public. In other words, the novelist who has a story worth the telling should possess some special knowledge about some class or section or community of human beings, more personal and intimate than that possessed by the majority of his readers; and at the same time he must have a sympathetic understanding of the particular public that he hopes to reach, which will enable him to express this special knowledge in terms commensurate with their own experience. It matters not whether the writer is a Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman, interpreting the New England farmer's wife to her American sisters, or Giovanni Verga, revealing the Sicilian peasant to the rest of Italy, or Rudyard Kipling, opening the heart of India to the whole Anglo-Saxon world—the underlying principle remains precisely the same. A native Hindoo who had never been outside his own village, never come in contact with Englishmen, could presumably write an accurate story of his own people, full of intimate truths and vivid colour—but it could not possibly grip our attention after the manner of *Kim,* because its point of view, its outlook upon life, would be one that we could not possibly share. And, on the other hand, an American who had never been outside the limits of Sioux Falls or Council Bluffs could not, by any burning of the midnight oil, write a story of modern India that would carry conviction. In other words, the novelist is like the actor; in order to succeed he must know not only his lines but his audience.

It follows, then, as a first general principle, that without some special structural reason so strong as to become imperative the wise novelist never uses what, from his point of view, is a foreign setting. It may be foreign to you and to me—but that makes no difference; that is no exception to the rule, so long as the writer himself is in a position to think of his characters as Mine Own People. We feel, for instance, no aloofness, no sense of being shut out when we read the Saracinesca novels of Mr. Crawford. Here, indeed, is an ideal illustration of the principle involved. By education and environment and, in later years, by deliberate choice, he was an Italian among Italians, speaking their language, sharing their habits and very largely thinking their thoughts. But because he was American, Mr. Crawford was able in a subtle and unobtrusive way so to translate and explain the words and deeds of his characters that our first thought of Corona d'Astradente, of the old Prince of Saracinesca, or of the melancholy Spica, is not that they are foreigners, but simply fellow human beings.

And this brings us to a second important principle: namely, that an author who is interpreting between his characters and his audience, when they are relatively foreign to each other, must view his story

*Anne of Tréboul. By Marie Louise Goetchius. New York: The Century Company.

A Village of Vagabonds. By F. Berkeley Smith. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Undesirable Governess. By Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Twisted Foot. By Henry Milner Rideout. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Pursuit. By Frank Savage. Boston and New York: Little, Brown and Company.

Indian Dust. By Otto Rothfeld. New York: The John Lane Company.

Fortune. By J. C. Snaith. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not through the eyes of the characters themselves, but from a detached outside standpoint. What people do is comparatively easy to understand when you are allowed to see them do it, even though the motives behind the deed are obscure. When Alfio in *Cavalleria Rusticana* seizes Turiddu's ear between his teeth by way of challenge, any American audience grasps the purport of the act, though the general history of the custom, and the special line of reasoning in this individual case are not revealed to them. If you think a moment you will realise that the really successful novels that deal with people widely separated from us by language or religion or social or mental planes are seldom, if ever, of the psychological type; they are written simply and frankly from the outside. An *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* seen wholly through the narrow angle of Uncle Tom's own eyes, interpreted only by the slow and defective processes of an aged slave's brain, would have been too soporific ever to fan the flames of a Civil War. An epic of modern India, coming to us transmuted through the biased brain of a Brahmin or Mohammedan, would be infinitely boresome. And that is why the great interpreters of psychological fiction wisely confine themselves to the men and women of culture and refinement, people fairly near our own sphere of life, who think and speak and act as we would do under the same circumstances, and therefore need a minimum of interpretation. Some powerful and, as it happens, rather gruesome stories have been written about homicidal apes. But both the *Murders in the Rue Morgue* and Kipling's *Bimi* are purely objective in the method of telling—nor is it conceivable that any profit could have resulted from attempting to follow the convolutions of an orang-outang's brain.

The question naturally arises: If an author should confine himself to interpreting the people whom he knows best, and if, by so doing, he will accomplish his best work, how is it that many novels of recognised ability are apparently transgressions of this rule? There is Hawthorne's *Marble Faun;* there is the famous Waterloo episode in *Vanity Fair;* there is the whole series of Henry James's novels from *Roderick Hudson* onward, to mention only a few cases at haphazard. And, from time to time, there have been conspicuous popular successes due beyond doubt to their foreign setting; such, for instance, as Marion Crawford's *Mr. Isaacs,* Du Maurier's *Trilby,* Ouida's *Under Two Flags,* and more recently, Robert Hichens's *Garden of Allah* and *The Lady of the Decoration,* by Frances Little. But a moment's consideration will show that these are really not exceptions to the rule but illustrations of one phase of it. What these various authors have been interested in studying is not merely the atmosphere of India or Italy or Paris or Algiers or Japan, nor the manners and customs of these countries. In all the cases cited and in a host of others like them, the underlying purpose is the more complex one of studying cosmopolitanism; of seeing an alien civilisation through the eyes of an Anglo-Saxon, interpreting it to the extent of his understanding of it and studying its effects upon his temperament and his life. For Robert Hichens to attempt to write a novel of native Bedouins, or for Frances Little to try to give us a romance peopled only by Japanese would seem the height of folly. But the books they actually wrote remain within the rule because they are studies of women of our own race exposed, for the time being, to unusual experiences in strange climes.

Now and then it may happen that a novelist hits upon a theme the nature of which necessarily localises it. A Mormon novel could not conceivably be laid in London or New York; a novel hinging on the illegality of marriage with a deceased wife's sister must be English by its very essence. To all intents and purposes, Harriet Beecher Stowe, born and bred in New England, was a foreigner to the people and the life of New Orleans; yet, if she must write a novel of slavery, she must perforce lay her scene either in the South or in some other part of the globe even remoter in point of time and space. And in like manner, many another novel with themes less momentous perhaps, yet well worth serious workmanship, has forced its author to undertake a patient study of some foreign environment, some alien people, and consciously handicap

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself at the start by the additional difficulty of working with unfamiliar material. And although success in this type of work makes the book not one whit bigger than if the scene had been laid in the author's own back yard or his neighbour's front parlour, yet he does deserve from the critic an additional word of praise for the sheer work accomplished, the extra resistance that has been overcome.

"Anne of Tréboul"

Anne of Tréboul, by Marie Louise Goetchius, is one of those exceptional volumes in which the foreign setting justifies itself. Not that the theme of the story belongs solely and inevitably to the life of a Breton fishing village, for it deals with simple fundamental truths of life, and the tale is one that in its main outline has re-enacted itself a thousand times the world over. But the value of Mrs. Goetchius's story lies not so much in her central theme as in her quite unusual sense of artistic proportion, the nice balance that she strikes between action and character, between the moods of her people and the colour and atmosphere of their environment. From the opening paragraph, one gets an all pervading sense of greyness that harmonises with the patient fatalism of a primitive fisher folk—the greyness of sky and sea and mist-laden air, from which you can fairly feel the scattering raindrops that presage a coming storm. The whole book is keyed to this same note. The central figure, Anne, is a hunchback, who looks out with wistful eyes on the hopeless years ahead of her. Love and marriage and joy are so obviously not her portion that one day when the fishing boats come in and the biggest, strongest, handsomest of all the young fishermen of the village singles her out for a special greeting, walks home with her, begs her to go with him to the big religious fête that takes place on the morrow, she can scarcely believe her great good fortune. She does not understand, as the rest of the village do, that his notice of her is only meant as vengeance upon the village belle who has openly favoured his rival. To pass her by with indifference and publicly give preference to the crippled Anne is the most cutting way that he can find for scorning her. But Anne, knowing nothing of this, goes with him to the fête—and between the exaltation of the church services, and the dancing and merriment and plentiful good red wine, even the man, as they loiter homeward, believes for the time being his promises and protestations—and the deeper greyness of night shuts down and there is no voice heard but the monotonous beat of the waters, and the first chapter of Anne's tragedy is closed. But all too soon the fact is driven home to Anne that in spite of his promises he does not love her, that his heart belongs to the other girl who has the beauty that fate has denied to Anne. She is strong with the spirit of martyrdom, but there is one thing that she refuses to bear, and that is marriage to a man who has no love to give her. So, although her mother is vociferous with shrill abuse and the kind-hearted and scandalised old priest points out that she is bringing shame upon herself and her child after her, and the young man himself has come in contrition to take her as his wife, she refuses to marry him. Whatever sufferings her mistake entails she will bear as best she may, but he belongs to the other girl, and doggedly she sends him back to her. Years roll away through the same monotonous greyness of fisher life, the waves yielding their annual toll of fish and taking their annual toll of men. Indifferent outwardly to scorn and isolation, Anne has found comfort and solace in the boy who has shot up, strong and sturdy, a miniature copy of his father. The latter, long since married to Anne's rival, has but one other child, a sickly, spoiled little sneak, a liar and a coward like his mother. It is small wonder that the father finds no joy at home, that in sheer loneliness and disgust he sometimes drinks more than is good for him, and that finally seeing Anne's boy growing up so big and strong, he feels a mighty craving to have some share in the lad, who after all by rights belongs to him. Now, throughout all the sorrow and suffering the years have brought to Anne there is one unspoken dread mightier than the rest: she fears the day when the hereditary instinct of the born fisherman will assert itself and the boy will go from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her to the sea. And that, of course, is what does happen. When the boy's father makes himself known, the boy hesitates, for his mother's love weighs heavily on one side of the scale. But after all a father has much to give which even a mother's love cannot replace; and then besides to choose his father means also to choose the sea. So the man and the boy sail out one grey morning into the mist and the woman is left alone, praying dumbly and straining her eyes as she peers out over the leaden waters. The whole volume is a remarkable example of the power that lies in simplicity—the simplicity of style and of colouring and of basic primitive emotions. It shows a great forward stride beyond any of the work that this young author has hitherto made public. There is in it only one false note, and that is the suggestion that in letting her son choose the sea, Anne is making her great sacrifice for his welfare. This way of looking at it is, of course, mere sentimentalism. One feels that quite regardless of Anne, the sea is the boy's destiny. If he does not go this year, he will go the next or the year after, and although it may please Anne to think that she is deciding for him, she is really only yielding to the inevitable.

"A Village of Vagabonds"

A Village of Vagabonds, by F. Berkeley Smith, affords a suggestive contrast to the foregoing book, because of its similarity of setting and its radically different style of treatment. The village which this author chooses to picture is an almost forgotten little community on the coast of Normandy, not far from the Belgium frontier. The point of view is frankly that of an American artist who, for his own pleasure, has temporarily buried himself alive in this primitive environment and is extracting an infinite enjoyment in a quiet way from his study of the quaint and curious local types. No two books could be conceived of so close in subject-matter and so wide apart in mood. *Anne of Tréboul* was tragedy, sustained and unrelieved. *A Village of Vagabonds* skims the surface of life's joys and sorrows with a certain whimsical sympathy, blended with an artist's inborn appreciation of the values of light and shade. The book is not a novel; it is a collection of what are scarcely short stories, if judged by the strict rules of technique. Yet there is a marvellous amount of human nature of the better sort packed away in them. There is, for instance, the history of Marianne, "the old hag with clear blue eyes, who walks with the stride of a man, and who looks at you squarely, at times disdainfully—even when drunk"—an inveterate thief, whom even Monsieur le Curé cannot reform, and who nevertheless is the best mother in the village and famed for her charitable deeds to the unfortunate. Then, too, there is the story of how Monsieur le Curé was arrested for theft because he had taken the fifteen hundred francs raised for new bells for his little church and had spent them during a hard winter to relieve poverty and suffering.

> They came to me, little children—mothers ill, with little children and not a sou in the house and none to be earned fishing. Old men crying for bread for those whom they loved. I grew to hate the very thought of the bells; they seemed to me a needless luxury among so much misery.

And there are a score of other pictures equally vivid, equally pervaded with the fine and deep understanding of human nature; and blended with them lighter touches, flashes of the sunshine of youth and romance—such as the pervasive presence of Suzette, the author's maid who "sang all the day," and whose incomparable coffee rises like a redolent incense from the pages.

"The Undesirable Governess"

The late Marion Crawford possessed that enviable cosmopolitanism which enabled him to write as though talking of Mine Own People in whatever corner of the globe he might happen to lay his scene. But somehow in the latest of his posthumous volumes, *The Undesirable Governess,* one feels that Mr. Crawford was not, even by any indulgent stretching of the term, picturing people whom he thought of as his own. Here, as in more than one of his later volumes, the characters lack vitality. They are puppets, moved at will upon a miniature stage, pawns in a careless half-hour game of make-believe. This is not said in a spirit of disparagement. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

marvel about Mr. Crawford's work was that he could be so prolific, and at the same time take his characters with such uniform seriousness. And even here, in this frankly inferior story, he still shows himself a good craftsman. Supposing we were to set the task as a competition open to all novelists to make a novel out of the following material: a British matron, knowing the susceptibility of her husband and sons, advertises for a governess for her two unmanagable daughters, specifying that the applicant must be devoid of all physical attraction. One of the sons has already secretly engaged himself to a young woman who, although beautiful, has no fortune; and this young woman, foreseeing family opposition, wishes to win the approval of her future mother-in-law before the engagement is announced; so, by the help of an ingenious makeup, a small pillow under her left shoulder and a triple sole on her right shoe, she manages to come up to the specifications of the advertisement. Here and there, perhaps, a clever writer might convert this into an acceptable short story—but even Mr. Crawford's matchless fertility of resource has been unable to spin it out to the dimensions of a novel excepting at the cost of an obvious and painful tenuity.

"The Twisted Foot"

A couple of volumes which may conveniently be discussed together are *The Twisted Foot,* by Henry Milner Rideout, and *The Pursuit,* by Frank Savage. The former is defined in its sub-title as "A Thrilling Malay Mystery"; the latter might similarly have been labelled "A Thrilling Mystery of Tangiers." In neither book do we get the impression that the author ever once thought of the native characters as standing to him in the relation of Mine Own People. They are simply so many stage properties, things to juggle with, matters of light and colour and scenic effect, like a painted pagoda or a cardboard crocodile. Mr. Rideout's tale is of the two rather better managed. It opens with the narrator's discovery of a white man living alone in a bungalow on an isolated island somewhere near the Philippines—a mysterious exile who is apparently engaged in smuggling, and who has serious cause for fearing an attack from the natives. As it happens, the narrator overhears, though he is too late to witness or to prevent, the other man's brutal murder by some unknown savage, who leaves behind him only one mark for identification—a bloody footprint showing the large toe projecting at right angles. The dead man also leaves but one thing by which to identify him, the portrait of a very beautiful American girl. The purpose of the rest of the story is twofold: to discover the identity of the girl and to run down and wreak vengeance upon the man with the twisted toe—and both of these purposes Mr. Rideout accomplishes with a maximum of suspense and impending dangers.

"The Pursuit"

The Pursuit, by Frank Savage, is an even greater tax upon the reader's credulity. The opening situation is this: the daughter of an American millionaire, unhappily married to an English scoundrel, has obtained, through the divorce courts, her freedom and the custody of her little son, on condition that she does not take him to America. Because of the child's weak lungs, however, the courts decree that he shall spend the winter months in North Africa; and here the hero of the story first encounters the boy, his American grandfather, and his young and charming aunt. Incidentally, it develops that the mother, having broken down under her trials, is in a private insane asylum. The significance of the title, *The Pursuit,* lies in the fact that the unscrupulous father is determined, regardless of the law, to get his son back again; and he is unconsciously aided in this by the headstrong little boy's bad habit of running away. The hero, knowing nothing of all this and meeting these people for the first time, is instrumental at the start in rescuing the small boy and restoring him to the fascinating young aunt; and shortly afterward he again has the good luck to save the boy from the tusks of a wild boar, and thus further place himself in the young woman's debt. It happens, however, that the hero is own cousin to the scoundrelly Englishman who is trying to kidnap the boy. And when his plot finally succeeds, it is very difficult to make the young

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

woman believe that the two men are not in league together. To convince her of his good intentions and to be instrumental in restoring the kidnapped boy are the two purposes which animate the hero throughout the book. It must be confessed that, as a hero, he hardly rises to the heights expected of him, since his best planned efforts are always being frustrated and it takes nothing less than a hurricane, a shipwreck, a tidal wave and the earthquake at Messina to make virtue triumphant and villainy defeated. And even then, when the arch villain is shown to us, dragged from under tons of brick and mortar, bleeding and broken, and his eyes burned from their sockets by quicklime—even then it takes the united efforts of half a dozen *carabinieri* to save the valiant hero from his last attack. The book is really melodrama, an orgy of it.

"Indian Dust"

Indian Dust, by Otto Rothfeld, deserves a few words of very cordial praise. The author, who records upon the title page that he is or has been of the Indian Civil Service, has brought together in this modest volume a group of native stories that have the unmistakable flavour and redolence of the native life. They are not stories that lend themselves readily to a brief retelling—they depend too much upon the quality of their phrasing, the light and shadow of some single word. To some readers, they will seem almost too foreign, too remote in their mood and point of view to be sympathetic; yet, if you take the trouble to get beneath the surface you find yourself curiously swayed by strange, unwonted emotions, a certain new and fantastic outlook upon life. It is hard to choose between these stories: the very titles, "A Bhil Idyl," "A Rajput Lady," "Behind the Pardah," "From Sudden Death," one after another invoke strange memories of smouldering passions and hatreds, lurking vengeance, grim fatalism, the peace that comes from fulfilling one's duty according to one's lights. The author lacks the compelling vigour of Kipling, but that does not alter the fact that he has much to say about India which is well worth heeding and that in his quiet way he says it extremely well.

Mr. J. C. Snaith is without question the man of most unique achievement and sanguine promise among the younger generation of English novelists. He seems temperamentally unable to produce a new volume without darting off upon a line so radically new as to produce a startling surprise. It would be hard to find—with the single exception of Alfred Ollivant's *Bob, Son of Battle, Redcoat Captain,* and *The Gentleman*—any three volumes by a contemporary English writer of greater versatility than *Broke of Covenden, William Jordan, Jr.,* and *Araminta.* And now, once again, he upsets all our expectations by the production of *Fortune*—a most amazing volume which one discusses gingerly, apologetically, not quite sure to what extent it is written in sober earnest and how far it may be a travesty upon the picaresco type, a *Don Quixote* from the modern standpoint. One would conjecture that it was written in very much the same mental attitude as Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*—that the author had started in to scoff, to indite a parody, and suddenly had fallen under the spell of his own burlesque characters, become enamoured of them, glorified them. Be this guess a happy one or not, it is a correct statement of the mental process through which the reader moves despite himself. He accepts the opening chapter with reluctance. Surely, this braggadocio Spaniard, this conceited young ignoramus, who thinks his native town the centre of the world, who can conceive of nothing outside the frontiers of Spain, is not to be taken seriously. And when, shortly, he meets with the colossal and grotesque English giant, Sir Richard Pendragon, fights his bizarre duel, is vanquished, humiliated and stripped of all his possessions, the reader rubs his eyes and gasps and questions helplessly, if this be literature or a scene from out a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Here is a brief passage which fairly gives the flavour of the story:

"Fortune"

> While awaiting with as much composure as I could summon that stroke which was to put me out of life, there happened a strange thing. There had come into the room, unobserved by us both, the tap-wench to the inn. And in a moment, seeing what was toward, this brave

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little creature, not much bigger than a stool, and as handsome and flashing a queen as I ever saw, ran between me and the sword of my adversary.

"Hold, you bloody foreign man!" she cried imperiously.

"Nay, hold yourself, you neat imp," said the Englishman, catching her around the middle by his right arm, and lightly hoisting her a dozen paces as though she had been a sack of feathers. Yet he had made but a poor reckoning if he thought he could thus dispose of this fearless thing. For his wine cup, half full of sherry, which had been set in the chimney-place out of the way of hap, was to her hand. She picked it up and hurled the pot and its contents full in the face of the giant.

"Take it, you wicked piece of villainy!" she cried.

The story, when fairly developed, turns out to be a chronicle of the efforts of three bizarre soldiers of fortune, the pretentious and ignorant Spaniard, the bombastic Richard Pendragon, "in whose veins flowed the blood of kings," and the Comte de Nullepart, unacknowledged son of the French sovereign, to rescue, on behalf of the Duke of Montesina's daughter, her family estates from the greed of John of Castille. Burlesque or not, the amazing audacity of the tale sweeps you along in spite of yourself. In a way, the production of such a book in these opening years of the twentieth century is in the nature of an anachronism. It proves that there is still the possibility of writing genuine, old-fashioned, virile romance with real brawn and muscle in it—a possibility which the modern flabby, weak-kneed swash-buckler type of fiction has long taught us to despair of. For this reason, all hail to Mr. Snaith's latest and most unique achievement.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I

There is some snap in the following letter from New York City, subscribed with the initials "T. B. M."

How many rejection slips does it take to prove that their recipient cannot write? I wish that you would make haste with your book and not stop to compile vegetarian bibliographies for the idle epicureans. It doesn't matter what they eat and it *does* matter whether we starve. Will you get at the book?

We reply hastily that we are intending to get at the book at a very early date; because the letters that we have received show that it is greatly needed. It will not be theoretical but wholly practical, with all sorts of vivid, yet not generally known, truths about editors, authors, publishers, manuscript readers, and all the mysteries of what Mr. James Ford once called The Literary Shop. He never got beyond the humorous aspect of it, but we are going down to hard-pan.

II

A letter from what would seem to be the impossible town of Richibucto in New Brunswick, is too long to print. It says some pleasant things about THE BOOKMAN, but it thinks that the author of *The New Baedeker* does not know what he is talking about when he refers to Canada. Incidentally the writer twits us for our attitude toward England at the time of the Boer War. We must ask her (she signs herself Canadienne) to go back over our files. She will find that our great cause of offence to Englishmen and Canadians at that time was the fact that we jeered at the military blunders of General Buller. At first all Englishmen regarded Buller as a second Napoleon. We perceived from the first that he was making a mess of his campaign, and we said so. Later on he was disgraced by the British War Office, retired from service, and has passed into history as "the Ferryman of the Modder River." After this came about, there was a great hush up in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Canada, and we ceased to receive postcards embellished with gibbets, hangmen's ropes, and other symbols of speedy and disgraceful death. However, we are not going to bring up unpleasant memories, especially as the letter ends with the following paragraph, which would mollify a gorilla.

I had intended to ask the Editor of the Letter Box to spend his next vacation in this province by the sea, when we would give him the time of his life; but he must come provided with revolvers and rapid-firing guns, etc., as the natives are rather fierce at times.

We prefer to come unarmed, for we don't believe in the least that the "natives" are ferocious; and we are quite sure that our hostess will accept our apologies with infinite grace.

III

A London reader gives us a twist which we reproduce without any comment, just so that he can enjoy himself with us.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: It's really too bad to spoil a good thrust and a clever parry, but it happens that both you and the Virginia gentleman whose letter you print in your Letter Box in January are wrong. The real facts about the Herlock Sholmes—Holmlock Shears—mystery are:

Herlock Sholmes was the name used by M. Leblanc in the French version of the stories. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, the translator, fearing that the name was not comprehensible in English, changed it with the author's consent to Holmlock Shears in his translation.

Isn't it delicious to rout two critics of such acumen with one blow!—What!

A LONDON READER.

IV

From the Illinois State Library in Springfield, a lady sends us a letter which flashes a shaft or two at one of our reviewers, and then gives some really interesting criticism of the recent book by Admiral Evans. So far as our reviewer is concerned, we may say that in the limited space at his disposal he could not track the Admiral down to every possible lair. He did point out a number of errors, but was chiefly employed in grieving over the Admiral's un-American fondness for Royal Highnesses.

DEAR SIR: In the May number of your esteemed magazine, in the Letter Box, you say in answer to "a lady from Chicago" that becoming a book reviewer is mainly "a matter of chance." A most discouraging reply to a would-be worker in that direction. A few minutes later I was reading, in the same number, a review of Admiral Evans's *An Admiral's Log*, and I concluded you could not well have given any other answer, as thorough and careful reading is evidently not one of the means of arriving at success in that line. (Notice that I refrain from saying "along that line.")

It is beyond me to understand how the most casual reader could fail to notice that the Chinese brought their own food from an evident fear that they might be poisoned, is to even a most superficial reader of Chinese customs quite ridiculous, as the ordinary house-servant even furnishes his own provisions, they not being included in his wages. This, however, is simply an opinion of Mr. Evans's and may be overlooked. But not so the paragraph on page 52, which places the tomb of Abraham Lincoln in Chicago! He says: "When we had changed our uniforms, Prince Henry proceeded to place a wreath on the tomb of Abraham Lincoln. He was accompanied by Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, Mayor Harrison, Chief Wilkie and myself. Other carriages carried the rest of the party, including the German Consul, to Chicago. As soon as the wreath had been placed, Prince Henry took a spade and planted a tree near the tomb, and the ceremony was complete. Mr. Lincoln seemed particularly touched by this tribute to the memory of his father when informed that it was at the command of the Emperor of Germany!!!" The exclamation points are mine. If my memory serves me right, there are some such ceremony at the Lincoln Monument in Lincoln Park, Chicago, but what sort of a chronicler would confound a statue with a tomb! No mention is made, I believe, of the burial place at Springfield, nor of passing through that city.

This is just a passing suggestion that something more than mere "chance" might well be made a requirement for reviews that are to appear in so important a publication as THE BOOKMAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

V

We have received a good many letters containing suggestions for the Inferno, but are obliged to hold them over until next month, as we must do something to catch up in cataloguing ————.

THE LETTER-BOX'S POST-CARD PICTURE-GALLERY

51. The Acropolis and Theseum at Athens. Presented by Miss Carolyn Wells, who pleasantly remarks: "There is something about the atmosphere of the Acropolis that makes me think of the Letter-Box." Miss Wells must have been making a short visit at Delphi.

52. Sunrise in Florida. From "A Florida Friend," who says: "You dear Sir Knight of the Castle of Culture, of course you shall have some postals. Please accept this from one who has taken much delight for many years in your jousts."

53. The Jackson Library, Stockbridge, Massachusetts. The giver of this card adds in ink "The Intellectual Centre of Berkshire County," and he has drawn a placard on the top of the Library with the notice: "Just received the complete works of Brander Matthews." It is a pretty Library, but seems scarcely large enough for its last consignment.

54. Patriotism. Representing a soldier's accoutrements during the Civil War. Signed: "From a subscriber since the first number of THE BOOKMAN. E.H.R." Then he must really have gone through at least fifteen years of Civil War.

55. A Panoramic View of Hâvre. This is a post-card in tryptich style showing the water-front at Hâvre, and sent "with good wishes and an infinite appreciation from more than one of us, who discovered Hâvre before The New Baedeker did. Do look in on us some day—any day." There are a number of other friendly remarks for which we return cordial thanks.

56. Japanese Gardens, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. There is an observation on the back with reference to something that we said not long ago. It reads: "Mr. Colby is all right, but Samuel M. Crothers happens to be the foremost American essayist. Do you want to fight? A." We are willing enough to fight; only it is hardly necessary. Mr. Colby and his writings will do that for him, and very effectively.

57. Lake Palmer Park, Detroit, Michigan. From a friend who writes from Grosse Isle in Michigan, and says convivially: "Here's to the Letter Box! May it live long and prosper!"

58. View of Square, Spartanburg, South Carolina, showing bronze statues erected in honour of General Daniel Morgan, victor of Cowpens. A handsome view of a very handsome plaza. Some information on the front of the card is given us concerning the statue and the city. Pleasantest of all is the last sentence: "Come and see us."

59. Casino, Belle Isle, Detroit, Michigan. Sent anonymously.

60. Canal Scene, Detroit, Michigan. Sent anonymously.

61. Detroit Boat Club, Belle Isle, Detroit, Michigan.

62. Pavillion Lake, Detroit, Michigan. Sent anonymously.

63. Baptism in the Sunny South. Representing a coloured congregation standing on the edge of a pond and watching a baptism by immersion. The sender, in Birmingham, Alabama, remarks that this is "suitable for a dark corner in the Picture Gallery."

64. Ensley Steel Plant, Birmingham, Alabama. From the same generous donor, who says, "The same drive might carry you past these great mills." On the whole, we prefer the baptism with its brilliant blur of red and yellow and green, the splashing water in the foreground, and the sable clergyman performing the rite. Steel plants are too prosaic and matter-of-fact. However, we like to have our Gallery as varied as possible; and so the steel plant and the baptism, placed side by side, fall in with our particular humour.

By the way, this matter of arranging our artistic gems is giving us some trouble. We like to oblige all our contributors, yet a great many of them have put us in an embarrassing position. Many and many a pretty card has come with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the request "Please put this next to the two cats who are drinking milk out of a blue saucer." We should be glad to do so; but after we have placed a card above the cats and another below the cats, and two others on each side of the cats, what are we going to do with the rest? So far as we can see, the only solution is to change cards occasionally so as to give them all a chance in turn at the coveted place; or else perhaps, some one might present us with some new cats, also drinking milk out of a blue saucer.

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PUBLISHER

HEN Boswell suggested to Johnson that Mr. Robert Dodsley's life should be written, "as he had been so much connected with the wits of his time, and by his literary merits had raised himself from the station of a footman," Johnson expressed a doubt if James Dodsley would thank any man who undertook the task, but added that Robert "was not unwilling that his original low station should be recollected." So "decent, humble and inoffensive," in Horace Walpole's words, was the man who began life as a footman and ended it as the trusted friend and associate of some of the most distinguished men of his time. He was, wrote Shenstone, "a person whose writings I esteem in common with the publick; but of whose simplicity, humanity, benevolence and true politeness I have had repeated and particular experience." Poet, playwright and publisher, from first to last the architect of his own fortune, Robert Dodsley surely deserves a greater measure of remembrance than has hitherto accrued to him. Barring a few contemporary notices, the article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and a charming essay by Mr. Austin Dobson, there is no account of his singularly interesting career. Mr. Ralph Straus is to be especially thanked, therefore, for the handsome volume* in which he sets forth all the known facts of that career. He has found much new material, including two hundred letters from Dodsley himself; and he has prepared careful bibliographies of his writings and of the volumes published by him between 1735 and 1764. Pope, Johnson, Akenside, Shenstone, Young, Warton, Collins, Goldsmith, Gray, Walpole, Lyttelton, Richardson, Sterne, Gay, Burke—these are among the names in the list bearing the imprint of Tully's Head. It is something like a roll-call of the English literature of the eighteenth century.

Robert Dodsley came of a respectable Midland family, of substantial yeoman stock. Just why his father preferred school-teaching to farming we do not know; but for one reason or another he took to an unprofitable profession, and his many children had to support themselves at an early age. Robert was apprenticed to a weaver. He hated this work; he was badly treated; he ran away to London; he entered the service of Charles Dartiquenave (the Dartineuf of Swift) as a footman. These facts are known; everything else in connection with this period of his life is obscure. Mr. Straus surmises that Dodsley may have seen more than one man of letters, the celebrated Mr. Pope among them, at Dartiquenave's house. Pope, at least, afterward did much to help him in his literary ambitions, and advanced him a hundred pounds when he set up as a publisher. That he was not unconscious of his superiority to his station is indicated by various passages in his own writings that plainly refer to himself. "The miseries of a thinking man," he notes in one

*Robert Dodsley: Poet, Publisher and Playwright. By Ralph Straus. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place, "are intolerably aggravated by the quick sense he has of them; his sufferings are augmented by his own cruel reflections; every uncomfortable circumstance depresses his spirits; the contempt with which the world looks upon him in a mean and despicable habit, the rude illiterate company he is forced to associate with, and the many insults, inconveniences and restraints which he undergoes in this despised, unpitied state, are themes which afford him a great many melancholy reflections." It says much for the essential nobility of Dodsley's character that he was not embittered by his experiences in a menial position; much, too, for his innate capacity that he should educate himself amid all discouragements sufficiently to obtain, not merely success as a publisher, but also a conspicuous place among the writers of his time. It was after he had left Dartiquenave's service and entered that of the Honourable Jane Lowther, where he was apparently treated with greater consideration, that the opportunity to print *A Muse in Livery* came to him; it was issued with a remarkable subscription list of over two hundred names, many of them belonging to the peerage. Eventually the success he won was to advance him in life; but he does not appear to have left Mrs. Lowther's service for some time afterward. We can only imagine how he wrote his verses, or that once famous play, *The Toy-shop*, which Pope got Rich to produce, and the success of which enabled him to begin his real career at Tully's Head.

Tully's Head, opened by Dodsley in 1735, shortly after his marriage, was in Pall Mall, possibly fronting on that thoroughfare—for such, though in those days a narrow roadway, it was. The Quality affected it greatly, as well as the men of letters.

At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;
No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd
The soft supports of laziness and pride;
Shops breathe perfumes, thro' sashes ribbons glow
The mutual arms of ladies, and the beau.

The Dodsley imprint was to become a famous one, and Tully's Head was to be a favourite resort for persons of distinction. The publisher was on the best of terms, for the most part, with his authors, whom indeed he treated with liberality. They liked to look in at the bookshop from time to time, in the leisurely eighteenth century way; just as half a century ago in Boston, which was then in many respects an eighteenth century town, the authors of the neighbourhood affected the Old Corner Bookstore, and the society of Mr. Fields. Dodsley did not attain his prosperity without at least one serious episode. The first book in the publication of which he bore a share was one of Pope's; he put forth, early in 1738, the first poem of Samuel Johnson, then an unknown writer; but the satirical poem by Paul Whitehead (not the Laureate), entitled *Manners*, published in the following year, was the means of his being brought to the bar of the House of Lords for libel and condemned to a term of imprisonment which his influential friends were able to get cut short. Lord Essex presented his petition for release, expressing sorrow for his offence and representing that "his confinement from his Business will be a great Detriment, if not the total Ruin of himself, his Wife and Family," and he "was ordered to be discharged out of custody, paying his fees." Perhaps, after all, it did him no harm; it was Johnson's belief that "the whole process was probably intended rather to intimidate Pope than to punish Whitehead;" for Pope had been making free with the reputations of some of their lordships, though he was too great a man to be directly attacked.

In the main, however, Dodsley's relations with his authors were agreeable as well as profitable. "The true *Noctes Atticæ*," Johnson used to say, "are revived at honest Dodsley's house;" and in fact the meetings at Tully's Head may fairly be compared with those of a later time at the famous Club. It was Dodsley, too, who first suggested the *Dictionary*, and who bore a part in the expense of preparing it. He was a little distressed, it seems, when Johnson, smarting under Lord Chesterfield's neglect, wrote the familiar letter rejecting that nobleman's belated patronage; he had "a property in the *Dictionary*," he said, "to which his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lordship's patronage might have been of consequence." Nothing, however, ever interrupted his friendship with the man whose literary dictatorship was not always mildly exercised—a circumstance which speaks well for his tact and generosity. Perhaps these qualities are more frequent in publishers than authors are willing to acknowledge. It was Dodsley, too, who published Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination* when the Newcastle doctor was practically unknown, on Pope's assurance that "this was no every-day writer"; and what is more, he gave Akenside a hundred and twenty pounds for it —no niggardly offer in the circumstances. One of his most intimate friends was Shenstone, whose tribute to him has already been quoted. It may be doubted if *The Schoolmistress* is much read now, though it established its author's reputation and richly merited its popularity. Shenstone, however, was quite as much interested in his garden at the Leasowes as in his poetry, and Dodsley had to remind him now and then of his promises to forward manuscripts. "What is become of your *Ode on Rural Elegance?* I was in hopes to have seen it before this time; but I suppose it must now suffer a severe and causeless Persecution under your hands, for faults which nobody but yourself could accuse it of. I am strongly tempted to come *vi et armis,* and rescue it from your Cruelty." The poet thought the publisher "a very sincere man," but he would not accept this compliment at its face value.

The two great undertakings by which Dodsley is best remembered to-day are his *Old Plays* and his *Collection of Poems.* It was his interest in the stage which suggested to him the former enterprise. Students of English drama owe this eighteenth century publisher a vast debt of gratitude for preserving in a form still accessible many early plays which might otherwise have been lost. It is worth noting that, in an age which is often accused of indifference to the great Elizabethans, the *Old Plays* sold well. Dodsley was not a profound critic in the modern sense, but his introductions in this collection show good sense and wide reading. The *Poems,* which finally ran to six volumes, are, as Mr. Straus says, a precursor of *The Golden Treasury.* The idea, of course, was not new; Dryden's *Miscellany* had been published half a century earlier. But it was timely, as Dodsley shrewdly perceived. He obtained many contributions for the work through his friendly relations with poets. Horace Walpole and Joseph Spence showed a vast interest in the undertaking. The publisher, however, had his troubles, and he must have occasionally found it hard to keep his temper with his exacting and supersensitive contributors. Ten years elapsed between the publication of the first volume and the last; and by this time, depressed by the loss of his wife and afflicted with the gout and other physical ailments, he began to think of retiring from active business. He had enough money for his needs, and he had no reason to fear that time would hang heavily on his hands. His career as publisher indicates the extent of his intellectual resources; but he was an author of some repute as well, even if to-day almost his sole surviving work is a little lyric, *One Kind Kiss Before We Part,* which few persons know he wrote. Even *The Œconomy of Human Life,* the authorship of which has been credited to Chesterfield, Lyttelton and others, though Mr. Straus makes out a strong case for Dodsley, is hardly a name to most readers.

Dodsley came nearest to revealing a touch of genius, perhaps, in the best of his plays, the tragedy of *Cleone.* This, too, is practically forgotten, though it had a marked success when it was produced by Rich. Somewhat stilted to modern ears, it is none the less well written and its pathos is sound. Mrs. Siddons revived it toward the end of the century, but was forced to give it up "because her audiences were so deeply affected." It was in truth an age of "sensibility." The production of *Cleone* brought Dodsley into collision with Garrick, who had refused the manuscript and who afterward attempted to injure the first performance by appearing on the same evening in *The Busybody* for the first time. In the controversy which followed the advantage rested with the publisher. Garrick was moved to write to Dodsley that he intended him no injury, adding, "If you will call upon me, and let me know how

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

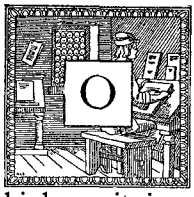
I can support your interest without giving up my own, I will do it." Dodsley's reply shows that he was quite able to hold his own. After thanking Garrick for his compliments, he says, "I hope you do not think that after what has past I can possibly bring myself to ask a favour of you. In short, if your behaviour to me has been right, I see no cause you have to be concern'd about it; if wrong, why was it so? I am certain I gave you no provocation for it." Dodsley may have been "humble and inoffensive," but he was not lacking in the capacity for righteous resentment. Yet his quarrels in a rather quarrelsome age were few, and those who knew him were for the most part sincerely attached to him.

Mr. Straus's book is a mine of agreeable anecdote, as well as a genuine addition to our knowledge both of the publisher and of his authors. It is well that a man of Dodsley's high character and real ability should be put in a truer light before a generation that has forgotten him. His success was richly deserved and justly won; and he was an ornament in every respect to the trade that is half a profession and which at its best estate has always maintained professional standards of honour.

Edward Fuller.

THE TATTLER

STAYING OUT OF PRINT



ONCE upon a time, not so many centuries ago, there was a certain mild distinction connected with getting into print. Of course the average of workmanship was not so high as it is with us. Even the best sellers did not know the tricks that you and I and Tom and Dick and Harry have at our fingers' ends. So few people could write any kind of book that the reading public, such as it was, stood ready to encourage very feeble attempts at authorship. The booksellers were delighted to publish anything they could get a few hundred subscriptions for (at a guinea a copy), and the proud creator was thereafter considered a feather in the cap of his family and community—a marked man. Perhaps nobody really read his book, or knew what it was about; but it was a book, and he was the author of it. Therefore he went into the other world trailing clouds of glory, and his title to a double immortality was duly attested upon his tombstone.

Time has changed all that. Books are as plentiful as huckleberries, and there is no more jostling among subscribers to the initial works of infant or female prodigies. Publishers do not uniformly welcome with glad smiles and anxious respect the advances of the budding poet or novelist, and editors are able to subdue their raptures upon the miraculous appearance of talented manuscripts from shopping-bag or coat-tail. Moreover, this is a hard commercial age, and the reading public, like other publics, has got into the habit of expecting something for its money. Of course those good-natured old subscribing people expected something, too—and got it—a flattering sense that they were patrons of genius, or perhaps some kind and degree of edification. It didn't occur to them to stickle for much in the way of either accurate information or amusement—certainly not the latter—which is precisely what the present book-buyer does stickle for.

Nine-tenths of the books written today are written to amuse people. It is in connection with the half-submerged tenth, which is written to instruct or to edify, that the reading public has maintained something approaching solidarity. People do not differ radically in their notion of what is instructive and edifying. They may avoid it, but they know what it is. Books of history, or science, or philosophy, whether cast in technical or popular form, are judged by a pretty general consensus. Instructive books which have a large sale consequently reach a far more heterogeneous mass of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

readers than books written to amuse. For when it comes to amusement, people differ almost indefinitely as to the very nature of the thing. If you are amused by Mark Twain, your next-door neighbour prefers Laura Jean Libbey; and there is no telling from the fact that you are a college president or an office-boy, a drummer or a great financier, whether your secret delight is in Henry James, Dr. Conan Doyle, Don Quixote, Buster Brown or Miss Marie Corelli.

Now, if nine readers out of ten are looking for amusement, with nine distinct notions as to what amusement is, it is clear that there has got to be a market for almost any book which with the least plausibility announces itself as amusing. If the publisher is sure that a given book will not hit this first or that second sort of palate, there is still the chance that it may hit the fifth or the ninth, whose predilections stand duly noted upon his schedule. Hence the vast number of twaddling and mediocre books annually put upon the market; for there is a huge audience which finds itself most comfortably amused by twaddle and mediocrity. Hence the hysterical and morbid fictions which take the name of psychology in vain. Hence the forced and inane books of "humour" which swarm upon holiday counters, with their boisterousness of the smoking-room or their affectations of the afternoon tea-party. Hence the horde of in all senses cheap magazines which surround the indolent reader like a cloud of complacent and prosperous witnesses to his folly.

Hence, and saddest of all, the difficulty decent and harmless people find in staying out of print. The demand for literary amusement is a sort of insatiable whirlpool, bound to get any poor devil who may have become haplessly conscious of his ability to put one word upon another. It is surely a pity that so many amiable and useful citizens should be annually debauched into small authors. Certainly there was never so little excuse for pumping one's self into the public fountain. We are not clear that a man shouldn't marry if he can help it: the birth-rate is distressingly low as matters stand. But we are perfectly clear that he ought not to write a book unless he can cross his heart and swear that the book is writing *him*. What if our "average workmanship" is higher than ever before? If more and more pretty good books are being written year by year, is that a proper spur to you or me to write another pretty good one? What earthly excuse is there for you—unless you are a veritable Ran Dass of an author, with a deadly fire in your inside that only ink can quench?

That is the sublime form of the mania, worthy to be called *cacœthes scribendi*, and not mere writer's itch. But even the itch, if it is the real thing, has a claim upon our commiseration, if not our respect. The man who writes to get something uncomfortable out of his system cannot be very seriously blamed, whether the result is of particular value to other people or not. And there is something to be said for such persons as are too fashless to make a living in any respectable way, and are driven to write for their hearth-fires and their daily bread. You may have a proper contempt for them, with so many bricks in the world waiting to be laid, so many columns to be totted up; but after all one must live, and the poor creatures are commonly fit for nothing else. It is probably better for them to blot paper than to steal chickens for a living. A few of them make a very good thing of it—and deserve to, on the whole. It is another kind of writer altogether who appears to have no leg whatever to stand on.

I mean the otherwise honest citizen who out of idle vanity or mere inertia allows himself to be drawn into the popular game of making books out of whole cloth. Give a poor man the knack of being amusing in conversation—of knowing how to tell a good story or turn a pungent phrase of his own, and you may be sure that his friends will be at him sooner or later to write a book.

"Why don't you write a book?"

"You ought to write a book!"

"By Jove, if I had your ability, I'd write a book!"

"Oh, Mr. Jones, I *do* wish you would write a book!"

Authorship, my dear friend, is a duty you owe your country and your God,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and it may do no harm to your pocket.

"Of course you could do it! Look at So-and-So—eighty thousand copies of his last one, they say—and think what rot *he* writes!"

Go on, worthy citizens—you are pretty certain to do "just as well"—and you can't do much worse.

This may be recognised as the *argumentum ad asinum,* but there is no telling how many innocent natures it seduces into literary vice year by year. The dread hour seems to be approaching when continence, the one supreme virtue of mediocrity, will be no more than a memory and a byword. I wonder if the "daily theme" complaint, with which our infants are now infected almost in the nursery, may not have something to do with the prevalence of the adult disease? We get a roomful of sucklings, and instead of teaching them to write like the embryo lawyers, grocers, housewives they are going to be, we insist that on a concerted signal, once a day, they should all, as it were, take pen in hand and make a noise like an author. What wonder that the temptation to dash off a book instead of minding their business is often too much for them in later life? It is easy to see what we shall be coming to if the notion keeps on spreading that the natural thing for anybody not absolutely a dummy to do is to make copy.

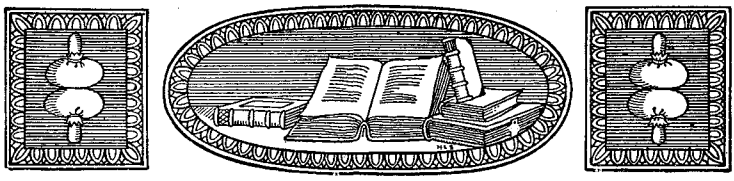
For one thing, when we have all got to be lions, there will be no lambs. Authors, it is well known, read nothing but their own works. You may find a presentation copy here and there upon their shelves—for they are endlessly hopeful of each other in this respect—but they do not buy contemporary books. It is clear that if every man were his own author there would be no reading public from the publisher's point of view. A dominant writing public would find itself in the position of a serpent diligently devouring its own tail. Momentarily sustaining as the process might be, there would have to come a moment of hopeless deadlock with practically nothing to eat and nothing to eat with: nothing, in short, to rear on.

No doubt that ridiculous situation is still somewhat in the future; but we seem to be getting on toward it. It must be that the writing mania is already interfering with the serious business of the world. How is a man to keep himself whole-heartedly and self-respectingly to his job, when one lobe of his brain is studying human nature and the other inventing plots? How is a man to earn his wages when his fancy is filled with the dream of fabulous royalties? When every other college professor, parson, lawyer, merchant and physician (not to speak of the salesladies and hod-carriers) is writing a novel or a play, who shall be the working-man? A sort of dignity used to be cherished among the leaders, at least, in professional and mercantile circles. They had their reserves and reticences: it did not occur to them to vie with the profane babblers of the market-place. Now there is scarcely a grey-beard among them that is not prepared to emulate the antics of Father William between cloth covers. Even the staid publisher, whom a sense of honour if not of decency might be expected to restrain, may now be observed prancing forth to do his little turn on the vaudeville stage of fiction.

If there are any readers of THE BOOKMAN who have not written books, and are not now in the act of writing books, we would respectfully submit to them (in this season of good resolutions) the following reasons why they should never write books—at least novels:

1. There are too many of 'em now.
2. You can help it. You know you can.
3. Stick it out, and you are bound to be distinguished.

John Wolcott.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READERS' GUIDE TO NEW BOOKS

VERSE

Broadway Publishing Company:

In Amber Lands. By Tom McInnes.

Henry Frowde:

The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott. With the Author's Introduction and Notes. Edited by J. Logie Robertson, M.A.

The Poetical Works of Lord Byron.

The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. With Introduction and Notes. Edited by Thomas Hutchinson, M.A. Oxford Editions.

Graduate Council of the Harvard University:

Selected Poems from the Harvard Monthly. 1885-1910.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Sonnets for Choice. By Margaret Chanler Aldrich.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Iron Muse. By John Curtis Underwood.

Sherman, French and Company:

Songs of Cheer. By John Kendrick Bangs.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

The Garden Muse. Poems for Garden Lovers. Selected and Edited with an Introduction by William Aspenwall Bradley.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

Henry Frowde:

The Complete Works of William Shakespeare. Edited, with a Glossary, by W. J. Craig, M.A.

The Oxford Shakespeare.

Oxford University Press (American Branch):

The Iphigenia in Tauris of Euripides. Translated into English Rhyming Verse with Explanatory Notes by Gilbert Murray, LL.D., D.Litt.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts. By Julia De Wolf Addison.

Giving a description and critical account of its treasures, which represent the arts and crafts from remote antiquity to the present time.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Shadow Garden (a Phantasy) and other Plays. By Madison Cawein.

Besides *The Shadow Garden* the volume contains three others plays: *The House of Fear,* A Mystery; *The Witch,* A Miracle; and *Cabestaing,* A Tragedy in Three Acts.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Instruments of the Modern Orchestra and Early Records of the Precursors of the Violin Family. Two Volumes. By Kathleen Schlesinger.

Volume I. Modern Orchestral Instruments. Volume II. Archæological Records. Researches into the Remote Origin of the Violin Family; a Bibliography of Music and Archæology (English and Foreign) and Indices to the Two Volumes. With over five hundred illustrations and plates.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHIES

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Life of Daniel Coit Gilman. By Fabian Franklin.

Through letters and other sources of information, the author shows the life of President Gilman not only as a great educator and a many-sided man of affairs, but as a charming friend and a delightful husband and father. The volume includes some interesting correspondence with Cobden, President Angell, Carl Schurz, Andrew D. White, President Eliot, Sidney Lanier, and many other prominent men.

Henry Holt and Company:

Leading American Novelists. By John Erskine. Ph.D.

In the series of Biographies of Leading Americans, edited by Professor W. P. Trent. Containing six critical biographies of the most important American novelists. Each author is treated separately but attention is paid to the continuous development of the novel in America. The authors considered are Charles Brockden Brown, James Fenimore Cooper, William Gilmore Simms, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Bret Harte.

Leading American Essayists. By William Morton Payne, LL.D.

Containing critical biographies of Irving, Emerson, Thoreau, and Curtis. An introduction gives a brief historical survey of the minor American essayists covering some forty writers, such as N. P. Willis, H. T. Tuckerman, A. B. Olcott, Sarah Margaret Fuller, T. W. Higginson, C. D. Warner, and Henry Van Dyke.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Life of Mary Lyon. By Beth Bradford Gilchrist.

A record of the life of one of the many notable women of the nineteenth century and one through whose influence

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the movement for the higher education of women was begun.

An Approach to Walt Whitman. By Carleton Noyes.

The chapters deal with Whitman the Man, with his Art, his Human Appeal, his Attitude toward God and Religion, and, finally, with his unique message to the individual reader.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Ruskin and His Circle. By Ada Earland.

A picture of Ruskin and of the richly endowed individuals that belonged to his circle of intimates: Turner, Hunt, Rossetti, Millais, Carlyle, Norton, Burne-Jones, William Morris, the Brownings, Miss Mitford, Dr. John Brown, Lady Trevelyan, Acland, Whistler and many others.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Fascinating Duc De Richelieu. Louis François Armand Du Plessis. (1696-1788.) By H. Noel Williams.

An account of the remarkable career of a very distinguished and versatile personage, who had a notable military career, and was a skilful diplomat besides being a friend of Voltaire and confidant of Loius XIV, and prominent in all court intrigues of the time.

The Empress Eugénie. 1870-1910. By Edward Legge.

Her Majesty's life since "The Terrible Year," together with the statement of her case, the Emperor's own story of Sedan, an account of his exile and last days. Also reminiscences of the Prince Imperial.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS

D. Appleton and Company:

The Psychology of Reasoning. By W. B. Pillsbury, Ph.D.

Based on lectures given at Columbia University. An effort to determine the ways in which reasoning has grown out of the simpler mental operations and to discuss the uses that have been made of the materials in reasoning.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

Progress from Experience. By Edward Selden Hyde.

With chapters on "Progress in Progression"; "Industrial Progress"; "The Survival of the Fittest"; "Present Industrial Tendencies"; "Trusts and the Tariff"; "Industry and the State"; "The Socialization of Industry"; "The Root of all Evil"; "Socialism in Relation to Christianity and Democracy"; "Current Social Tendencies"; "Religion and Progress"; and "The Puritan Succession."

George Doran and Company:

Why I am a Socialist. By Charles Edward Russell.

During the past thirty years Mr. Russell has been engaged as a reporter and journalist, and in these capacities has had the opportunity to investigate many social problems. The results of these investigations, of which he gives many illustrations, have caused him to become a socialist.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Dethronement of the City Boss. By John J. Hamilton.

Being a study of the commission plan as begun in Galveston, developed and extended in Des Moines, and already taken up by many other cities, East and West.

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, D.D., LL.D. (Editor-in-Chief), George W. Gilmore, M.A. (Associate Editor), and others.

Volume VII treats of six hundred and ten topics from "Liutprand" to "Moralities." The work will be complete in twelve volumes.

Dominion and Power; or, The Science of Life and Living. By Charles Brodie Patterson.

A revised edition containing some new chapters dealing with mental and physical health, psychic development, the right use of the breath, self-control, etc.

Harper and Brothers:

The Science of Happiness. By Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.

Dr. Williams holds that people work with the greatest efficiency only when physically, mentally and morally happy. He considers the Science of Happiness as follows: "The Problem of Happiness and Its Physical Aspects"; "Mental Aspects of the Problem of Happiness"; "Social Aspects of the Problem of Happiness"; and "Moral Aspects of the Problem of Happiness."

Labor in Europe and America. By Samuel Gompers.

The author, as President of the American Federation of Labour, was commissioned by his organisation to go abroad as special representative to the British Trades Union Congress, the International Congress of Trades Unions, etc., and look into economic conditions. He travelled through England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. Observations based on the journey make up this book. They touch upon labour, wages, class feeling, social standing, free speech in the various countries, etc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

B. W. Huebsch:

The Development of Christianity. By Otto Pfleiderer, D.D. Translated from the German by Daniel A. Huebsch, Ph.D. Authorised Edition.

A series of lectures emphasising "those main points in the history of Christianity which are calculated to show in what way, by means of what connecting links, and because of what natural motives the Christianity of the New Testament became the Christianity of the present." This completes a trilogy of books of popular lectures, the first two being *Christian Origin* and *Religion and Historic Faiths.*

Health and Suggestion. The Dietetics of the Mind. By Ernst von Feuchtersleben. Translated and Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn, M.A.

The author emphasises the power of the spirit and tells of the relation between beauty and health. He considers Imagination, the Will, and then proceeds to show how our physical well-being is affected by reason and culture. Some of the other subjects treated are Temperament and Passion, the Emotions, the Law of Contrast, Hypochondria, Truth and Nature.

Latter Day Sinners and Saints. By Edward Alsworth Ross.

In the Art of Life Series, edited by Edward Howard Griggs. It embodies the indictment by the progressive thinkers of to-day of the most vicious elements of our society, and a programme for social and political house cleaning.

Charles H. Kerr and Company:

The Evolution of Property from Savagery to Civilization. By Paul La Fargue.

Discussing "Forms of Contemporaneous Property"; "Primitive Communism"; "Family or Consanguine Collectivism"; "Feudal Property" and "Bourgeois Property."

The Class Struggle. (Erfurt Program.) By Karl Kautsky.

A translation by William E. Bohn based on the eighth German edition (1907).

The Poverty of Philosophy. By Karl Marx. With a Preface by Friedrich Engels. Translated by H. Quelch.

A translation of the "Misère de la Philosophie." (Being a reply to "La Philosophie de la Misère" of M. Proudhon.)

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Life and Health. By James Frederick Rogers, M.D.

The first part of the book "Meaning of Health," is intended as a general picture of the body in life and health, and the second part, "Maintenance of Health," deals more explicitly with the problems of hygiene.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Life as Reality. A Philosophical Essay. By Arthur Stone Dewing.

Dr. Dewing searches for reality in the naïve sense experience, in the laws of science, in the objective principles of individual and social morality, and in the religious consciousness. He finds that the underlying reality everywhere lies in the self-expressive impulse of life which each one of these spheres of human values reveals.

The Macmillan Company:

The Old Order Changeth. A View of American Democracy. By William Allen White.

In outlining the purpose of his new work Mr. White writes: "This book will try to tell, not in the language of the trained scientist, but in the words of an observer in the midst of life that now is, something about the present status of society in America."

The Gospel and the Modern Man. By Shailer Mathews.

"The characteristics of the modern man," Dr. Mathews writes, "are fourfold: first, a high development of scientific thought; second, a conception of God as a force in the world rather than as an extra-mundane monarch; third, a great sense of social solidarity; and fourth, a refusal to accept as basis of truth, authority or metaphysical deduction."

The Open Court Publishing Company:

Letters to His Holiness Pope Pius X. By A Modernist.

In an introductory chapter it is stated that these letters "are not intended to create a sensation, but to prepare for a future which in moments of enthusiasm, seems near at hand. They have a twofold purpose. On the one hand, our author wants to make the Curia feel its enormous responsibility, and on the other hand, to educate both priest and layman for the work of reconstruction." The author is said to be a devout Christian and also a good Catholic in the broad sense of the word.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

D. Appleton and Company:

Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena. By H. J. Mozans, A.M., Ph.D.

A record of the author's travels to South American countries and across the Andes. He travelled largely by foot or by pack mule, frequenting unknown and little visited places and following the trails and unbeaten paths rather than familiar roads. The present volume will be followed by one entitled *Along the Andes and Down the Amazon.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Southern South. By Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D.

A careful consideration of our Southern States four decades after the war between the States, with philosophical conclusions which the author has arrived at as to the outlook for the future in commerce, agriculture and sociological conditions.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

South American Fights and Fighters and Other Tales of Adventure. By Cyrus Townsend Brady, LL.D.

In the American Fights and Fighters Series. The first part takes up the stirring story of conquest in South America and Mexico, narrating the deeds and fortunes of the Pizarros, of Pedrarias, of Balboa and Cortez; of Ojeda and Nicuesa, and of the gentle but glorious Las Casas, apparently the only Spaniard friend the Indians had. Part II contains a series of sea pictures of the Pacific, such as the cruise of the *Tonquin*, and the loss of the *Essex*, whaler. The book contains numerous illustrations, including original drawings by several American artists, maps, plans, portraits and reproductions of old prints.

The Grafton Press:

Early Rhode Island. A Social History of the People. By William B. Weeden, A.M.

Mr. Weeden gives the results of many years of investigation and research in his own State, of the every-day occurrences in the lives of the early inhabitants, what they manufactured, bought, imported, sold and owned. The various chapters treat of the Founding of Rhode Island, Planting, Life in Providence and Newport, The Patriarch Conditions in King's County, The Period Under the Charles II Charter, Commercial Providence, The South Country and Conditions Under Revolutionary Times.

Harper and Brothers:

An Explorer's Adventures in Tibet. By A. Henry Savage Landor.

An account for young people of the explorer's trials, hardships, and final torture during his successful attempt to enter the Forbidden City. All scientific references, included in the author's larger work, *In the Forbidden Land*, have been omitted and attention has been devoted to the main story.

Henry Holt and Company:

Our Search for a Wilderness. By Mary Blair Beebe and C. William Beebe.

Being an account of two ornithological expeditions to Venezuela and to British Guiana.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

The Russian Road to China. By Lindon Bates, Jr.

An account of Mr. Bates's experiences, adventures and impressions during his trip on the Russian Railroad across Siberia to Irkutsk, and thence by sledge along the old post road to Urga, in Mongolia.

John Lane Company:

China. Its Marvel and Mystery. By T. Hodgson Liddell, R.B.A.

Of the places visited and illustrated by the author the chief are: Hong Kong, Canton, Macao, and the neighbourhood of these places in the south; Shanghai, the Great Lake district, Bing-co, Kashing and Hangchow; in the north, Peitaiho, Shan-hai-kwan, Tientsin, and finally Peking, with its world-famous palaces and temples. There are forty illustrations in colour by the author.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

A Woman in Canada. By Mrs. George Cran.

Mrs. Cran spent several months as a visitor in Canada and later went there as a correspondent to several prominent London journals. In this volume she sets forth a picture of the country as seen by her during that time. The book includes some thirty full-page illustrations.

The Macmillan Company:

The Picturesque St. Lawrence. Written and Illustrated by Clifton Johnson.

Beginning with the earliest explorers of the river, Mr. Johnson treats successively of the Thousand Islands and the Rapids; of early Montreal and the Montreal of to-day; of Ottawa; of Richelieu and Lake Champlain; of St. Francis; of Quebec, past and present; of the beautiful Saguenay; and of the St. Lawrence in winter. With forty-eight full-page pictures taken by the author.

Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road. By H. Addington Bruce.

The latest addition to the series of Stories from American History.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

A Woman's Impressions of the Philippines. By Mary H. Fee.

After many years' teaching in the Philippines the author has written an interesting account of the native life and its setting. She describes the pleasures—and other than pleasures—of travelling among the islands, the perpetual comedy of village life, the trials incident to teaching the Filipino youth, and the incongruities caused by the imposition of our western civilisation upon the shoulders of this child race. The volume is illustrated.

The First Great Canadian. By Charles B. Reed.

The story of Pierre Le Moyne, Sieur D'Iberville, the most conspicuous figure of the days when France sought empire in America.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beyond the Mexican Sierras. By Dillon Wallace.

The author writes enthusiastically of a practically untouched land of promise, with its snow-capped mountain heights, vast plains, picturesque villages, ancient ruins and historic towns. For the huntsman he pictures "an ideal hunting ground in these primeval solitudes, for it is a wilderness abounding in game, and almost unknown and unexplored."

Bygone Days in Chicago. Recollections of the "Garden City" of the Sixties. By Frederick Francis Cook.

The work contains the personal reminiscences of the author covering a period dating from the time of the Civil War up to and after the great fire in 1871, and recollections gathered by him at that time of old settlers, comprising a record of events in the lives of the pioneers and dating back to the days when John Kinzie's was the only white family's habitation outside the stockade known as Fort Dearborn.

Munn and Company:

The Scientific American Handbook of Travel. Compiled and Edited by Albert A. Hopkins.

With hints for the ocean voyage for European tours and a practical guide to London and Paris.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Three Rivers. The James, the Potomac, the Hudson. A Retrospect of Peace and War. By Joseph Pearson Farley, U. S. A.

This retrospect of peace and war is a record in which anecdote, history, biography, observation, and experience—books, battles, soldiers, pictures, theories, men and things, are happily mingled. The book is illustrated with ten full-page reproductions in colour of sketches from nature made by the author.

Rear-Admirals Schley, Sampson and Cervera. A Review of the Naval Campaign of 1898, in Pursuit and Destruction of the Spanish Fleet Commanded by Rear-Admiral Pascual Cervera. By James Parker.

Beginning with the causes of the war with Spain, and the events preliminary to the declaration of war, the author goes on with the appointment of Schley as Commander of the Flying Squadron, giving a sketch of that officer's career and services previous to the war. He traces the story of the search for Cervera's fleet, its detention in the harbour of Santiago, and its subsequent defeat and destruction, facts narrated side by side with the testimony brought out during the inquiry. Captain Clark's story of the battle is given in full, as is Schley's Preliminary Report of the Battle, and the notes taken on board the *Vixen;* the notes and "the purported copy that was sent to Admiral Sampson in Sharp's official report" being printed in parallel columns.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Tent Life in Siberia. A New Account of an Old Undertaking. Adventures Among the Koraks and Other Tribes in Kamchatka and Northern Asia. By George Kennan.

A revised, illustrated and enlarged edition. The revised edition comprises some substantial additions, including "Our Narrowest Escape"; "The Aurora of the Sea"; and "A Six-Thousand-Mile Sleighride.." The illustrations are partly from paintings by the late George A. Frost, who was Mr. Kennan's companion on two Siberian expeditions, and partly from photographs taken for the American Museum of Natural History by Messrs. Bogoras and Jochelson, two Russian political exiles who led the Siberian parties of the Morris K. Jessup North Pacific Expedition.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Great Britain. Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker.

Seventh edition. Revised and augmented.

Switzerland of the Swiss. By Frank Webb.

A study of the Swiss people, their daily life, their ideas, their difficulties, and their aims. Mr. Webb takes up "Industry and Commerce," "Art and Literature," "Home Life," "Education and Religion," "The Judicial System," etc. The volume is illustrated.

The Manor Houses of England. By P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A. Illustrated by Sydney R. Jones.

"The object of this book," the author writes in his preface, "is to describe and illustrate the old country manor houses of England, which are fast falling into decay, and are being replaced by modern and less picturesque buildings."

Southern Germany. (Wurtemberg and Bavaria.) Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker.

Eleventh revised edition. With thirty-six maps and forty-five plans.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

Speaking and Writing. Book One. (For Use in Third-Year Classes.) By William H. Maxwell, Emma L. Johnston and Madalene D. Barnum.

The first part, which is devoted entirely to oral expression, consists of story-telling, dramatisation, games, drills on sound formation, and the study of poems and pictures. The second part is composed of lessons in both oral and written composition, with the emphasis

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

placed upon the written work, the exercises including practice in sentence forms, paragraph construction, and the composition as a whole.

Richard of Jamestown. A Story of the Virginia Colony. By James Otis.

Intended for supplementary reading in the third, fourth, and fifth years.

German Students' Manual of the Literature, Land and People of Germany. By Franklin J. Holzwarth, Ph.D.

Introductory chapters describe the early civilisation and history of the Germans. A sketch of the literature follows, with outlines of the great works. and a map which will enable the student to locate places of political and literary interest. An appendix treats of the language, the geography, the government, industries, and education, a list of idiomatic expressions, and tables of money, weights, and measures.

The Human Body and Health. By Alvin Davison, M.S., A.M., Ph.D.

Based on the common-sense idea that the study of physiology should lead to the conservation of health.

The A. S. Barnes Company:

Swedish Folk Dances. By Nils W. Bergquist. Introduction by C. Ward Crampton.

The best dances of a nation famed for its folk dances have been included in this book. The author, an instructor of physical culture in the New York City schools, is of Swedish birth. The directions for the dances are preceded by a brief explanation of the terms used and description of the steps involved.

Henry Frowde:

Un Héritage. By Jules Sandeau. Edited by Pauline K. Leveson.

In the Oxford Modern French Series, edited by Leon Delbos, M.A.

Ginn and Company:

Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners, or a Brief and Faithful Relation of the Exceeding Mercy of God in Christ to His Poor Servant, John Bunyan. Edited with an Introduction by Edward Chauncey Baldwin, Ph.D.

In the series of Standard English Classics. The work itself is preceded by an essay on Bunyan's style and followed by suggestive questions for the study of the text.

The Elements of English Versification. By James Wilson Bright, Ph.D., Litt.D., and Raymond Durbin Miller, Ph.D.

The book deals exclusively with the more external side of poetry—its metrical form. Part I treats of the individual verse; shows the nature of rhythm, metre, melody, harmony; enumerates and illustrates the various metres; defines tone and colour and the different kinds of rhyme; and concludes with a chapter on the scansion of verse. Part II is concerned with the grouping of verses into paragraphs, stanzas, and complete poems.

Goldsmith's The Deserted Village. Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Louise Pound, Ph.D.

Suitable for study in the higher grades of secondary schools, in high schools, and in colleges. The aim in editing the two poems has been to supply the student with the knowledge necessary for critical reading, and to stimulate his powers of analysis and appreciation.

Harper and Brothers:

Travels at Home. By Mark Twain.

Selected from the works of Mark Twain by Percival Chubb, director of English in the Ethical Culture School, New York, and arranged for home and supplementary reading in the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades. Including the best chapters from such volumes as *Roughing It* and *Life on the Mississippi,* wherein the author records his wanderings in his native land.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Cranford. By Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell. Edited, with Introduction, Notes and Suggestive Questions, by H. E. Coblentz.

Selections from Bracebridge Hall. By Washington Irving. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Samuel Thurber, Jr.

Scott, Foresman and Company:

Elson Grammar School Reader. Book Three. By William H. Elson and Christine Keck.

For children in the latter part of grammar school work. Part I consists of Patriotic Selections and Nature Poems; Part II, King Arthur Stories; Part III, Great American Authors.

Quentin Durward. By Walter Scott. Edited for School Use by William Edward Simonds, Ph.D.

In the series of the Lake English Classics.

American Public Addresses. Edited by Joseph Villiers Denney.

Designed to afford material for a course in Public Speaking of such a character that it will be available for four years' high school or freshman college work. There is an introductory chapter on the theory of public speaking.

Three American Poems. The Raven. By Edgar Allan Poe. The Courtship of Miles Standish. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Snow-Bound. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Edited for School Use by Garland Greever, A.M.

In the series of Lake English Classics.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Silver, Burdett and Company:

Around the World. By Stella W. Carroll Tolman. Edited by Clarence F. Carroll.

Book Five in the New Century Geographical Series. Intended for use in the fifth and sixth grades. It covers the British Empire and Italy.

FICTION

Aberdeen Publishing Company:

The Shepherdess of To-Day. By Adelaide De Barrios.

A Christian Scientist moves into a small town and starts a practice in an office opposite that of a physician. The story tells of the influence she exerts, of the cures she effects through the practice of Christian Science, and how she finally succeeds in winning over a sufficient number of people to establish a Christian Science church in the community.

D. Appleton and Company:

White Magic. By David Graham Phillips.

The story of a most persistent young woman who falls deeply in love with a poor artist who seems not to care for the heiress. She literally thrusts her attentions upon him. He has no desire to marry, being wholly devoted to his art. After much manœvring the girl forces her father to give up his objections to the choice she has made for herself and seeks his aid in the matter. The artist fights against it, but eventually the girl succeeds in making him realise that he is in love with her.

The Green Mouse. By Robert W. Chambers.

A series of comedies based on a wonderful new invention; a wireless machine that catches and brings into contact the psychic waves of persons of opposite sex. Once this instrument has been set in motion by a man or woman it inevitably attracts his or her predestined affinity, and no power on earth can prevent their meeting and marriage.

Tony's Wife. By George Gibbs.

The opening scenes are laid in a small village of Pennsylvania, among the Quakers, and shows the early lives of a young man, Tony, and his childhood companion, Barbara. Tony goes to New York to study art, becomes infatuated with a pretty and vivacious young woman and hastily enters into a marriage which results in unhappiness for both and a separation just at the time when the artist has received recognition in his profession. Barbara endeavours to bring the two together but fails. Tony now realises his genuine love for Barbara, and it is Kitty who, on her death-bed, secures their promise that they will marry when she has gone out of their lives.

Brentano's:

The Fated Five. (The Tale of a Tontine.) By Gerald Biss.

Six men in London form a tontine with a capital of $600,000, and the story is told of the carefully laid schemes of one of the members, a prominent lawyer, to put the other five members out of the way so that he, as the survivor, may claim the entire sum of $600,000.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Man Higher Up. A Story of the Fight, which is Life, and the Force, which is Love. By Henry Russell Miller.

The tale is set in Pittsburgh and deals largely with conditions in the world of politics. Bob McAdoo, the hero, is introduced as a newsboy, but rapidly works his way up until he is made Mayor of his town and eventually Governor of the State.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Romance of the Ten Thousand Islands. A Florida Story. By A. E. Philips (Edwin Alberton).

Based on the adventures of the daring and desperate Gasparilla who was the last of the great pirates that had their headquarters among the islands of the Florida Gulf Coast.

The Eternal Fires. By Nancy Musselman Schoonmaker.

Relating the sad experiences of a young Kentucky girl who, rebeling against the narrow life she is compelled to lead among the farming people of Kentucky, decides to see and know something of the broader life in the outside world. She completes a college course, and then goes abroad for several years.

Cassell and Company, Limited:

Blind Hopes. By Helen Wallace.

The scene is laid in England. It is a story of the struggles of an ambitious young man, who, with great hopes for an honourable and successful future, is suddenly forced to give up everything when he finds he is not the legal heir to the home and the estate which he had made such an effort to build up and maintain. But while he loses all else his own fine character and manliness win for him the woman he loves.

The Century Company:

Franklin Winslow Kane. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

The story is set in England. It follows the almost hopelessly tangled love affairs of two men and two women. Althea Jakes, a wealthy and cultured American, takes many years to reach the decision that she will marry Franklin Winslow Kane, the scientist. In the meantime Althea meets the other two persons whose affairs become so closely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

associated with her own. Helen and Gerald, the English couple, are poor, irresponsible and selfish, and while Helen has always loved him, Gerald becomes engaged to Althea, being attracted by her wealth. But the patient and unselfish Kane is rewarded when Althea finally makes up her mind to marry him.

The C. M. Clark Publishing Company:

The Broken Wheel. By Florence Land May.

Based on the political corruption brought to light in San Francisco after the recent earthquake.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

And this is War. By Carl Hermon Dudley.

The cruelty of war is here emphasised. The author gives a series of pictures of the tragedies that come to individual sufferers.

Cupples and Leon Company:

The Society Wolf. By Luke Thrice.

A series of short stories which originally appeared in various newspapers. The same hero figures in each story. He is a young Virginian who seeks his fortune in New York Society.

West Point. Its Glamour and Its Grind. By Captain Harold Hammond, U. S. A.

A story of life at the military school, covering the period from the young man's entrance to his graduation.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Eddy. By Clarence L. Cullen.

A story of New York life to-day. The theme is the uplifting influence of a young daughter upon a self-centred and pleasure-loving mother.

Crag-Nest. A Romance of the Days of Sheridan's Ride. By T. C. De Leon.

A new edition of a book which originally appeared in 1897.

The Happy Family. By B. M. Bower. (B. M. Sinclair.)

The Happy Family consists of a group of cowboys who hold sway at the Flying U ranch. They are the same lively young fellows that appeared in the author's *Chip of the Flying U* and *The Lure of the Dim Trails.*

The Land of Frozen Suns. By Bernard W. Sinclair.

Just at the time that Robert Summers became heir to a large fortune, he was kidnapped and carried off to Canada, where he was forced to take up the life of the far North. Unwillingly he becomes associated with a party of free traders, who wage war against the Ancient and Honourable Company of Adventurers Trading In and Out of Hudson Bay (as their charter puts it). After an adventurous experience in the wilds of Canada the young man comes into his own.

The Red Flag. By Georges Ohnet.

The story of a strike, showing the conflict between master and men, in which the civil and military authorities do their part. The scene is laid on the frontier of Alsace and Lorraine.

John Holden, Unionist. A Romance of the Days of Forrest's Ride with Emma Sanson. By T. C. De Leon.

The John Holden of the story is a man who, though a Southerner, stood firm for the Union all during the years of conflict between the North and South.

Tinsel and Gold. By Dion Clayton Calthrop.

The plot of the story is based on the secret marriage of a young nobleman to a beautiful actress.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Gloria. By G. Frederic Turner, M.A.

A tale of some exciting times in the Kingdom of Grimland, a little country on the border of Austria and Russia. Gloria is the charming young princess in exile, the last of the Schattenbergs, who believes herself to be the rightful ruler of Grimland. She is able, with the assistance of George Trafford, an American looking for adventure, to start a revolution, which, despite the wonderful ingenuity of her gallant leader, only partially succeeds. However, "Nervy" Trafford succeeds in winning the heart of royalty, and Gloria is satisfied to have King Karl readjust affairs in his kingdom and continue to wear the once much-coveted crown.

The Marriage of Theodora. By Molly Elliot Seawell.

The theme of Miss Seawell's new story is international marriage. The plot is based on the difficulties which arise between the American girl and the members and friends of the English family into which she marries and her struggle to overcome these difficulties.

Love, the Judge. By Wymond Carey.

Dick Forester works hard for a number of years, at the end of which time he is a wealthy man. He decides to marry, but his knowledge of women being slight he finds this a somewhat more complicated proposition than he had anticipated. There are two women concerned: one who wants to marry Forester to satisfy certain social ambitions and another who really loves him. He comes very near getting the wrong woman, but with Love as the judge this is happily averted.

Those Brewster Children. By Florence Morse Kingsley.

Described as "the love story of an almost old maid, mixed in with the lives of three lively, human youngsters, and flavoured with a very light and clever

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plea for the proper method of bringing up children."

B. W. Dodge and Company:

Samuel the Seeker. By Upton Sinclair.

At the age of seventeen, Samuel Prescott, with a very small sum of money, starts out to seek a new life. He finds the outside world vastly different from the quiet little farming district he had left. With his money gone and no friends to look to he is not long in deciding that the world is a cold and hard one. This thought leads him to meditate upon the wrongs of the people. He goes from one thing to another and succeeds in getting into considerable trouble, from which he extricates himself only to start anew on another track. His final adventure is among the socialists.

Dodge Publishing Company:

The Life of Me. By Ethel Shackelford.

An autobiography, supposedly by a baby, about a baby. He expresses his views on many subjects: his parents, relatives, nurses, surroundings, and life in general.

George H. Doran Company:

The Fatal Ruby. By Charles Garvice.

The main scenes are laid in England. In revenge for a wrong done another a man is murdered, his infant daughter is stolen, and a priceless ruby disappears.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Awakening off Zojas. By Miriam Michelson.

Four short stories. The title story tells how an outlaw about to be executed saves his life by taking a powerful potion, given him by a great scientist, which has the effect of making him appear dead while in reality life has merely been suspended. Zojas awakens one hundred years later and takes up his life under greatly changed conditions and surroundings.

The Personal Conduct of Belinda. By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd.

Belinda Carewe, the youngest teacher in a select boarding-school for girls, had planned to assist her associate, Miss Barnes, in conducting a small party on a tour through Europe. At the last moment Miss Barnes finds herself unable to make the trip and Belinda is persuaded to take her place. Realising that her task is to be a difficult one, Belinda starts out with all the rules and regulations attainable from guide-books, etc., which, however, prove wholly inadequate for the unforeseen emergencies, such as "assorted engagements," and at the end of the tour Belinda is forced to admit that "her personal conducting has been bad enough, but that her personal conduct has been a scandal."

Paul Elder and Company:

Obil, Keeper of Camels. Being the Parable of the Man Whom the Disciples Saw Casting Out Devils. By Lucia Chase Bell.

A Bible story founded on the passage in Luke 9: 49, 50.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Shadow of Christine. By Evelyn C. H. Vivian.

The hero is a man of reckless and dissipated habits who goes to the extent of taking a man's life in order to gain possession of his claim, an unusually rich one, in the mining district of Australia. His adventures in love are also varied and exciting.

Hard Pressed. By Fred M. White.

The scene is laid in England. Failing to win the hand of May Heredale, an unscrupulous suitor, claiming to be a millionaire, turns his efforts toward the ruination of her father, who is already heavily in debt. This he planned to bring about through the race course, but his schemes are discovered before the great Derby Day.

In the Shadow of God. By Guy Arthur Jamieson.

The experiences of a young man who goes to New York to study art. Failing in that, he returns to his home in the West, where he enters the ministry.

The Griffith and Rowland Press:

The Gang. By Fred Brasted.

A story of the Middle West.

The Girl from Vermont. By Marshall Saunders.

The story of a vacation school teacher.

Harper and Brothers:

The Hermit of Capri. By John Steventon.

The story is told in the form of letters written by a man who is sojourning on the Island of Capri to a young school teacher in America.

The Flowers. By Margarita Spalding Gerry.

Depicting the delightful friendship which develops between an old man and a little boy, both ardent lovers of flowers. The story tells how they work together and help each other, and of their great ambition to win the prize of one thousand dollars offered to the horticulturist who could exhibit at the County Fair "a white rose with a Jacqueminot perfume."

The Apple-tree Cottage. By Elinor Macartney Lane.

A wealthy young man, in order to get away from society for a time, visits the Apple-tree Cottage. Here he asserts that he is a married man and invents one story after another to substantiate his assertion. He very soon repents of his statement, for he falls in love with a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

girl whom he wants to marry. He hears that she is starting for Europe, and immediately engages passage on the same ship, but, to his sorrow, he finds that it is her sister who is making the trip. However, he returns as soon as possible, and at the end of five weeks is back at Apple-tree Cottage explaining matters to Barbara Kynnett, to whom an explanation was unnecessary, as she had known for some time that there was no truth in the story.

Under the Greenwood Tree. A Rural Painting of the Dutch School. By Thomas Hardy.

Volume IV in the new thin paper edition of the novels of Thomas Hardy.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

Country Neighbors. By Alice Brown.

A collection of short stories of New England life.

Mitchell Kennerley:

Studies in Wives. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.

Six short stories dealing with various phases of married life.

Lenox Publishing Company:

Osru. The History of a Soul. By Justin Sterns.

Described as a tale of many incarnations.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Raleigh. By William Devereux and Stephen Lovell.

A romance of Elizabeth's court. Founded on the successful drama *Sir Walter Raleigh,* as played by Lewis Waller.

The American in Paris. A Biographical Novel of the Franco-Prussian War; The Siege and Commune of Paris. From an American Standpoint. By Eugene Coleman Savidge.

A reprint.

Little, Brown and Company:

Caleb Trench. By Mary Imlay Taylor.

Caleb Trench is a young Philadelphian of Quaker descent, who, after several attempts to make a place for himself, settles in a small town of Virginia as a shop-keeper. His evenings he devotes to the study of law. His fight against class prejudices in the South is a hard one, but his fine character and persistence gradually win for him a high social and political standing, and also the heart of the haughty Diana Royall.

The Red Symbol. By John Ironside.

Maurice Wynn, an American in the employ of a London newspaper, is sent to Russia as their correspondent. His love for Anna Pendennis leads him to become involved in the powerful Nihilist society which has for its symbol the red geranium.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

John the Unafraid.

The book is made up of the wise sayings of "John the Unafraid," the only man in the community who remained fearless in the face of a prophecy that the earth was about to be destroyed by a new planet which would strike it. He alone pursued his daily tasks. The prophecy is never fulfilled, and "John the Unafraid" becomes the leader of the people, establishing among them the Church of the Brotherhood, the only requisition for membership being a kind word to a fellow-creature. The author's name has not been divulged, but the publishers announce that he is a man well known throughout the country and one who has thought deeply on many vital problems.

Dan Merrithew. By Lawrence Perry.

Relating to the adventures of Dan Merrithew, who, after his college days, becomes a captain of a tug-boat. He has some thrilling experiences on the water, which not only win fame for him but also the daughter of a wealthy New Yorker. He is the means of saving Mr. Howland's yacht, *The Veiled Lady,* and it is on board the yacht that he meets Virginia. Mr. Howland, appreciating the young man's service and ability, makes him assistant marine superintendent of the Coastline Company.

L. C. Page and Company:

My Heart and Stephanie. By Reginald Wright Kauffman.

The story continues the career of the American girl, Frances Baird, the heroine of Mr. Kauffman's detective story of that name. The plot is based on the mystery concerning the Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria. This leads the American detective and her companion, a newspaper man, to many of the courts of Europe. Countess Stephanie, a Polish conspirator, is the heroine of Mr. Kauffman's new tale of love and intrigue.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The House of the Whispering Pines. By Anna Katharine Green.

A mystery story concerning Adelaide Cumberland's death, which took place at night in "The House of the Whispering Pines," a country club house which had been closed for the winter season. The president of the club, who was the man to whom Adelaide was engaged, although he had endeavoured to plan an elopement with her sister for that very evening, is driving by the place and seeing smoke is led to investigate. He discovers Carmel, the sister, leaving the club house. He also discovers that the brother of the girl had been in the house that night. He then learns that Adelaide has been strangled to death. Both

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he and the brother are held for the murder, and each, having a fear that Carmel may have had something to do with the crime, give no information about her having been in the club house on the night of the murder. But in the end it is the servants' hall at the Cumberland home that provides the solution of the mystery.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Fir and the Palm. By Olive M. Briggs.

An Italian lion-tamer, when dying from the wounds inflicted by an infuriated beast, gives to the physician who attends her a diary which tells the sad story of her life and practically makes him, a stranger, the guardian of her young daughter, in whose interest she has worked so hard. Teresita signs a contract to take her mother's place, but is dissuaded from her purpose by the physician, who falls deeply in love with her. On the evening of their wedding day the doctor is called to the hospital to pass on a very critical case. During his absence a letter comes from his sister, in which she expresses in a forceful way what in her opinion is likely to be the outcome of his marriage with the high-spirited little Italian. Teresita reads the letter and immediately her emotional nature responds. Her course is decided in a moment and a little later the physician returns to his home only to find his wife's pet dog howling for his beloved mistress. The doctor gives up everything and starts a search for his wife, a search which leads him to Italy and eventually, after following many false clues, to the lost Teresita.

The Head Coach. By Ralph D. Paine.

"Deacon Kingsland," a great Yale centre who graduated from the Divinity School and went to a little out-of-the-way down East church, spends his spare time coaching the football team of a small college. The story tells of the life at this college, what the minister did for the college and for its team, and also tells of the minister's own life among his parishioners.

The Works of George Meredith.
Vols. III and IV. Sandra Belloni.
Vol. V. Rhoda Fleming.
Vol. VI. Evan Harrington.
Vols. VII and VIII. Vittoria.
Vols. IX and X. The Adventures of Harry Richmond.
Memorial Edition.

Sherman, French and Company:

Yet Speaketh He. By Gertrude Capen Whitney.

A short story showing Dick Trencheon's influence for good which continued to spread even after his death.

I Choose. By Gertrude Capen Whitney.

The one who chooses to remain in prison in order to help her companions is a poor woman who was wrongly accused of a crime and imprisoned for a term of five years.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Scar. By Warrington Dawson.

The story is set in Virginia at a time when the old families are still struggling and endeavouring to retrieve their fortunes, so terribly shattered by the Civil War. It tells of the friction and unhappiness which results from the marriage of a Northern girl, accustomed to wealth, to a young Southerner who is running the plantation and trying to keep up appearances for the family. The wife fails to understand the Southern people, is in constant friction with her husband's mother, a Southerner of the old school, and is miserable herself, for her marriage with Dick Hadleigh had not been for love, but merely as a means of escaping from the life which is suddenly thrust upon her, when, through an unscrupulous uncle, her fortune disappears.

A Cycle of Sunsets. By Mabel Loomis Todd.

Mrs. Todd's new book is not only a study of sunsets of interest to all lovers of nature, but a dainty romance and incidentally a picture of college life at Amherst. The story is told in the form of a diary.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

The Green Cloak. By Yorke Davis.

The scene of this detective story, which is concerned with a mysterious murder, extends from an American city to the South Seas.

JUVENILE

The Century Company:

When I Grow Up. Verses and Pictures by W. W. Denslow.

A lad's day-dreams of what he would like to be when he grows up—an autoist one day, a clown another, a hunter, a baseball player, cowboy, pirate. With twenty-four full pages in colour; twenty-four full-page half-tones; also chapter headings, tailpieces and marginal drawings.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Story of Hereward. The Champion of England. By Douglas C. Stedman, B.A.

The life story of "the last of the Saxon heroes."

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Kite Book. By B. Cory Kilvert.

Clever and amusing verses about Wally Wimple and his kite. With twenty-four large full-page illustrations in colour by the author.

Dick and Dolly. By Carolyn Wells.

Dick and Dolly are brother and sister, who have been left to the care of two maiden aunts. They are bright and happy children and manage to keep things lively at the old Dana homestead.

Dodge Publishing Company:

The Arabian Nights.

A new edition with about one hundred and thirty illustrations by W. Heath Robinson, Helen Stratton and others.

The Wonders of the Zoo. By Lilian Gask.

Stories about the birds and animals of the zoo, with original illustrations by Dorothy Hardy.

Stories from the Iliad. By H. L. Havell.

Mr. Havell prefaces these *Stories from the Iliad* with an introduction in which he speaks briefly of The Story; The Divine Characters; The Humorous Characters; and The Similes.

Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There. By Lewis Carroll.

With ten full-page illustrations in colour and numerous pen-and-ink sketches by Bessie Collins Pease.

Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes. Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illustrated by John Hassall, R.I.

A collection of over four hundred of the old favourite nursery rhymes. With over two hundred pictures.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Tales of Wonder. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith.

The fourth and last volume of the Fairy Series in the Children's Classics.

Duffield and Company:

The Animals of the Ark. From the French of P. Guizou by Edgar Mills. Pictures by A. Vimar.

The pictures show the animals in all sorts of occupations as they while away the time for the forty days and forty nights of the flood.

Grimm's Animal Stories. By Wilhelm and Jakob Grimm. Translated by Lucy Crane.

A collection of all those stories by the Grimm brothers which contain animals. They are illustrated with pictures by Mr. John Rae.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

Gulliver's Travels. Into Several Remote Nations of the World. By Jonathan Swift. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

A new edition with twelve full-page illustrations in colour, many head and tailpieces in black and white, decorative end papers and cover design in gold by Arthur Rackham.

Tales from Shakespeare. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

Tales arranged for the young reader as an introduction to the study of Shakespeare. This new edition has twelve full-page illustrations in colour, head and tailpieces throughout, decorative end papers and special cover design in gold on red ground by Arthur Rackham.

Dana Estes and Company:

Chatterbox. For 1909. Founded by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A.

Containing about forty stories (all with illustrations), anecdotes, natural history papers, poetry, and numerous articles of general information.

The *Sarah Jane:* Dicky Dalton, Captain. A Story of Tugboating in Portland Harbour. By James Otis.

The second volume in the series of Business Venture Stories. It deals with the efforts of two venturesome American boys to manage and operate a small tugboat.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Pilgrim's Progress. From this World to that which is to Come. By John Bunyan.

A new edition illustrated in colour by Ambrose Dudley.

Harper and Brothers:

When Roggie and Reggie Were Five. By Gertrude Smith.

When Roggie and Reggie's father becomes a U. S. Senator they leave their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

home in Southern California and take up life at Washington. Here Roggie and Reggie visit the President, see the White House, and thoroughly enjoy their new life.

On the Gridiron, and Other Stories of Outdoor Sport. By Jesse Lynch Williams, S. Scovile, Jr., J. Conover, W. J. Henderson, and Paul Hull.

The second book in Harper's Athletic Series. The sixteen stories tell of football contests and other popular school and college sports.

Little Miss Fales. By Emile Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe.

A story for young readers from ten to fourteen years of age. It tells of the success gained by the good-humour, pluck and active wit of a little girl who was named John Fales.

Making Good. By F. H. Spearman, Van Tassel Sutphen, Poultney Bigelow, and others.

Containing eleven short stories of golf and other outdoor sports.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Secret of Old Thunder-Head. By Louise Godfrey Irwin.

The story of a Vermont vacation, giving the experiences of a boy and girl who visit their country cousin.

The Garden of Eden. Stories from the First Nine Books of the Old Testament. By George Hodges.

A new volume of Bible stories by the author of *When the World was Young.*

Houghton Mifflin Company:

When Sarah Saved the Day. By Elsie Singmaster.

The story of a young Pennsylvania German girl, an orphan, and her efforts at home-making while one of her brothers is away in Alaska.

Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw. By Edward Breck.

Mr. Breck has of late spent much of his time in the woods of Maine and Nova Scotia, and has made many pets among the wild creatures of the woods. He has woven some of his experiences into a narrative of the life of Uncle Ned Buckshaw and a group of young people while camping out in the Nova Scotia forest.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

John and Betty's History Visit. By Margaret Williamson.

John and Betty, brother and sister, are sent to England to be shown the leading places of historic interest in company with an English brother and sister of their own ages, and under the wise and sensible direction of the mother of the latter.

The Boys of Brookfield Academy. By Warren L. Eldred.

A story which tells of a boys' school, with a glorious past, but an uncertain future, largely due to the wrong kind of a secret society.

Four Boys and a Fortune. Why They Went to England, and What They Found. By Everett T. Tomlinson.

The fourth volume in Our Own Land Series. One of the "Four Boys" has received word of his inheritance of a part of a coal mine in England. His three friends accompany him on his voyage to that country.

The Little Knight of the X Bar B. By Mary K. Maule.

The story centres about a mysterious lad of gentle breeding who is brought to the X Bar B by the owner, whom no one dares to question. He becomes the pet of the men in the most delightful comradeship, and, young as he is, infuses a spirit of chivalry into his rough yet tender friends from his recollection of stories of knightly days learned from his mother.

MISCELLANEOUS

D. Appleton and Company:

The American Hope. By William Morse Cole.

An attempt to look beyond the unfavourable symptoms of American life, to show what may be the rational point of view toward American conditions.

The Berlin Carey Company:

An Interview. By Daniel W. Church.

Devoted chiefly to an analysis of the life of Abraham Lincoln and a study of the work that he accomplished.

The Century Company:

The Century Dictionary Supplement. Prepared under the superintendence of Ben-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jamin E. Smith, A.M., L.H.D., Managing Editor of the Century Dictionary and Editor of The Century Cyclopædia of Names and The Century Atlas. Two Volumes.

The two new volumes supplement the original Century Dictionary and Cyclopædia, and also the volume of Proper Names. They bring the work down to the latter part of 1909. The arrangement is the same as that of the old volumes—alphabetical throughout—and the Proper Names are grouped together and placed in the back of the second volume.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Oberammergau. By Josephine Helena Short.

In 1900 Miss Short passed several weeks in Oberammergau, seeing the Passion Play seven times and later remaining a month to observe the closing scenes of Passion summer. Two chapters of the book are given up to an exposition of the drama for the assistance of visitors who do not readily follow the German of the performers, and to an explanation of the tableaux, and their significance, which precede the different acts of the main play.

Handy Book of Proverbs. Compiled by Joseph Walker.

Arranged alphabetically for ready reference by writers and speakers.

The Curtiss Book Company (Denver, Colo.):

Letters from the Teacher. (Of the Order of the 15.) Transmitted by Rahmea, Priestess of the Flame. Edited by F. Homer Curtiss, B.S., M.D., Secretary of the Order.

Volume I.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Success in Market Gardening. A New Vegetable Growers' Manual. By Herbert Rawson.

A revised and enlarged edition, showing the most recent changes and improvements in the art of market gardening.

A Plain American in England. By Charles T. Whitefield.

Views of English life set forth in a series of humorous sketches.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

On Everything. By H. Belloc.

Containing thirty-nine brief essays. A companion volume to the author's volume of essays entitled *On Nothing*.

The Elm Tree Press (Woodstock, Vt.):

The Library and the Librarian. By Edmund Lester Pearson.

A selection of articles from the Boston *Evening Transcript* and other sources. In the Librarian Series, edited by John Cotton Dana and Henry W. Kent.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Wonders of Life. By Ida Lyon.

Considering such subjects as "The Joy of Living"; "The Meaning of Life"; "The Power of Love"; "A Happy Consciousness; "Necessity of Change"; "The Evils of Fear"; "The Secret of Power"; "Mind and Matter," etc.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Makers of Sorrow and Makers of Joy. By Dora Melegari. Authorised translation from the original French by Marian Lindsay.

The author's theme is that what have commonly been considered as slight individual faults and habits of thought and feeling—such as vanity, jealousy, impatience, deceit, uncharitableness in judgment, etc.—should really be adjudged by public opinion as offences that are criminal in their nature, inasmuch as the effects they produce are extremely damaging to character and social well-being.

Government Printing Office (Washington, D. C.):

Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year Ended June 30, 1909. Volume II.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Care of Trees. In Lawn, Street, and Park. With a List of Trees and Shrubs for Decorative Use. By Bernhard E. Fernow.

The author is Professor of Forestry in the University of Toronto. The volume furnishes such information as the owner of trees may need. It gives details of the best methods of caring for the health of trees, transplanting, combating diseases and insects, etc.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

At the Sign of the Hobby Horse. By Elizabeth Bisland Wetmore.

A group of essays upon some of the author's intellectual hobbies. A few of the topics treated are "The Morals of the Modern Heroine"; "The Child in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literature"; "The Contemporary Poets"; "Strong Meat for the Masses"; "The Books of the Bourgeoisie"; "Upon Making the Most of Life."

Notes on New England Birds. By Henry D. Thoreau. Arranged and Edited by Francis H. Allen.

From the fourteen volumes of Thoreau's *Journal*, Mr. Allen has selected for the present work such material as will be of interest to all bird-lovers.

Essays on the Spot. By Charles D. Stewart.

Including "Chicago Spiders"; "The Story of Bully"; "On a Moraine"; "Kubla Khan"; "The Study of Grammar," and "We."

Every-day Business for Women. A Manual for the Uninitiated. By Mary Aronetta Wilbur, M.A.

The author explains the methods of banking, the management of a chequebook, foreign exchange, getting money in emergencies, how to send money, bills and receipts, the relations of employer and employee, relations with railroads and hotels, simple book-keeping, on sending things, taxes and customs, the use and transference of property, stocks and bonds, wills and estates.

Charles Kerr and Company (Chicago):

History of the Great American Fortunes. Vol. II—Great Fortunes from Railroads. By Gustavus Myers.

This volume tells of the seizure of the public lands by railroad schemers, who became the legal owners of millions on millions of acres and enriched themselves from their sales. Vol. III, which will appear shortly, will also deal with the great railroad fortunes.

Laird and Lee:

The American Woman's Cook Book. By Ella M. Blackstone.

Containing menus for each month and for special dinners, such as Christmas, Thanksgiving and Easter.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Indoor Gardening. By Eben E. Rexford.

After a great deal of personal work and experience among flowers, the author gives here much information for the amateur gardener and describes methods which have proved successful in his own work.

The Works of James Buchanan. Comprising His Speeches, State Papers, and Private Correspondence. Collected and Edited by John Bassett Moore.

Volume XI. 1860-1868.

Skat. Principles and Illustrative Games. By Elizabeth Wager-Smith.

While Mrs. Smith's new volume contains instructions comprehensive to beginners, it is more advanced than her "Primer to Skat" and enters into the principles of the game and the intricacies which confront experienced players.

The Mystery of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. By Robert Russell Benedict.

An essay designed to set forth plainly and briefly the enigmatical phase of Hamlet's character which has come to be recognised as his "mystery."

Little, Brown and Company:

Play. Comprising Games for the Kindergarten Playground, School-room and College. How to Coach and Play Girls' Basket-Ball, etc. By Emmett Dunn Angell.

Containing descriptions of and instructions for playing over a hundred games carefully graded, including water sports, suitable for both indoor and outdoor use. Over twenty of the games were originated by Mr. Angell, and each one has been selected because of its contribution to the health, strength and grace of the player, or because of its educational value in developing alertness, quick thought and rapid decision.

Longmans, Green and Company (Columbia University):

Reconstruction in Texas. By Charles William Ramsdell, Ph.D.

In the series of Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. Volume XXXVI. Number 1. Whole Number 95.

East London Visions. By O'Dermid W. Lawler.

The early life of an East Ender born and bred, descended from an old East End family. In many parts founded on fact, the book aims at showing the gradual revelation of the high and essential things of life to a poetic youth, by experience of want, by excellent humble teachers and by vision. It contains description, incident and original symbolism; passages of romance and humour, criticisms of life and of contemporary religious and social forms.

John W. Luce and Company:

The Gist of Nietzsche. Arranged by Henry L. Mencken.

Thoughts from Nietzsche grouped under various headings.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Macmillan Company:

A Manual of Practical Farming. By John McLennan, Ph.M.

In Part I Dr. McLennan considers crops and all the allied subjects of soils, fertilizers, drainage, harvesting and crop rotation; Part II is devoted to *Animal Husbandry* and takes up the various farm animals and tells of their care, breeding, housing and treatment when sick. The farm orchard is also included in this part, and the last chapter of the book is devoted to numerous practical suggestions.

Thomas Carlyle as a Critic of Literature. By Frederick William Roe, Ph.D.

This account of Carlyle as a critic of literature is not only of value as an appreciation of a great personality on a different side from that usually considered, but is also a contribution to the history of literary criticism in England.

Social and Industrial Conditions in the North during the Civil War. By Emerson David Fite, Ph.D.

Dr. Fite's work makes clear what the people at home were doing to gain their livelihood during the memorable struggle; what were their personal interests and pleasures; what attention they gave to other than political and military matters; how far the normal activities of the nation were maintained; how far and in what respect they were changed.

Revolution and Other Essays. By Jack London.

Containing a number of essays on some of the different subjects which have seemed to Mr. London in his varied career to be of vital importance. The volume takes its title from the first essay, which is an appeal for socialism. Besides those which are concerned with some phase of modern society, there are others of widely differing interests: one an account of some Alaskan gold-diggers, another a discussion of the animal psychology of John Burroughs and Theodore Roosevelt, and a third a criticism of Gorky and Kipling.

Landmarks in Russian Literature. By Maurice Baring.

The object of this book is to interest the reader in Russia and Russian literature, and to enable him to make up his mind as to whether he wishes to seek after a more intimate knowledge of the subject.

How to Keep Bees for Profit. By D. Everett Lyon, Ph.D.

The author begins his subject by enumerating the different articles of the bee-keeper's outfit, and its entire cost. In succeeding chapters he takes up breeding, hiving the new swarms, the production and marketing of the honey crop, wintering the colonies, and the treatment of the few diseases to which bees are liable.

McBride, Winston and Company:

The Garden Primer. By Grace Tabor and Gardner Teall.

A practical handbook on the elements of gardening for beginners.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Cleaning and Renovating at Home. A Household Manual. By E. G. Osman.

A practical guide to all the cleaning, dyeing and renovating processes that can be carried on in the home.

Abraham Lincoln. The Tribute of a Century. 1809-1909. Edited by Nathan William MacChesney.

Commemorative of the Lincoln Centenary and containing the principal speeches made in connection therewith.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Autobiography of a Clown. As Told to Isaac F. Marcosson.

Based on an article which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post.* In a preface Mr. Marcosson writes of his subject, Jules Turnour: "I have yet to meet a man whose devotion to the ideals of his art is more sincere than that which has animated Jules Turnour through the long years of his clowning. I have been with him in the tumult of tented travel and watched him in the roofed arena before the multitudes. Always I have found him proud to be a clown. To know him has indeed been a liberal education in character and loyalty."

American Problems. From the Point of View of a Psychologist. By Hugo Münsterberg.

A series of papers which have already appeared in various magazines: "The Fear of Nerves"; "The Choice of a Vocation"; "The Standing of Scholarship"; "Prohibition and Temperance"; "The Intemperance of Women"; "My Friends, the Spiritualists"; "The Market and Psychology"; "Books and Bookstores"; and "The World Language."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John P. Morton and Company (Louisville, Ky.):

Shakespeare in Limerick. By Brainerd McKee.

Thirty-eight limericks on the works of Shakespeare.

Outing Publishing Company:

Fishing Kits and Equipment. By Samuel G. Camp.

A guide to the angler buying a new outfit. The author describes all the details of the fishing kit of the fresh-water angler, from rod-tip to creel and clothing, and lays special emphasis on outfitting for fly-fishing. Instruction is also given to the man who wants to catch pickerel, pike, muskellunge, lake-trout, bass and other fresh-water game fishes.

How to Study the Birds. A Practical Guide for Amateur Bird-Lovers and Camera Hunters. By Herbert Keightley Job.

Mr. Job takes up in detail the practical side of bird study, showing how to identify the various species, when and where they may be found, their nesting time and habits, etc. He also describes the outfit necessary for studying the birds in the open and reveals the secrets by which he himself has secured his remarkable bird photographs.

G. P. Putnam's Sons (Cambridge University Press):

The Literature of the Victorian Era. By Hugh Walker, LL.D.

The scope of this work comprises the great age which began after Waterloo and ended with Swinburne and Meredith last year. After an introduction discussing "The New Age" and "The German Influence; Thomas Carlyle," the work is divided in three parts: I. Speculative Thought. II. Creative Art: Poetry; Creative Art: Prose Fiction. III. Et Cetera: History and Biography; Literary and Æsthetic Criticism.

The Two Knights of the Swan. Lohengrin and Helyas. By Robert Jaffray.

A study of the legend of the Swan-Knight, with special reference to its two most important developments.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Indian and His Problem. By Francis E. Leupp.

The author was for four years Commissioner of Indian Affairs. This book is an account of the present conditions of Indian affairs and of the work and aims of the department. There are also suggestions for the relief of some of the difficulties which still confront the Government.

Our Garden Flowers. A Popular Study of Their Native Lands, Their Life Histories and Their Structural Affiliations. By Harriet L. Keeler.

Miss Keeler tells the story of our garden flowers, of their origin, as well as it can be traced, of their botanical attributes and position, and of their peculiar qualities and habits.

Marcus Aurelius and the Later Stories. By F. W. Bussell, D.D.

A new volume in the World's Epoch Maker Series. Including critical and scholarly estimates of Stoicism as a Philosophy, Epictetus and his Beliefs, The Creed of Marcus Aurelius, with discussions of his leading teachings on Morals and Faith.

The Black Bear. By William H. Wright.

The first half of the book tells the story of Ben, a little black bear cub, which Mr. Wright captured at a very early age and brought up as a pet. The second half is a general study of black bears, from the point of view of the naturalist and hunter. There are a number of illustrations from photographs taken by daylight of little and big black bears.

Sherman, French and Company:

A Married Priest. By Albert Houtin. Translated from the French by John Richard Slattery.

A sketch of the career of one, Canon Charles Perraud, showing his revolt against the law of celibacy for the Catholic priest.

Sigma Publishing Company (St. Louis, Mo.):

A Writer of Books. By Denton J. Snider.

Written for and dedicated to his pupil-friends reaching back in a line of fifty years.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

The Rescue of Cuba. Marking an Epoch in the Growth of Free Government. By Andrew S. Draper, LL.B., LL.D.

Revised Edition.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sturgis and Walton Company:

The Teachers of Emerson. By John S. Harrison, Ph.D.

Showing how Emerson's thinking was moulded by the speculation of Plato and his school.

Children's Gardens. For Pleasure, Health and Education. By Henry Griscom Parsons.

The author is the son of Mrs. Henry Parsons who founded the famous Children's School Farm in De Witt Clinton Park, New York City. He describes the methods which have made De Witt Clinton Garden so successful, and that have been followed by most of the successful Children's Gardens throughout the country. Mr. Parsons believes the garden furnishes much that is needed in the education of all children, and his volume shows how the work is carried on to bring out the best results.

The Lost Art of Conversation. Selected Essays. Edited with an Introduction by Horatio S. Krans.

The aim of this work is to bring together in one volume the best English essays on conversation, with a view to providing those who would excel in the art with hints, suggestions, rules and precepts, likely to be helpful in the making of good talk.

Small, Maynard and Company:

A Simple Explanation of Modern Banking Customs. By Humphrey Robinson.

Designed for the promotion of closer and more satisfactory relations between the public and the banks; for the information of depositors generally, and of those just entering the banking business.

The Young Churchman Company:

Oberammergau and the Passion Play. By the Rev. E. Hermitage Day, D.D., F.S.A.

A practical and historical handbook for visitors.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of May and the 1st of June

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

Fiction

1. The City of Beautiful Nonsense. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Why Did He Do It? Capes. (Brentano.) $1.50.
6. The History of Mr. Polly. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Confessions of a Barbarian. Viereck. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.25.
2. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Passion Play at Oberammergau. Moses. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. Secrets of the Past. Upwald. (Brentano.) $1.50.

Juveniles

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

Fiction

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Eddy. Cullen. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
6. Just Between Themselves. Warner. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ATLANTA, GA.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) $1.50.
5. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Our Native Trees. Keeler. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. Familiar Quotations. Bartlett. (Little, Brown.) $3.00.
4. Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Motor Boys in Clouds. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. John and Betty's History Visit. Williamson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Fiction

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) $1.50.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
6. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
2. My Friend the Indian. McLaughlin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.
3. American Public Library. Bostwick. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Addison. (Page.) $3.00.

Juveniles

1. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Airship Boys Due North. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
3. Boys Catlin. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Fiction

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHICAGO, ILL.

Fiction

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. The Green Mouse. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Bygone Days in Chicago. Cook. (McClurg.) $2.75.
2. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Daniel Drew. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Short Stop. Grey. (McClurg.) $1.25.
2. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Fiction

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. The House of the Whispering Pines. Green. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. An American Baby Abroad. Crewdson. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Fiction

1. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Twisted Foot. Rideout. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. The Yellowstone National Park. Chittenden. (Robert Clarke Co.) $1.50.
2. Imagination in Business. Deland. (Harper.) 50 cents.
3. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
4. Homan's Self-propelled Vehicles. Homan. (Andel.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
2. Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know. Stack. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. Wonderful Adventures of Nils. Lagerlöf. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
6. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Twisted Foot. Rideout. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. Old Wives' Tales. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.50.
6. The Early Bird. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A Vagabond Journey Around the World. Franck. (Century Co.) $3.50.
2. American Problems. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.60.
3. Modern Novelists. Phelps. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Recollections. Eggleston. (Holt.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Short Stop. Grey. (McClurg.) $1.25.
2. Every Child Should Know Series. Mabie and others. (Doubleday, Page.) 90 cents and $1.20.
3. Peeps at Many Lands Series. (Macmillan.) 75 cents.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Taming of Red Butte Western. Lynde. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
6. Tess of the Storm Country. White. (Watt.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Passion Play of Oberammergau. Moses. (Duffield.) $1.50.
2. Chantecler. Rostand. (Int. News Co.) 85 cents.
3. The Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
4. Riley Roses. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Captain Chub. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Happy Hawkins. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
4. Hopalong Cassidy. Mulford. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Day of Souls. Jackson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
2. An Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
3. Tremendous Trifles. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Routledge Rides Alone. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50
3. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. Danbury Rodd, Aviator. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5. The History of Mr. Polly. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.50.
6. The Intrusion of Jimmie. Wodehouse. (Watt.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Oberammergau. Day. (Young, Churchman Co.) 45 cents.
2. A Holiday with the Birds. Marks & Moody. (Harper.) 75 cents.
3. County Neighbors. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. Manual of Gardening. Bailey. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
5. The Godparents. Mason. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
6. Franklin Winslow Kane. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Yesterdays. Wing. (Minneapolis Journal.) 50 cents.
2. The Indian and His Problem. Leupp. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
4. Ant Communities. McCook. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Gardens for Boys and Girls. Higgins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. Little Brother O' Dreams. Eastman. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
3. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Calling of Dan Matthews. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. Country Neighbors. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
2. Master of the Inn. Herrick. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
3. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Candles in the Wind. Diver. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. By Inheritance. Thanet. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Story of Gösta Berling. Lagerlöf. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Out of Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Early Bird. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Going Some. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NON-FICTION

1. In Closed Territory. Bronson. (McClurg.) $1.75.
2. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
3. Self-Control. Jordan. (Revell.) $1.00.
4. Higgins: A Man's Christian. Duncan. (Harper.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. The Airship Boys Due North. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. People of the United States. Vol. 7. McMaster. (Appleton.) $2.50.
2. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. American Flower Garden. Blanchan. (Doubleday, Page.) $5.00.
4. Man-Eaters of Tsavo. Patterson. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Running Fight. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of Mary Lyon. Gilchrist. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Beast. Lindsey. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. My Friend the Indian. McLaughlin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.
4. Comets. Elson. (Sturgis & Walton.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Ginger and Pickles. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Motor Boys in the Clouds. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 75 cents.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Lords of High Decision. Nicholson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Heart of Desire. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Red Symbol. Ironside. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Ideal Garden. Thomas. (Cassell.) $2.00.
2. The Christian Religion as a Healing Power. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.00.
3. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. Practical Poultry Keeper. Wright. (Cassell.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Short Stop. Grey. (McClurg.) $1.25.
2. Harper's Handy Book for Girls. Paret. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. Hollow Tree and Deep Woods. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
6. Nathan Burke. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PORTLAND, ME.

Fiction

1. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Depot Master. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Oberammergau. Short. (Crowell.) $1.00.
2. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.
3. The Ship-Dwellers. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Search after Ultimate Truth. Crane. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Four Boys and a Fortune. Tomlinson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. Going Some. Beach. (Harper.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Cavanagh. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Personal Conduct of Belinda. Brainerd. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Girl from His Town. Van Vorst. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
2. Hindrance to Good Citizenship. Bryce. (Yale Univ. Press.) $1.15.
3. Comets. Elson. (Sturgis.) 50 cents.
4. Twice Born Men. Begbie. (Revell.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Eyes and No Eyes. Buckley. (Cassell.) $1.25.
2. Owls of St. Ursula's. Reid. (Baker & Taylor.) $1.25.
3. In the Clouds for Uncle Sam. Lamar. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. When a Man Marries. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
2. Sister Beatrice. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
3. A Mine of Faults. Bain. (Putnam.) $1.25.
4. Those Nerves. Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00

Juveniles

1. Rover Boys Books. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. Dorothy Dainty Books. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
3. The Airship Boys. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fiction

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Butterfly Man. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Gloria. Turner. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The Piper. Peabody. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. A Study of the Drama. Matthews. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. The New Word. Upward. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
4. Chantecler. Rostand. (Charpentier.) 85c.

JUVENILES

1. Rover Boys Books. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. Motor Boys in the Clouds. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Mother Goose. (McLaughlin.) 50 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Gloria. Turner. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. A Girl of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Old Rose and Silver. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Valor of Ignorance. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
2. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. American Problems. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.60.
4. Revolution. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Your Child and Mine. Warner. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Little Aliens. Kelly. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Song of Songs. Sudermann. (Huebsch.) $1.40.
3. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Duke's Price. Brown. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
5. Strictly Business. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. Tower of Ivory. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Luther Burbank's Works. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
2. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.
3. Idols. Gayley. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
4. Woman's Eyes. Ryder. (Robertson.) $1.00

JUVENILES

1. Grimm's Fairy Tales. $1.50.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Jungle Book. Kipling. (Century Co.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Cavanagh. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. White Magic. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spirit of America. Van Dyke. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lady Cardigan's Recollections. (Lane.) $3.50.
3. The Admiral's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
4. The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Ginger and Pickles. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.
2. Ralph Osborne. Beach. (Wilde.) $1.50.
3. Wit's End. Blanchard. (Estes.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Cavanagh. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Masterpieces in Color. (Stokes.) 65 cents.
2. The Black Bear. Wright. (Scribner.) $1.00.
3. Christian Science. Flower. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Privilege and Democracy in America. Howe. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.
2. Saalfield Muslin Books. (Saalfield.) 15 to 50 cents.
3. Betty Wales & Co. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TORONTO, CANADA

Fiction

1. The Rosary. Barclay. (Musson.) $1.25.
2. White Magic. Phillips. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Fortune Hunter. Vance. (Briggs.) $1.25.
5. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Kingdom of Slender Swords. Rives. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Songs of a Sourdough Service. (Briggs.) $1.00.

Juveniles

1. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Scouting for Boys. Baden-Powell. (Briggs.) 35 cents.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fiction

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Spiritual Unrest. Baker. (Stokes.) $1.30.
2. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 15c.
3. The American Hope. Cole. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. My Commencement. (Caldwell.) $2.50.

Juveniles

1. The Airship Boys. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. Stories Retold from St. Nicholas. (Century Co.) 65 cents.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Fiction

1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Kilmeny of the Orchard. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
5. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Ramrodders. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. Bird Life. Reed. (Reed.) $1.00.
2. Life of Mary Lyon. Gilchrist. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Letters from a Father to His Son. Swain. (Yale Pub. Assoc.) 35 cents.
4. Lifted Bandage. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50c.

Juveniles

1. Flutterfly. Burnham. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.
2. The Flopsy Bunnies. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

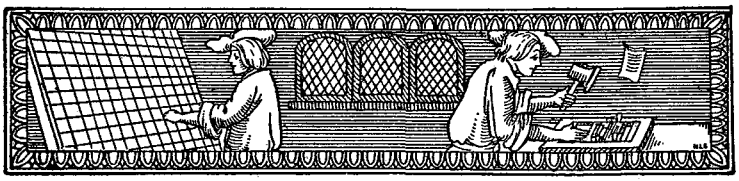
From the above list the six best selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

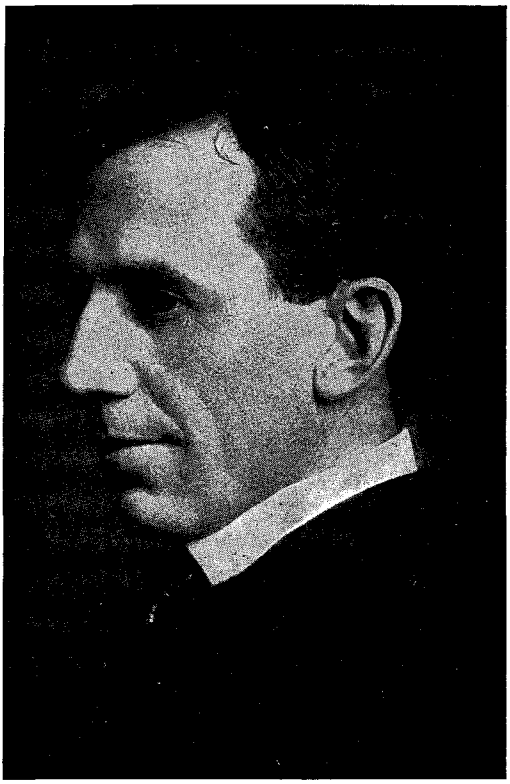
BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. A Modern Chronicle. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	303
2. The Wild Olive. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50	176
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35	147
4. The Illustrious Prince. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50	75
5. Lady Merton, Colonist. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50	72
6. The Man Higher Up. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	47



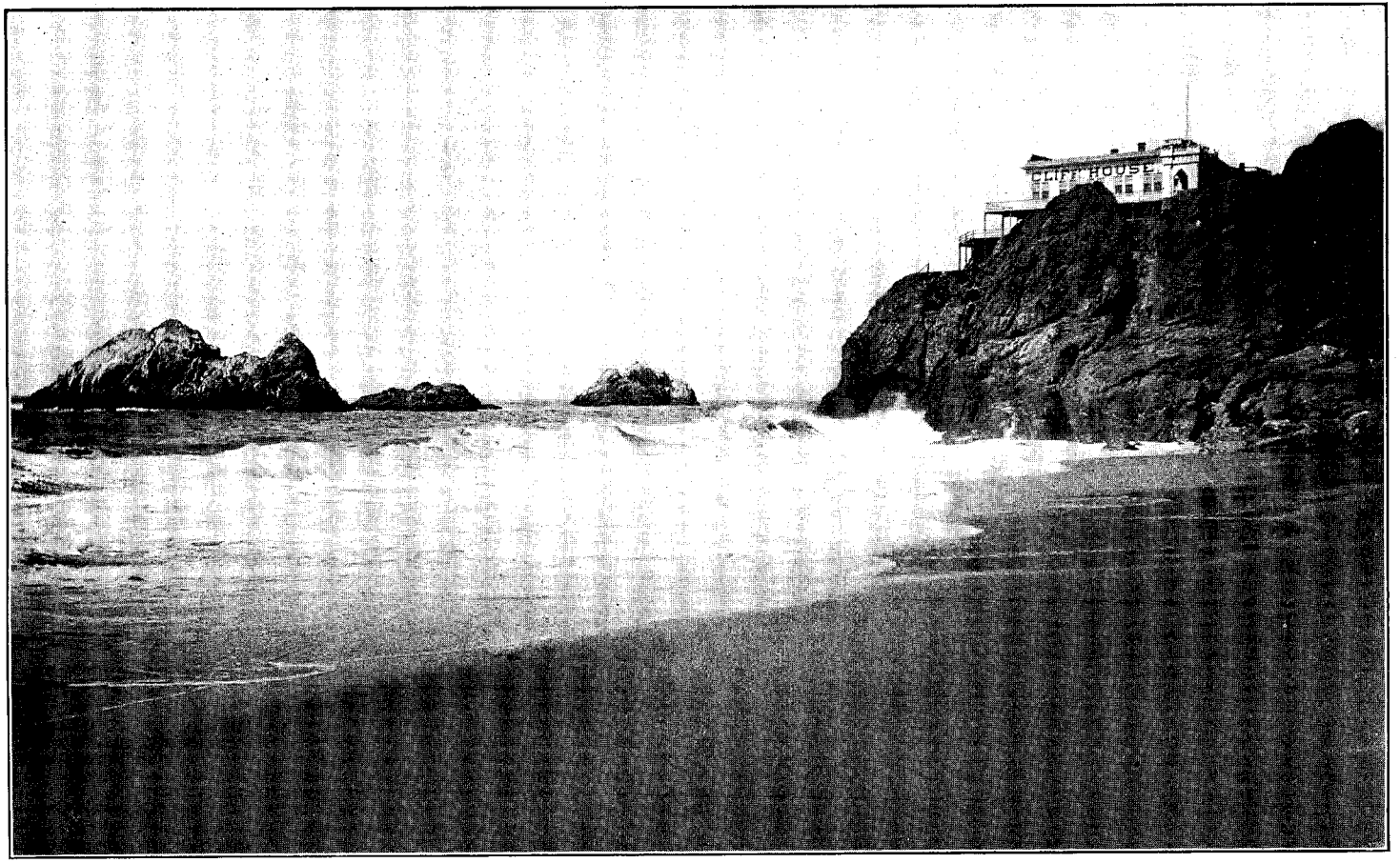
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



JOHN T. MC CUTCHEON

Author of "McCutcheon on T. R."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE CLIFF HOUSE. THE SCENE OF MR. ROLLINGSTONE'S FAMOUS FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE IN BRET HARTE'S "GABRIEL CONROY"

(See article "San Francisco in Fiction")

Photograph by C. R. Savage, Salt Lake

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED